SIMPLY

PERFECT!

THE WORLD'S #1 ULTRA PREMIUM TEQUILA

TEQUILA PATRÓN TEQUILA

www.patronspirits.com To send a gift of Patrón, call 1-877-SPIRITS or visit www.877spirits.com. Void where prohibited.

TRIPLE PLATINUM PICTORIAL

PLAYBOY

com • NOVEMBER 2005

IN BED WITH THE GIRLS NEXT DOOR
E!'S HOT NEW SHOW

AFTER THE PARTY WITH
JAMIE FOXX
A BRASH PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

SPECIAL PHOTO FEATURE
DANCING WITH THE STARS' KELLY MONACO

20Q
STEVE CARELL

PLUS:
WINTER COATS, HARVEY PEKAR, AN NFL TRAGEDY

*All advantage claims are supported by AIC Autosource manufacturer data reported as of June 2005. Based on Import Midsize Pickup Truck category as defined by Jato Dynamics sold in the U.S. Retailer terms and availability may vary. Not all features standard on every Raider model. See retailer or visit www.mitsubishicars.com for details.

MITSUBISHI MOTORS

Driven to Thrill

It will never ever play nice with the other trucks.

Raider. The only mid-size import with an available V8, 290 lb.-ft. of torque, and up to 6,500 pounds of class-leading towing capacity.* Upgrades include optional 508-watt high-output 6-CD Alpine™ audio system, leather trimmed bucket seats, SIRIUS® Satellite Radio and Bluetooth hands-free phone interface. Please, try not to kick dirt in the other trucks' faces.

Introducing the new Raider.

mitsubishicars.com

She came
all the way
from Germany
to see you.

Don't stand her up.

You never forget your first girl.®

stpauligirl.com

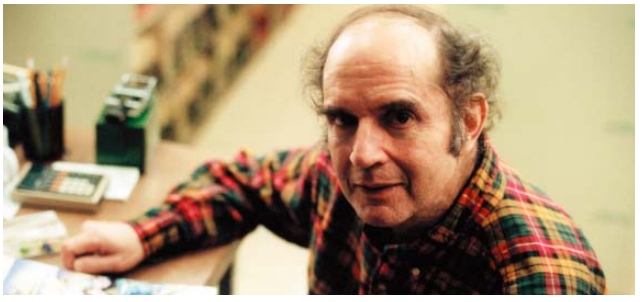
Enjoy St. Pauli Girl responsibly.

© Imported by Barton Beers, Ltd., Chicago, IL.

"**Jamie Foxx** is as cool as the other side of the pillow," says **Michael Fleming,** who spent nights hanging out in Foxx's Miami digs quizzing him for the *Playboy Interview.* Foxx, who won last year's Academy Award for best actor for his work in *Ray,* is in the midst of another professional boom, the latest phase in one of the most unlikely—and interesting—careers in Hollywood. "He is absolutely fun to be around," Fleming reports, "and he doesn't have the swelled head one might expect him to have. Many other actors demand big money and leading roles after they win an Oscar, but Jamie seems content not to be the only star in his movies. He was excited to do the *Playboy Interview.* He knows its reputation and realized he could say whatever he wanted without things being cut or taken out of context."

Professional pool player **Jennifer Barretta** reveals the secrets behind crowd-thrilling trick shots in *Shoot to Kill.* "It's all about the setup," she says. "These tricks may look difficult, but once you figure out how to place the balls, they are fairly easy." Barretta played tennis and softball before discovering billiards, but she's no scientist. "Once the balls start colliding, physics comes into play. But you don't have to study geometry or physics to pick it up. You just kind of learn the principles as you go. What I like about pool is that every rack is a puzzle you have to solve, with constant changes. It's a control freak's nightmare—and I always want to be in control."

In this month's fiction, *Harry and the Girl-Girl Scene,* **Glen David Gold,** author of *Carter Beats the Devil* (Hyperion), introduces a porn star to one of her fans. "After the G-rated *Carter,*" Gold says, "I realized it was kind of a relief to put all my pent-up perversity into one work." The concept for this story hit Gold at his local video shop. "When you look at the covers of porn-film boxes, you see descriptions that use esoteric words and abbreviations. In that language—once you decode it—is something vivid about the exact maneuvers in the movies. I have always been interested in such expertise as the esoteric language of inner circles."

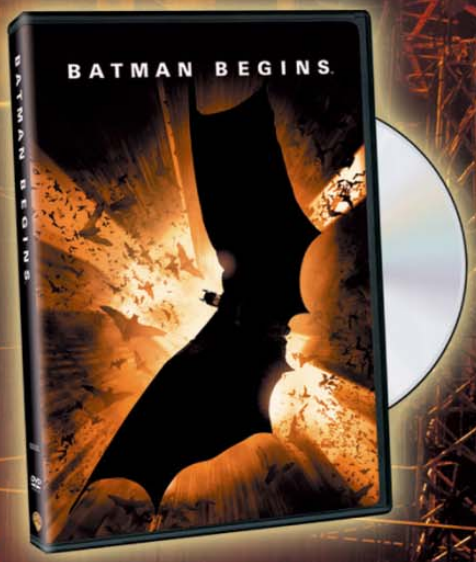


"I don't mind being portrayed as an irritable, nervous person, because I am one," admits **Harvey Pekar,** creator of *American Splendor,* the long-running series of autobiographical comics that became one of 2003's most acclaimed films. You can get an advance taste of Pekar's latest book, *The Quitter* (DC Comics), in this month's *The Real Harvey,* a new strip written exclusively for PLAYBOY. **Dean Haspiel,** the illustrator for both *The Quitter* and *The Real Harvey,* adds the visual drama to Pekar's hilariously acerbic script.

The Strange Heresies of Thomas Gold, by **Sonia Shah,** reexamines a theory that could nullify all conventional wisdom about the dwindling oil supply. "Gold hypothesized that microbes deep inside the earth feed off gas," Shah says. "What fascinates me is that he was not a geologist. The geology community, which is mainly funded by big oil, tried to write him off as a kook. But now there is evidence to support his claims. What we believe about the origin of life as we know it will be turned upside down if Gold turns out to have been correct."

"ONE OF THE YEAR'S BEST FILMS. TWO THUMBS WAY UP."

– EBERT & ROEPER



BUY IT OCTOBER 18

WARNER BROS. PICTURES PRESENTS
IN ASSOCIATION WITH LEGENDARY PICTURES A SYNCOPY PRODUCTION A FILM BY CHRISTOPHER NOLAN CHRISTIAN BALE "BATMAN BEGINS" MICHAEL CAINE LIAM NEESON KATIE HOLMES
GARY OLDMAN CILLIAN MURPHY TOM WILKINSON RUTGER HAUER KEN WATANABE AND MORGAN FREEMAN MUSIC BY HANS ZIMMER JAMES NEWTON HOWARD COSTUME DESIGNER LINDY HEMMING
EDITED BY LEE SMITH, A.C.E. PRODUCTION DESIGNER NATHAN CROWLEY DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY WALLY PFISTER, A.S.C. EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS BENJAMIN MELNIKER AND MICHAEL E. USLAN BASED UPON BATMAN CHARACTERS CREATED BY BOB KANE AND PUBLISHED BY DC COMICS
STORY BY DAVID S. GOYER SCREENPLAY BY CHRISTOPHER NOLAN AND DAVID S. GOYER PRODUCED BY EMMA THOMAS CHARLES ROVEN LARRY FRANCO DIRECTED BY CHRISTOPHER NOLAN

LEGENDARY PICTURES

BATMAN and all related characters and elements are trademarks of and © DC Comics

Soundtrack Album on Warner Sunset Records

batmanbegins.com warnervideo.com

CC DOLBY DIGITAL

WARNER BROS. PICTURES
A WARNER BROS. ENTERTAINMENT COMPANY

PG-13 PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED
Intense Action Violence, Disturbing Images and Some Thematic Elements

Bonus Material Not Rated or Closed-Captioned.

© 2005 Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc. All rights reserved.

vol. 52, no. 11—november 2005

PLAYBOY

contents

features

64 **IN BED WITH ELVIS**
Fledgling William Morris agent Byron Raphael began working for Elvis Presley in 1956. Among his responsibilities: making sure the King was visited by a steady stream of beautiful women, including stars such as Marilyn Monroe and Natalie Wood. What went on behind closed doors wasn't as steamy—or as normal—as his fans would think. **BY BYRON RAPHAEL WITH ALANNA NASH**

78 **SHOOT TO KILL**
Get hot for teacher as billiards pro Jennifer "Nine Millimeter" Barretta demonstrates pool tricks that will knock the chalk off your cue. **BY SCOTT ALEXANDER**

82 **THE REAL HARVEY**
The writer of the autobiographical comic on which the film *American Splendor* is based contemplates fame and his new book, *The Quitter,* in a new comic strip. **BY HARVEY PEKAR**

104 **THE STRANGE HERESIES OF THOMAS GOLD**
In 1980 Cornell astronomer Thomas Gold declared that petroleum doesn't come from fossils but rather has been part of the earth from the beginning of time—and that way down below lies a virtually limitless supply of energy. Scientists scoffed; now they're beginning to think he could be right. **BY SONIA SHAH**

118 **DOWN LINEMAN**
Barret Robbins of the Oakland Raiders had a beautiful family, a fat salary and a great career. So how did he end up getting shot twice by cops and then charged with attempted murder? Friends and former teammates step forward to ponder the most famous mental meltdown in sports history. **BY PAT JORDAN**

fiction

86 **HARRY AND THE GIRL-GIRL SCENE**
A video-store owner wins a contest to spend Christmas with one of his favorite porn stars. But instead of spreading some holiday cheer under the mistletoe, his perfectly wrapped present turns out to be broken. **BY GLEN DAVID GOLD**

the playboy forum

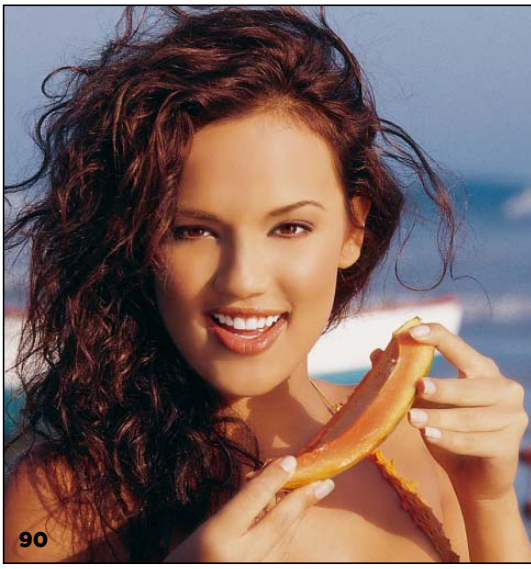
45 **GENDER APARTHEID**
The writer, an acclaimed author and scholar, considers why some feminists have romanticized Islamic terrorists as freedom fighters and condemned America and Israel as instigators of terrorism. **BY PHYLLIS CHESLER**

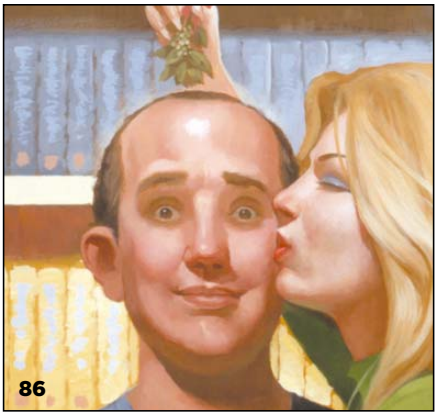
20Q

84 **STEVE CARELL**
The man who plays an egomaniacal boss on NBC's *The Office* and the world's best-known 40-year-old virgin talks about ambushing John McCain and visualizing Will Ferrell during love scenes. **BY ERIC SPITZNAGEL**

interview

53 **JAMIE FOXX**
By capturing the best actor Oscar for his extraordinary transformation into Ray Charles, Foxx completed an astonishing career metamorphosis, moving from the comedy club circuit to the A-list with amazing élan. Now he comes clean about how he convinced Michael Mann to make the *Miami Vice* movie, what caused him to have conflicted feelings about his hometown and why Tom Cruise sometimes scares him. **BY MICHAEL FLEMING**





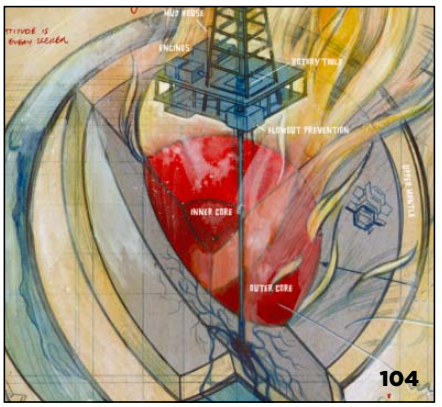
COVER STORY

E!'s *The Girls Next Door* has shown us what life is like at the Mansion for Hef's girlfriends, Bridget Marquardt, Holly Madison and Kendra Wilkinson. Senior Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag gets into the spirit and captures the blonde beauties after they've doffed their clothes and begun to get playful with one another. They have our Rabbit tied up in knots.

vol. 52, no. 11—november 2005

PLAYBOY

contents continued



pictorials

70 DANCING QUEEN
Hot-to-trot Playmate Kelly Monaco won ABC's *Dancing With the Stars*. See her sans costume.

90 PLAYMATE: RAQUEL GIBSON
Meet Miss November: half Italian, half Filipino and 100 percent proof that beauty is the universal language.

122 GIRLS NEXT DOOR
Come inside the Mansion as Hef's girlfriends, Holly, Bridget and Kendra, turn fantasy into your reality.

notes and news

11 THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY
Hef sponsors Rudolph Valentino's last movie for the L.A. Conservancy; the Man gets immortalized in silicone.

12 FUN ON THE FOURTH
No one celebrates independence better than Jillian Grace, Victoria Fuller and other Mansion guests.

117 CENTERFOLDS ON SEX: AUDRA LYNN
Miss October 2003 explains how she prevents her lovers from straying.

155 PLAYMATE NEWS
Keep it real with Victoria Fuller on E!'s *Kill Reality* and with her husband, Jonathan, on VH1's *Reality Rehab;* illusionist Criss Angel sings the praises of his favorite Playmate, Marilyn Monroe.

departments

3 PLAYBILL

15 DEAR PLAYBOY

19 AFTER HOURS

35 MANTRACK

41 THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

102 PARTY JOKES

148 WHERE AND HOW TO BUY

159 ON THE SCENE

160 GRAPEVINE

162 POTPOURRI

fashion

108 HIGH FASHION
Don't get weighed down by bulky, awkward outerwear. Designers have you covered with jackets and coats that are light in weight, heavy in attitude and versatile enough to play it either formal or casual. **BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS**

reviews

25 MOVIES
Director Sam Mendes's *Jarhead* is a fully loaded Gulf war picture; the masked desperado returns in *The Legend of Zorro.*

26 DVDS
They don't call quadriplegic rugby murderball for nothing; give your surround speakers a timeout with classic silent films.

30 MUSIC
No sophomore slump for Scottish neo–new wave quartet Franz Ferdinand; a lost Thelonious Monk concert recording is rediscovered.

32 GAMES
Blitz: The League is a pigskin sim that welcomes dirty hits; play God and lord it over other deities in *Black & White 2.*

33 BOOKS
Gabriel García Márquez returns with his first fiction in a decade; 10 things you need to know before you go to hell.

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. PLAYBOY ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY TO RETURN UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL OR GRAPHIC OR OTHER MATERIAL. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS AND UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL AND GRAPHIC MATERIAL WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND MATERIAL WILL BE SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALLY. PLAYBOY, DATE OF PRODUCTION: AUGUST 2005. CUSTODIAN OF RECORDS IS DIANE GRIFFIN. ALL RECORDS REQUIRED BY LAW TO BE MAINTAINED BY PUBLISHER ARE LOCATED AT 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 2005 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY, PLAYMATE AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. TRADEMARK OFFICE. NO PART OF THIS BOOK MAY BE REPRODUCED, STORED IN A RETRIEVAL SYSTEM OR TRANSMITTED IN ANY FORM BY ANY ELECTRONIC, MECHANICAL, PHOTOCOPYING OR RECORDING MEANS OR OTHERWISE WITHOUT PRIOR WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. FOR CREDITS SEE PAGE 148. DANBURY MINT ONSERT IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION POLYWRAPPED COPIES. AXE INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 32–33 IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE TÍTULO NO. 7570 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993, Y CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE CONTENIDO NO. 5108 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993 EXPEDIDOS POR LA COMISIÓN CALIFICADORA DE PUBLICACIONES Y REVISTAS ILUSTRADAS DEPENDIENTE DE LA SECRETARIA DE GOBERNACIÓN, MÉXICO. RESERVA DE DERECHOS 04-2000-071710332800-102.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Taste Responsibly. JAMESON® Irish Whiskey. 40% Alc./Vol. (80 Proof). Product of Ireland. ©2005 Imported by John Jameson Import Company, White Plains, NY.

PERHAPS IT'S THE SEXY, CUTTING EDGE LABEL DESIGN.

THEN AGAIN...

IT COULD JUST BE THE TASTE.

JOHN JAMESON & SON LIMITED JJ&S

Oris Frank Sinatra Complication.

A Highlight in the Repertoire.

The complication dedicated to Frank Sinatra has a number of highlights in its repertoire, just like Ol' Blue Eyes himself: moon phase, second time zone, date, and as an addition the week day. All classic and modern, evoking the style of the great entertainer. With its flexible and therefore optional fitting lugs and a radial structured dial, the Frank Sinatra Complication is one to watch.

Frank Sinatra – the greatest entertainer of the 20th century.

Visible through the case back: the High-Mech red Oris rotor.

ORIS
Swiss Made Watches
Since ORIS 1904

Authorized Retailer: Tourneau Stores
For information and an Authorized Retailer:
call toll-free 866 242-3600 or email: ticktock1@orisusa.com
www.oriswatches.com

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER
editor-in-chief

CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO
editorial director
STEPHEN RANDALL *deputy editor*
TOM STAEBLER *art director*
GARY COLE *photography director*
LEOPOLD FROEHLICH *executive editor*
ROBERT LOVE *editor at large*
JAMIE MALANOWSKI *managing editor*

EDITORIAL

FEATURES: A.J. BAIME *articles editor* **FASHION:** JOSEPH DE ACETIS *director* **FORUM:** CHIP ROWE *senior editor;* PATTY LAMBERTI *assistant editor* **MODERN LIVING:** SCOTT ALEXANDER *senior editor* **STAFF:** ROBERT B. DESALVO, TIMOTHY MOHR *associate editors;* JOSH ROBERTSON *assistant editor;* VIVIAN COLON, HEATHER HAEBE, KENNY LULL *editorial assistants;* ADAM BRYANT, ROCKY RAKOVIC, BAYLEE SIMON *interns* **CARTOONS:** MICHELLE URRY *editor;* **COPY:** WINIFRED ORMOND *copy chief;* CAMILLE CAUTI *associate copy chief;* ROBERT HORNING *copy editor* **RESEARCH:** DAVID COHEN *research director;* BRENDAN BARR *senior researcher;* DAVID PFISTER *associate senior researcher;* A.P. BRADBURY, RON MOTTA, MATTHEW SHEPATIN *researchers;* MARK DURAN *research librarian* **EDITORIAL PRODUCTION:** JENNIFER JARONECZYK HAWTHORNE *assistant managing editor;* VALERIE THOMAS *manager;* VALERY SOROKIN *associate* **READER SERVICE:** MIKE OSTROWSKI *correspondent* **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** MARK BOAL *(writer at large),* KEVIN BUCKLEY, SIMON COOPER, GRETCHEN EDGREN, LAWRENCE GROBEL, KEN GROSS, JENNIFER RYAN JONES (FASHION), WARREN KALBACKER, ARTHUR KRETCHMER (AUTOMOTIVE), JONATHAN LITTMAN, JOE MORGENSTERN, BARBARA NELLIS, MERIEM ORLET (FASHION), JAMES R. PETERSEN, STEPHEN REBELLO, DAVID RENSIN, DAVID SHEFF, DAVID STEVENS, JOHN D. THOMAS, ALICE K. TURNER

HEIDI PARKER *west coast editor*

ART

SCOTT ANDERSON, BRUCE HANSEN, CHET SUSKI, LEN WILLIS, ROB WILSON *senior art directors;* PAUL CHAN *senior art assistant;* JOANNA METZGER *art assistant;* CORTEZ WELLS *art services coordinator;* MALINA LEE *senior art administrator*

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI *west coast editor;* JIM LARSON *managing editor;* PATTY BEAUDET-FRANCÈS, KEVIN KUSTER, STEPHANIE MORRIS *senior editors;* RENAY LARSON *assistant editor;* ARNY FREYTAG, STEPHEN WAYDA *senior contributing photographers;* GEORGE GEORGIOU *staff photographer;* RICHARD IZUI, MIZUNO, BYRON NEWMAN, GEN NISHINO, DAVID RAMS *contributing photographers;* BILL WHITE *studio manager—los angeles;* BONNIE JEAN KENNY *manager, photo library;* KEVIN CRAIG *manager, photo lab;* MATT STEIGBIGEL *photo researcher;* PENNY EKKERT, KRYSTLE JOHNSON *production coordinators*

DIANE SILBERSTEIN *publisher*

ADVERTISING

JEFF KIMMEL *advertising director;* RON STERN *new york manager;* HELEN BIANCULLI *direct response advertising director;* MARIE FIRNENO *advertising operations director;* KARA SARISKY *advertising coordinator* **NEW YORK:** SHERI WARNKE *southeast manager;* TONY SARDINAS, TRACY WISE *account managers* **CHICAGO:** WADE BAXTER *midwest sales manager* **LOS ANGELES:** PETE AUERBACH, COREY SPIEGEL *west coast managers* **DETROIT:** DAN COLEMAN *detroit manager* **SAN FRANCISCO:** ED MEAGHER *northwest manager*

MARKETING

LISA NATALE *associate publisher/marketing;* JULIA LIGHT *marketing services director;* CHRISTOPHER SHOOLIS *research director;* DONNA TAVOSO *creative services director;* BELINDA BANK *merchandising manager*

PRODUCTION

MARIA MANDIS *director;* JODY JURGETO *production manager;* CINDY PONTARELLI, DEBBIE TILLOU *associate managers;* CHAR KROWCZYK, BARB TEKIELA *assistant managers;* BILL BENWAY, SIMMIE WILLIAMS *prepress*

CIRCULATION

LARRY A. DJERF *newsstand sales director;* PHYLLIS ROTUNNO *subscription circulation director*

ADMINISTRATIVE

MARCIA TERRONES *rights & permissions director*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES INTERNATIONAL, INC.

CHRISTIE HEFNER *chairman, chief executive officer*
JAMES P. RADTKE *senior vice president and general manager*

TREASURE ISLAND
Las Vegas

Your next trip to the Strip takes shape at treasureisland.com.

866.212.8703

HD-70FH96

RESOLUTION THAT RIVALS REALITY

THE NEXT GENERATION OF HD IS HERE! Imagine being at the beach - in your very own living room! The resolution of JVC's new Full 1080p HD-ILA 70-inch TV is so stunning; it's hard to distinguish fantasy from reality.

Featuring picture clarity that actually rivals reality, JVC's HD-ILA 70-inch TV incorporates true 1080p resolution and 3-Chip LCOS design. And, with its bright picture and high contrast, there's no doubt you'll feel as if you're a part of every scene. But don't take our word for it - you have to see it to believe it. This is *true* reality TV. Only from JVC.

JVC®

The Perfect Experience

www.jvc.com

© 2005 JVC Company of America. Picture Simulated.

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

PICTURE PERFECT
Everyone knows Hef has a soft spot for old Hollywood romances, and each summer he helps sponsor the Los Angeles Conservancy's Last Remaining Seats film festival, which showcases classic features at historic venues such as the Orpheum Theatre in downtown L.A. This year Hef, at the screening with girlfriends Holly, Bridget and Kendra (above left), picked *The Son of the Sheik*.

THE HIP NEW HOP
The joint was jumping at Milan Fashion Week when designer Roberto Cavalli (below) announced he would be reinterpreting the iconic Playboy Bunny costume for the upcoming Playboy Club Casino at the Palms in Las Vegas.

SKY'S THE LIMIT
It was a hot night in L.A. when NBA legend Magic Johnson (above) hosted his 20th annual Midsummer Night's Magic, a five-day charity event that raises money for scholarships and culminates in an NBA all-star game. Former Dallas Cowboys wide receiver Michael Irvin and Miss March 2002 Tina Jordan (right) were on hand for the event.

MR. PLAYBOY…OR IS IT?
If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, you can't top Madame Tussauds Las Vegas's *Hef: The Experience*, in which the Man is immortalized not in wax but in silicone. He even speaks!

FULL HOUSE
Bridget, Holly and Kendra keep the seats warm on the set of E!'s *The Girls Next Door,* this summer's hit reality show that documents the lives of Hef's girlfriends in and around the world's most famous mansion.

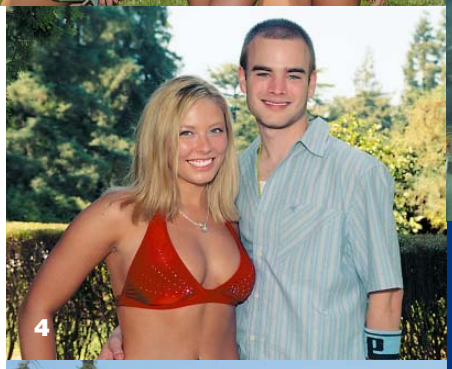
ALL IN
World Series of Poker champ Chris Moneymaker celebrates Playboy's new poker products with Playmates Deanna Brooks and Lauren Michelle Hill at Las Vegas's Playboy Concept Boutique.

FUN ON THE FOURTH

1

2

3

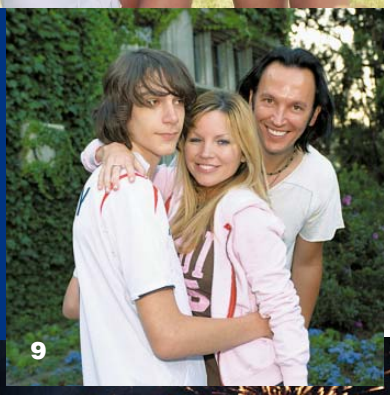

4

5

6

8

7


9

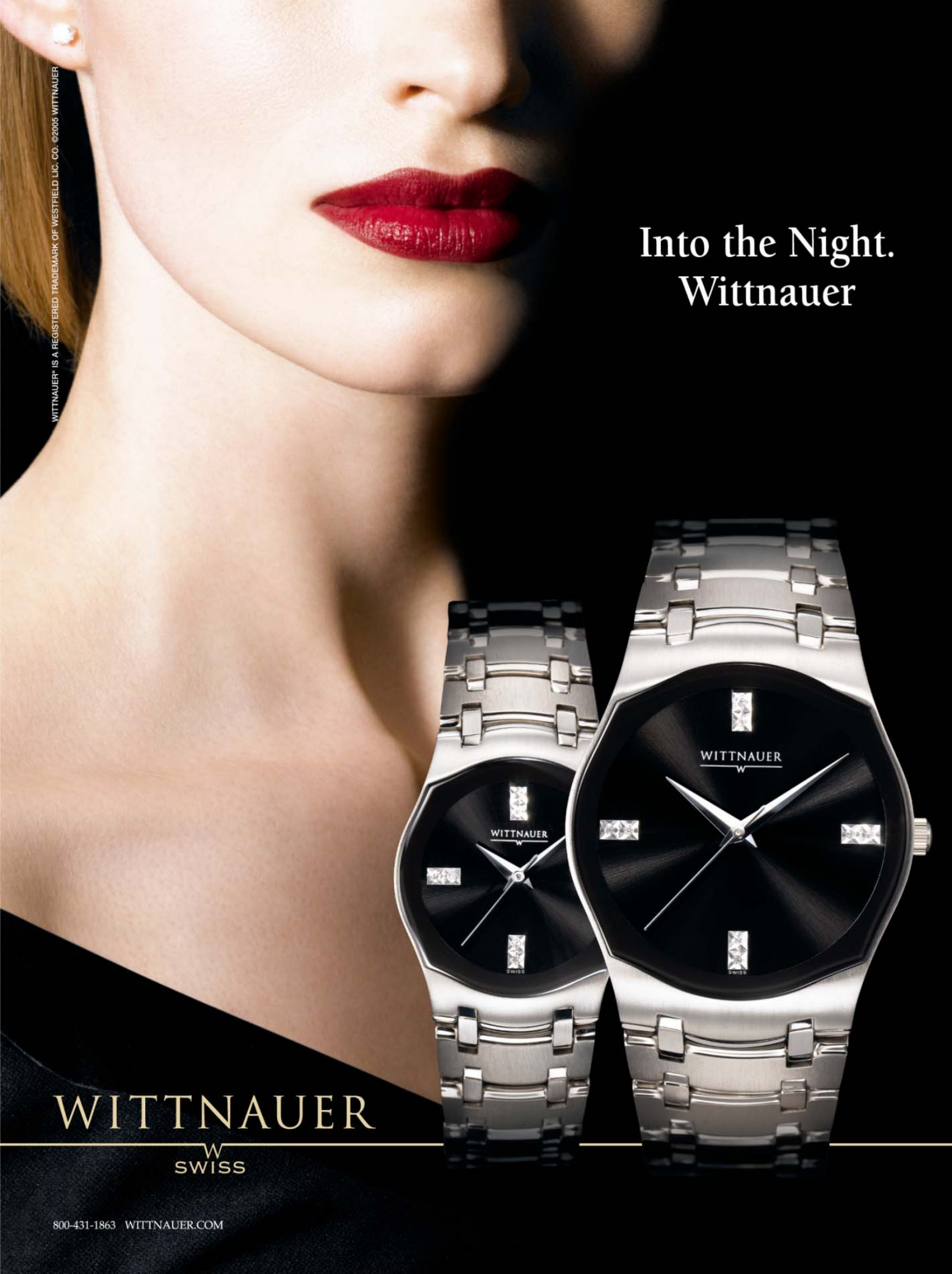
10

11

12

13

Each year Hef hosts an unforgettable Fourth of July celebration with friends at the Mansion. (1) Hef's girlfriends Bridget, Holly and Kendra are perfectly patriotic. (2) The host with Playmate Kelly Monaco and her *Dancing With the Stars* partner, Alec Mazo. (3) *Confessions of a Video Vixen* author Karrine Steffans canoodles with Bill Maher, Amber Beatty and Kato Kaelin. (4) Miss March Jillian Grace with David Gallagher from *7th Heaven*. (5) Actors Vern "Mini Me" Troyer and Seth Green dig in. (6) The Bluecat Express plays for partygoers. (7) Playmates Victoria Fuller, Pennelope Jimenez and Stacy Sanches flash for freedom. (8) Kendra and Holly work the trampoline. (9) Hef's son Marston Hefner with Renee Sloan and Steve Valentine of *Crossing Jordan*. (10) *Amazing Race* winners Uchenna and Joyce Agu. (11) Actors Jonathan Silverman and Jennifer Finnigan. (12) Evan "Joe Millionaire" Marriott gets comfortable with the ladies. (13) Kendra, Holly and Bridget share fireworks poolside with Hef.


WITTNAUER® IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF WESTFIELD LIC. CO. ©2005 WITTNAUER
Into the Night.
Wittnauer
WITTNAUER
WITTNAUER
WITTNAUER
SWISS
800-431-1863 WITTNAUER.COM

SKECHERS

Dear Playboy

DIORA BAIRD

Looking at Diora Baird (*Our Best Guess,* August) on a humid summer day is too much. You should have saved her for a winter issue.

Jim Bland
Courtland, Virginia

Diora Baird is a classic beauty in the finest PLAYBOY tradition. There's nothing like revisiting the warm, fuzzy feeling of photos from your golden age.

The amazing Diora Baird is the real deal.

Johnno Zee
Springfield, Missouri

Regarding your claim that Baird is the "best Guess girl ever," I'm sure Claudia Schiffer, Cindy Crawford, Laetitia Casta, Victoria Silvstedt, Anna Nicole Smith and Paris Hilton would have something to say about that.

Gab Taraboulsy
Montreal, Quebec

That's a catfight we'd pay to see.

Odette Sugerman's photos remind me of Pompeo Posar's work. Please, more Diora and more Sugerman.

Lanny Middings
San Ramon, California

Diora insists that her breasts are real, but I think you guys have been bamboozled. Unless Diora grew up standing on her head, there is no way her set of natural DDs can point toward the sky. If they are real, she deserves a place as a natural wonder.

Alex Nikolayew
Lincoln Park, New Jersey

Trust us. She's a wonder.

THE ROAR OF THE CROWD

How James R. Petersen can fail to mention the Yamaha FJR 1300 in *Motorcycle, Jacket* (August) is a mystery. It has 145 horses, a top speed of 174 mph and a body to die for. Instead he showcases a Triumph with 69 hp that can't get out of its own way. Face it—Japanese bikes dominate.

Rick Levy
Plainfield, Vermont

Petersen apparently knows little about motorcycles. This is most evident in his description of the Ducati 999R, which he calls "the object of desire for riders who crave speed first and foremost." The Ducs are the choice of veteran riders who prefer handling over power. Even the Suzuki GSX-R1000 of 2001 (two bike generations ago) is faster. I used to own a 1999 Hayabusa, which was unique in that it was unrestricted. It did 185 mph five days a week on my way to work.

Martin Bollinger
Tampa, Florida

Petersen responds: "People who want speed with no consideration to finesse or handling might choose a used, unrestricted Hayabusa over a Ducati. But for 2005 the Ducati 999R engine got a boost to 150 hp, and the early reviews put its top speed at close to 190. For lap-time fast, few bikes can beat the Ducati (the Kawasaki ZX10R being one, but not, it seems, the stock GSX-R). The theme of the feature is variety—different tools for different jobs but all with killer looks. There are no bad bikes."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Your August *Raw Data* reports that 90 percent of Native Americans polled are not offended by the Washington Redskins mascot. This issue is not a popularity contest. Using a minority group as a mascot is a part of cultural genocide.

David Whitlock
Kansas City, Missouri

THE GREATEST QUARTERBACKS

Your panel of Lawrence Taylor, Tony Siragusa, Troy Aikman and Dennis Miller picked Joe Montana and Dan Marino as the greatest quarterbacks of all time (*Playboy's NFL Preview,* August). But if you don't limit your judgment to the past 25 years, Sammy Baugh, Otto Graham and Johnny Unitas are clearly the best.

Jerry Burlingame
Pittsburg, California

DON'T FORGET THE KING

Your July *Interview* with Lance Armstrong is great. However, I take exception to your claim that he is the most dominating pro athlete. He is blown away by Steve "the King" Kinser, who has won the World of Outlaws sprint-car championship 19 times in the past 30 years. The drivers use one gear and go balls out.

Steve Gornall
Indianapolis, Indiana

INSIDE THE MOB

Charles Brandt's article on the Joey Gallo hit (*Who Killed Joey Gallo?,* August) struck a chord. In 1972 I was an NYPD detective assigned to the Manhattan district attorney. On the night of the Gallo hit, my partner and I were at the Copa when Gallo walked in. We would have tailed him to Umberto's had our wives not been with us. We went home not knowing what we'd missed. The next day I was put in charge of the investigation. Mob hits present unique problems because mafiosi and their friends and relatives rarely cooperate. But I hoped we could identify Gallo's killer because he had civilians sitting with him at his table. One of them was the late actor Jerry Orbach. Although Gallo's new wife, Sina Essary, cooperated, Orbach refused to tell us anything. Ironically, he went on to play a NYPD detective on *Law & Order.* In real life he could have helped solve a murder but chose not to.

Joey Gallo died in a clam house.

Joseph Coffey
New York, New York

Eight years after the Gallo hit I interviewed his alleged killer, Frank Sheeran, while covering his trial in Philadelphia for murder and racketeering. (I was a newspaper reporter,

GET FREE SHIPPING AND HANDLING!*

NEW! The black is slimming, the pink is simmering. Just looking at her in this sexy cotton/spandex outfit will give you a vigorous cardio workout. Elastic waist. S (1-3), M (5-7), L (9-11).
10113 Color Block Workout Bra $21
10114 Color Block Workout Pant $42

*To receive FREE standard shipping and handling in the U.S. only:

visit playboystore.com
(enter Source Code MG518 during checkout) or

call 800-423-9494
(mention Source Code MG518) or

order by mail
please send check or money order to:
PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 809, Itasca, IL 60143-0809
(include Source Code MG518)

Illinois residents add 6.75% sales tax.
(Canadian orders accepted.)
Most major credit cards accepted.

Call the toll-free number above to request a Playboy catalog.

and he was the president of a Teamsters local in Wilmington, Delaware.) We spoke over lasagna and red wine at Vincente's, his hangout. For a cold-blooded killer, he was a charming guy, but he was no blabbermouth. So when Sheeran died in 2003, I figured his Mob secrets had gone with him. How lucky for him, and for all of us, that he decided to confess to God and to Charles Brandt.

Mary Rowland
Rhinebeck, New York

OH, THE ZUMANITY!

Most women, if honest with themselves, would list being in PLAYBOY as one of the most glamorous things they could do and something that not every woman has the opportunity to do. As a classical ballerina, I never dreamed I would have the chance to be one of the select few to appear in PLAYBOY. When I finally saw the outcome of the *Zumanity* photo shoot (August) and saw that I am featured over two pages, I can honestly say that I never felt more beautiful. Thank you for believing in Cirque du Soleil and for all that you have done to make the world a sexier, more beautiful and more exciting place.

Vanessa Convery
Las Vegas, Nevada

The *Zumanity* pictorial is incredible, especially that shot with the carafe of milk.

Shayne Cowell
Reno, Nevada

I like Cirque du Soleil, but *Zumanity* tries too hard to be naughty.

Hal Snik
Maplewood, New Jersey

A GREAT GOLF MOMENT

Evan Rothman's take on golf history at St. Andrews (*Old School,* August) is a fun read. The best moment at this year's British Open was Jack Nicklaus's emotional farewell. So revered is the Golden Bear over there that the Royal Bank of Scotland issued a £5 note with his picture on it. That's how we'll know when Tiger Woods has made it—they'll stick his face on money.

Joseph Passov
Phoenix, Arizona

WAVES HIGH

Joel Stein's cruise on the seas of high-stakes poker (*A Full Boat,* August) is $10,000 well spent. Now how about getting him into the Player's Ball?

Ben Thompson
Los Angeles, California

TWO MORE SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

As 22-year-old God-fearing Christian college students, we purchased a copy of PLAYBOY to study its "artistic" nature. The content came up short of what we believe to be tasteful. Unlike many historical pieces of art, such as the mosaics residing in St. Peter's Basilica, you portray women in a sexual manner rather than simply revealing the beauty of God's creation. The image of the horny, drunken college student is kept alive by such filth, and we intend to oppose your magazine in every conceivable way.

Chris Schnack
Jason Peck
Southern Illinois University
Edwardsville, Illinois

Come on, guys, snap out of it.

EWAN IN LIFE

I enjoyed Ewan McGregor's frankness about his disregard for traditional schooling (*Playboy Interview,* August).

Ewan at Shutters on the Beach, Santa Monica.

Education as we know it doesn't seem to teach many of us the ins and outs that we need. You learn about life only from living it, which, as McGregor points out, sometimes includes taking off your clothes.

Millicent Lindley
Brooklyn, New York

HOW TO LAST LONGER

World traveler John Clouse should learn more about Latvian Black Balsam before he dismisses it as "poison" (*After Hours,* August). Produced in Riga, it is used to lend an aromatic and slightly bitter element to mixed drinks. Mix four teaspoons with a teaspoon of honey each morning before breakfast and you will live 100 years.

Astra Moors
North Hollywood, California

www.ThreeOlives.com ©2005 White Rock Distilleries, Inc. Distilled in England. Imported and bottled by White Rock Distilleries, Inc., Lewiston, ME. 40% Alc./Vol. (80 Proof). PLEASE MARTINI RESPONSIBLY.

©2005 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

BE ORIGINAL.

MILDS BOX: 10 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, FILTER KINGS BOX: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method. Actual amount may vary depending on how you smoke. For T&N info, visit www.rjrttarnic.com.

KOOL

BE TRUE.

Babe of the Month

Samantha Cole

THE DANCE-TRACK DIVA IS BACK WITH A BRAND-NEW OBSESSION

It's been eight years since Samantha Cole's debut album, and on her follow-up, *Superwoman,* she turns up the heat. "I wrote a song called 'Naughty Naughty,'" she explains. "We played it for KIIS-FM and they loved it but said they would have to censor it. It doesn't say anything bad, though." As proof, she breaks into breathy song: "I want to taste your, taste your love/Go ahead and get it up/'Cause I can't get enough of that good stuff." Who could have a problem with that? What's more, the first single is a cover of Animotion's horny 1980s hit "Obsession." "The album is about feeling free and having a good time on the dance floor," Samantha says. She's an authority on booty shaking, having appeared on MTV's *The Grind* 30 times in her youth. "I would go to the clubs and dance for hours with my friends," she recalls. "Making a scene, dancing on speakers and just dripping with sweat—New York has the best energy." During her break from the studio, Samantha appeared on *Single in the Hamptons,* a reality show about chic New Yorkers summering in Long Island resort towns, but her angle was a little different. "I'm from Southampton," she says. "I don't date 60-year-old men and drive around in their Bentleys." Samantha also had a bit part on *Sex and the City,* a show she identified with. "It's pretty accurate," she says. "When my friends and I get together, it's unbelievable what comes out of our mouths. Sometimes we'll have a guy with us, and he'll go, 'God, you guys are bad. You're as bad as us.'"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANTOINE VERGLAS

©2005 UNILEVER
How Dirty Boys Get Clean.
NEW AXE SHOWER GEL
AXE
TOUCH

The Whipped-Cream Girl Speaks

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE DELIGHTFUL DISH ON THE SEXIEST ALBUM COVER OF ALL TIME?

Bigger than the Beatles: In 1965 and 1966, the Fab Four were having a go at American listeners, but Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass ruled the roost. A slew of hot albums, including *Whipped Cream & Other Delights,* which hit number one on the *Billboard* chart 40 years ago this month, made Alpert a cornerstone in the ziggurat of bachelor-pad easy listening. But why exactly did Alpertmania happen? One theory is that Dolores Erickson, the cream-slathered girl on the cover of *Whipped Cream,* did as much for Alpert's career as his trumpety "Taste of Honey." "I had known Herb for a long time," says Erickson. "I was there when he recorded his first album, *The Lonely Bull,* in his garage studio in 1962. A bunch of us used to go around L.A. together." The group included art director Peter Woorf, whose cover idea met with hesitant approval from Alpert and Jerry Moss (co-founder, with Alpert, of A&M). "Peter's sketch didn't faze me," says Erickson. "I had done more revealing covers, like Cy Coleman's *Piano Witchcraft.* What made the *Whipped Cream* cover was the attitude and pose." The shoot was done in an afternoon. "It was shaving cream on my body and whipped cream on my head," she recalls. "I had a strapless bikini on under the shaving cream, which was heavy. At one point it pulled my top down. I said, 'Oh!' and pulled it back up. I didn't know Peter was still shooting until much later, when he sent me two risqué pictures. One was very revealing—I showed it to my girlfriend and then tore it up. I didn't want my husband to see it." An oft-cited but misleading fact is that Erickson was pregnant at the time. "I was three months' pregnant, but you couldn't tell. I wasn't any bustier in this picture. That's a myth." Alpert fans and their teenage sons would covet Erickson for years to come, but for her, the *Whipped Cream* cover wasn't a life-changing gig. "It was special because it was Herb's album, but it's not like I carried it around with me," she says. "I never talked about the cover like it was a big thing. I had other things in my career—I was a Ford model, making a fabulous living doing fashion for magazines." Erickson hasn't seen Alpert or Moss in some time, but they haven't forgotten her. At the 2005 Preakness Stakes, in which Moss's Derby-winning horse Giacomo was running, Bob Costas surprised Moss with a 40-year-old copy of *Whipped Cream.* Moss acknowledged the role the album had played in A&M's rise, and Costas signed off with a slightly horny "All hail Dolores!" Consider it done.

Shout! Factory Records is currently issuing remasters of the entire Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass catalog.

CHRIS RYNIAK

The Need to Know: Ricky Gervais

THE CLEVER LAD BEHIND HBO'S NEXT GREAT COMEDY

WHO: British actor and writer whose mockumentary series *The Office* was a hit with Anglophiles during its run on BBC America (yes, there is a BBC America) and was remade for NBC with Steve Carell.
WHAT: *Extras,* HBO's show about deluded but dignified Hollywood nobodies clinging to their aspirations in the face of clear failure. Watch for self-skewering cameos by Ben Stiller and Kate Winslet.
WHAT ELSE: Gervais recently realized his dream of writing an episode of *The Simpsons,* in which Homer and Marge go on a wife-swapping TV show. Homer gets an uppity Yale professor; Marge must fend off—go figure—a creepy British desk jockey named Ricky.

Tips for Puny Humans

What to do when a humanoid robot is chasing you, according to roboticist Daniel H. Wilson, author of the forthcoming *How to Survive a Robot Uprising:*
Run toward the light. Vision sensors are confused by changes in lighting conditions.
Zigzag erratically. Sudden changes of direction can throw off predictive tracking systems.
Use rough terrain. A humanoid robot can run much faster and farther than you but is not good at climbing over walls or scurrying up hillsides.
Burn rubber. Theoretically a humanoid robot could keep up with a car, but the resulting heat and stress would likely injure it.
Find a body of water. Most robots will sink in water or mud and fall through ice.

The Slaked and the Dead

MORTALITY IN A MARTINI GLASS

On November 1 and 2, Mexicans celebrate Dia de los Muertos, an occasion that turns the well-read gringo's thoughts to an underappreciated masterpiece, Malcolm Lowry's haunting *Under the Volcano* (voted 11th-best novel of the 20th century by the Modern Library). While we can't recommend the fictional Consul's morbid overindulgence on the Day of the Dead, we support his spirit of choice: mezcal, tequila's classier cousin. High literature meets lounge life in this modified martini. As the Consul might have said in a moment of clarity, *"No se puede vivir sin licor."*

Under the Volcano Martini
(invented at Harry Denton's Starlight Room, San Francisco)

2 oz. mezcal

½ oz. Martini & Rossi vermouth

Stir over ice in a cocktail glass. Garnish with a jalapeño-stuffed olive.

Tip Sheet

gynecomastia \gy-ne-co-MAS-tee-a\ *n,* unsightly increase in circumference of the male pectoral area. Also known as "man boobs."

Cheerleader of the Month

Feel the Burn

PATRIOTS FAN-FLAMER ALISON PRESTON HEATS UP CHILLY GILLETTE STADIUM

PLAYBOY: What's the attraction to cheerleading?
ALISON: It's a rush to run out onto the field with 77,000 fans looking at you. Plus I get to dance and watch football at the same time.
PLAYBOY: What do you do on the squad?
ALISON: I'm one of six captains. We have to know what's going on, whether the team's on offense or defense. We watch the game and cheer between plays.
PLAYBOY: How do you stay in shape?
ALISON: I take dance or aerobics classes. I don't see any reason to run five miles.
PLAYBOY: What's it like to cheer through those Massachusetts winters?
ALISON: It does get cold out there—at some point in the season we have to give up our uniforms for long pants and jackets. We're covered in layers with only our faces exposed, and with all the dancing around we start to sweat, but our faces are still freezing. Once a girl's eyes started to water in the cold wind, and her tears literally froze to her face. But I think the weather is an advantage for our team.

Employee of the Month candidates: Send pictures to PLAYBOY Photography Department, Attn: Employee of the Month, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Must be at least 18 years old. Must send photocopies of a driver's license and another valid ID (not a credit card), one of which must include a current photo.

DAVID BRINLEY

How to Write a Novel

CHRIS ELLIOTT DEMYSTIFIES THE FICTION GAME

Like everyone, I dreamed of writing the great American novel. Instead, I wrote *The Shroud of the Thwacker* because I needed some quick boodle. And let me tell you something: You can do it too.

First, create a protagonist with whom you can identify. I chose a bald, bearded, homicidal maniac named Chris.

Second, pick a young, exciting and sexy female lead. Mine was based on gossip columnist Liz Smith, who in 1882 was quite a beauty. And it's not like she's chopped liver today!

Third, do meticulous research. Many of the characters in my book are prostitutes. My research was so meticulous that even now I am having trouble stopping.

Fourth, trick somebody else into doing the writing for you, preferably somebody who can spell. Then kill him.

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

I'm Going Somewhere Within Our Nation's Borders!

According to the London *Observer,* fewer than **20%** of Americans have a passport. More than **70%** have visited Disney World or Disneyland.

Hole Lotta Love

Providence, Rhode Island has one doughnut shop for every **4,700** residents—nine times the national average. Boston is the second most doughnutty town, with one shop for every **5,750** Bostonians.

High-Scoring Affair

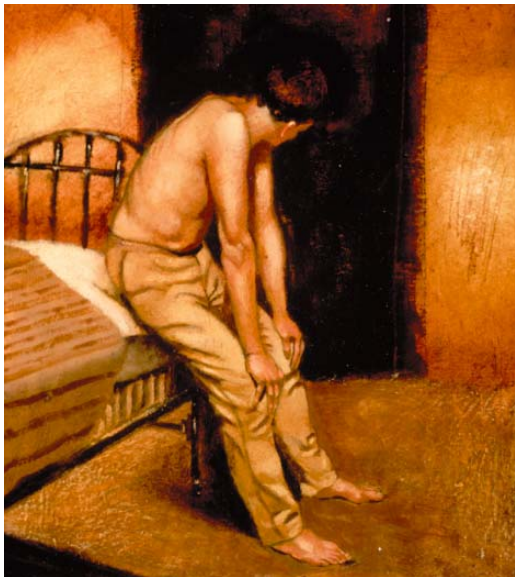
Berlin's Artemis Brothel, dubbed the World Cup Brothel since it is being built for the 2006 tournament, will have more than **37,000** square feet of floor space, enough to accommodate **600** clients and **100** prostitutes.

Home Planned Security

55% of New Yorkers say they have a "go bag" in case of emergencies.

Price Check

$18,000 Paid for a bar of soap allegedly made of fat liposuctioned from Italian prime minister Silvio Berlusconi. Artist Gianni Motti calls the work *Mani Puliti* ("Clean Hands") and says it is a comment on Berlusconi's vanity.



Stir Crazy

America's prison systems are the country's largest supplier of mental health services, with **250,000** inmates suffering from mental illnesses, many of them quite severe.

Turned Around

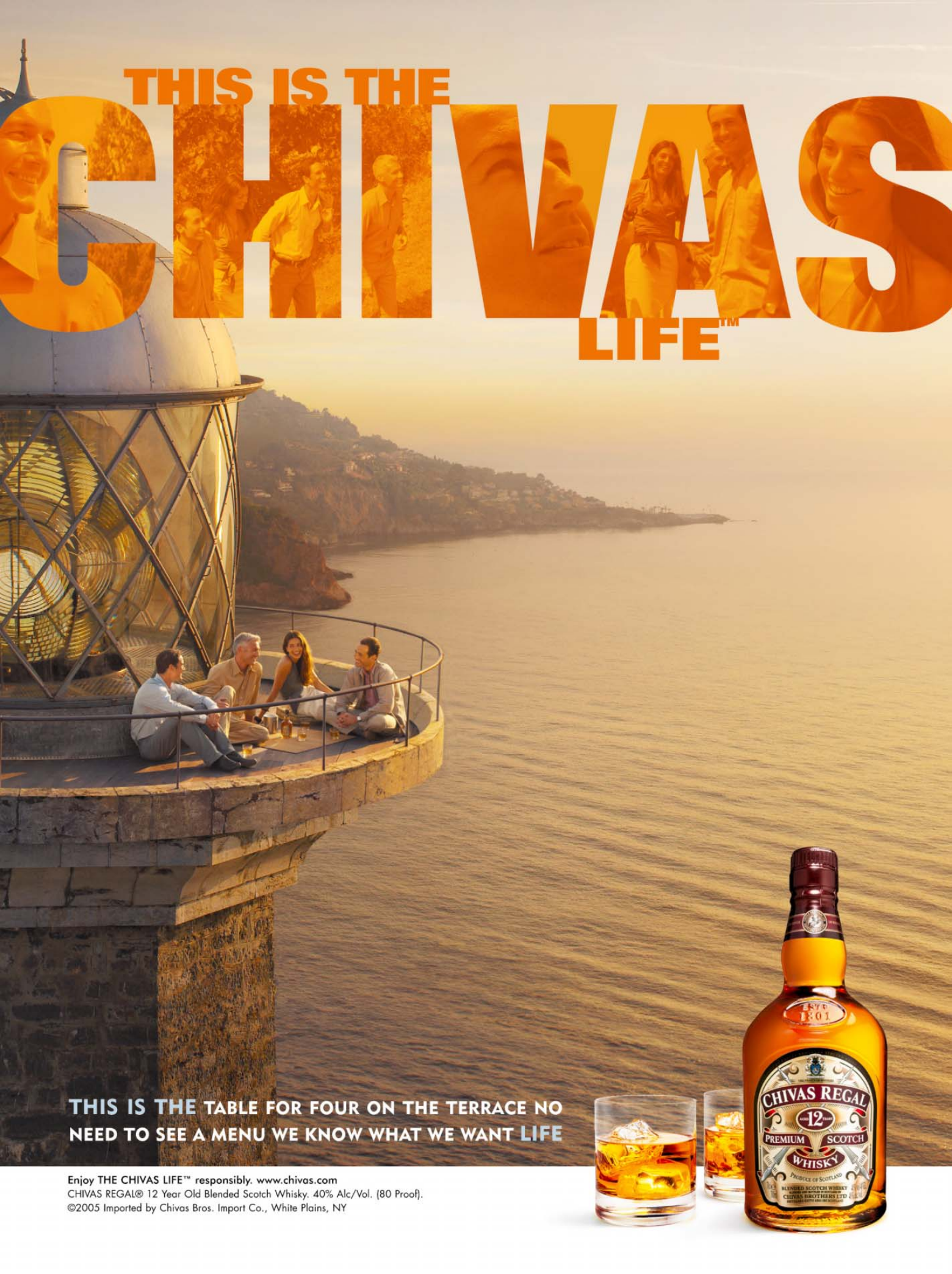
20% of Americans think the sun orbits the earth. **17%** know the earth orbits the sun but think it does so every 24 hours, not every 365 days.

Book of Pointless Records

Largest Birthday Cake

130,000 pounds, **102** feet long and **52** feet wide, baked to honor the city of Las Vegas's 100th birthday. Guests didn't come close to finishing it, so it was taken to a pig farm, whose inhabitants were happy to ingest the leftovers.

THIS IS THE CHIVAS LIFE™

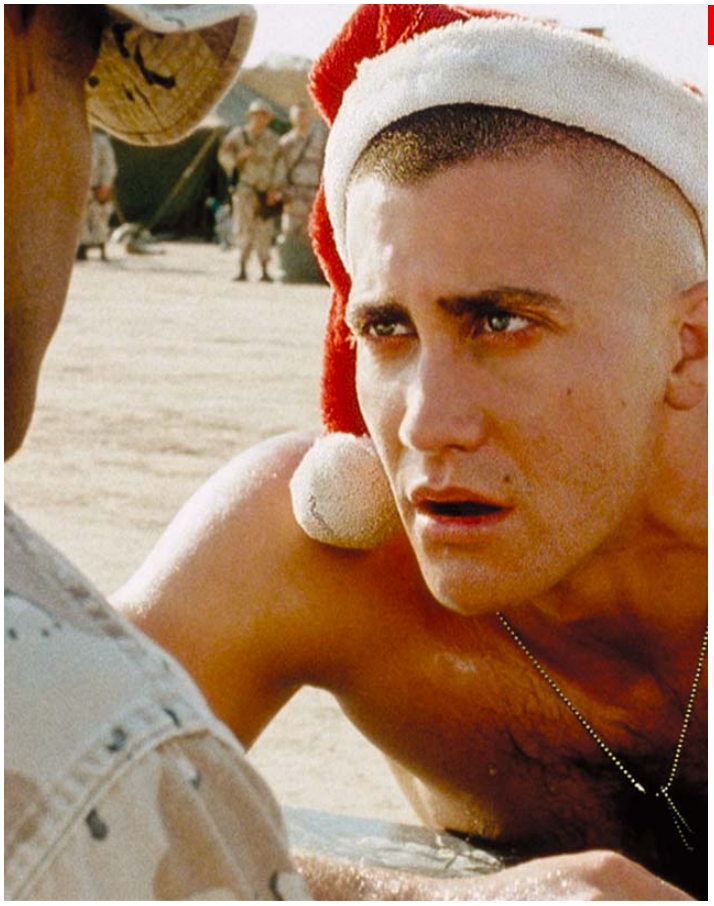


THIS IS THE TABLE FOR FOUR ON THE TERRACE NO NEED TO SEE A MENU WE KNOW WHAT WE WANT **LIFE**

Enjoy THE CHIVAS LIFE™ responsibly. www.chivas.com
CHIVAS REGAL® 12 Year Old Blended Scotch Whisky. 40% Alc/Vol. (80 Proof).
©2005 Imported by Chivas Bros. Import Co., White Plains, NY

REVIEWS

movies



movie of the month

[JARHEAD]

Director Sam Mendes walks a political tightrope

As awards season comes around, Hollywood traditionally rolls out its biggest guns. *Jarhead,* the new Gulf war movie from Oscar-winning *American Beauty* director Sam Mendes, comes barreling in fully loaded with firepower. Based on Anthony Swofford's irreverent, lacerating memoir of his Marine Corps experience during the first Persian Gulf invasion, the coming-of-age saga features Jake Gyllenhaal as Swoff, a third-generation grunt enlistee, Peter Sarsgaard as his friend and mentor, and Oscar winner Jamie Foxx as his lifer squadron commander. The movie follows Swoff from his stint in boot camp to his deployment in barren desert terrain, where the only relief from the heat and the unseen, half-understood enemy comes through valor, soldierly camaraderie and gonzo humor. Mendes describes *Jarhead* as "equal parts black humor, honesty, rage, lyricism and the mixture of machismo jarhead culture. With the exception of *Three Kings,* this is a war that has been overlooked but has a relevance to what is happening now in the Middle East." In other words, *Jarhead* may be something of a political hot potato. Says a top Hollywood agent, "*Jarhead* could be seen by some as blatantly antiwar or just as blatantly pro-war, which in today's highly charged political climate could generate arguments."

> "*Jarhead* could be seen as antiwar or pro-war."

—Stephen Rebello

now showing

BUZZ

The Legend of Zorro
(Antonio Banderas, Catherine Zeta-Jones, Rufus Sewell) This sequel to the 1998 hit reunites Banderas and Zeta-Jones as the masked 19th century scalawag and his sexy female counterpart. This time the charismatic duo gets jolted out of married domesticity to save California's impending statehood.

Our call: The flick's second half makes up for a slightly pokey first half with a blaze of action, firepower, jaw-dropping stunts and *mucho mas* of the sizzling Banderas–Zeta-Jones chemistry.

The New World
(Colin Farrell, Christian Bale, Q'Orianka Kilcher) Set against the 17th century clash between British settlers and Native Americans, director and writer Terrence Malick explores the battle between John Smith (Farrell) and fellow Brit John Rolfe (Bale) for Pocahontas (Kilcher) and the paradise she calls home.

Our call: The story may remind you of grade school social studies, but visionary imagery, primal violence and a fierce political subtext elevate the film far beyond a dry-bones history lesson.

Derailed
(Clive Owen, Jennifer Aniston, Vincent Cassel) In this movie version of novelist James Siegel's thriller, fatal attraction crackles between Owen and Aniston, both stuck in unhappy marriages, during their daily commuter-train rides. Once charismatic sleazebag Cassel invades their lives, violence and double crosses follow.

Our call: No, it's not exactly Hitchcock level, but powered by Owen's and Aniston's star wattage and Cassel's scene-stealing villainy, this grown-up thriller promises a wild, scary ride.

Doom
(Karl Urban, The Rock, Rosamund Pike) The addictive series of first-person-shooter video games goes live action when special-ops troops get shipped to a planet overrun by mutants. Re-creating the games' claustrophobic corridors and marauding zombies and imps could spell big fun even for the uninitiated.

Our call: If it scores even a fraction as big as the video games, this unapologetically violent crossover could jump-start movie versions of games such as *Quake* and *Halo.* You have been warned.

dvd of the month

[MURDERBALL]

At last, an extreme sport that's truly extreme

Quadriplegic rugby was originally called murderball, and it's easy to see why. Players custom-design their wheelchairs to resemble fierce chariots decked out with extra grilles, harnesses, bucket seats and specially tilted wheels—all the better to pulverize opponents in a speed freak's surreal vision of bumper cars from hell. This superb documentary profiles Team USA, led by the sweet but menacing Mark Zupan, as it heads for the 2004 Paralympics. The stage is set for an epic battle of wills after the U.S. loses the world championship for the first time in 11 years to bitter rival Team Canada. With disarming candor, these charismatic athletes recount the accidents that put them in their chairs and how they came to terms with their altered bodies. They have slowly and painfully rebuilt themselves to match their wheelchairs in strength, agility and badass attitude. **Extras:** Player updates, game rules and deleted scenes. ¥¥¥½ *—Matthew Steigbigel*

WAR OF THE WORLDS (2005) Tom Cruise plays a deadbeat dad who has to get paternal in a hurry when aliens attack in Steven Spielberg's dark take on the H.G. Wells novel. As the tripods unleash hell like fearsome otherworldly terrorists, one would think Cruise and kids could put their unresolved domestic squabbles on the back burner since, you know, aliens are torching mankind. They can't, so the fractured family drags out its ill-timed therapy session on the lam until the schmaltzy conclusion, which will make you wish these ETs had better aim. **Extras:** A video diary. ¥¥ *—Robert B. DeSalvo*

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM (1955) Frank Sinatra nails the role of a card dealer extraordinaire and ex–heroin addict trying to keep clean while out of jail. Luckily, sultry Kim Novak is on hand to help him go cold turkey. This landmark film, newly restored to commemorate its 50th anniversary, was one of the first to treat drug addiction openly. **Extras:** Interviews with Sinatra and composer Elmer Bernstein. ¥¥¥¥ *—M.S.*

CHARLIE AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY (2005) Tim Burton's gumdrop-colored take on Roald Dahl's mirthfully macabre cautionary tale combines the sweet and the sour in a film that appeals to adults as well as kids—and is more enjoyable and faithful to the source material than 1971's *Willy Wonka* with Gene Wilder. A Michael Jackson–ish reclusive megalomaniac who lives in a fantasy land with trained squirrels and obedient dwarves, Johnny Depp's Wonka gives you the willies. Danny Elfman's hyperkinetic score and the arresting musical numbers are a welcome addition to Wonka's twisted wonderland. **Extras:** The two-disc deluxe edition has five featurettes, including one on how actor Deep Roy became an army of Oompa-Loompas and another on Dahl's life story. ¥¥¥ *—Buzz McClain*

STAR WARS: EPISODE III—REVENGE OF THE SITH (2005) The first two episodes of this saga left fans in a void with Jar Jar Binks. Now the Force is back with George Lucas, and he gives us spectacle and psychological drama that culminates in the ultimate money shot: the birth of Darth Vader. **Extras:** Documentary, featurettes, *Star Wars Battlefront II* Xbox demo. ¥¥¥½ *—Brian Thomas*

THE COMPLETE THIN MAN COLLECTION Based on Dashiell Hammett's final novel, *The Thin Man* (1934) and its five sequels feature a stylish couple, Nick and Nora Charles, living the high life and solving crimes on the side. "Always have rhythm in your shaking; a dry martini you always shake to waltz time," Nick tells his chums moments before the arrival of his first "client." Glorious. **Extras:** Vintage shorts, radio shows and documentaries on stars William Powell and Myrna Loy. ¥¥¥ *—M.S.*

tease frame

The list of Ivy League grads who've played hookers in movies contains Jodie Foster, Mira Sorvino and Brooke Shields, but our favorite is **Elisabeth Shue** (Harvard, class of 2000), who says in *Leaving Las Vegas* (1995), "Included with the rent around here is a complimentary blow job." She was cute in *The Karate Kid* (1984), recklessly sexy in *Cocktail* (1988) and drove a guy insane with desire in *Hollow Man* (2000), but she really struck a pose as a bawdy courtesan in *Cousin Bette* (1998, pictured). We'll dream of her this month in the horse melodrama *Dreamer: Inspired by a True Story*.

I'M GOING BACK TO BE OUTNUMBERED, OUTGUNNED AND SURROUNDED ON THE DEATH STAR.

STAR WARS BATTLEFRONT II

IN *STAR WARS* BATTLEFRONT II, THE SEQUEL TO THE BEST-SELLING *STAR WARS*® GAME EVER, YOU CAN FIGHT ALL NEW BATTLES ANY WAY YOU WANT–ON NEW PLANETS, AS A JEDI, AND FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER, IN SPACE. ON NOVEMBER 1ST, YOU FIGHT AGAIN.

LUCASARTS

AVAILABLE FOR PLAYSTATION® 2 COMPUTER ENTERTAINMENT SYSTEM, PSP™ (PLAYSTATION®PORTABLE) SYSTEM, XBOX® AND PC.

www.swbattlefront2.com

TEEN T Mild Language Violence
ESRB CONTENT RATING www.esrb.org

PANDEMIC

Game Experience May Change During Online Play.

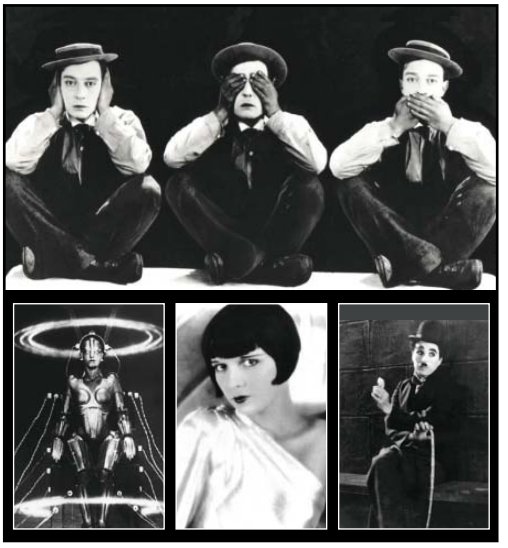
"PSP" is a trademark and "PlayStation" and the "PS" family logo are registered trademarks of Sony Computer Entertainment Inc. The Online icon is a trademark of Sony Computer Entertainment America Inc. Memory Stick Duo™ may be required (sold separately). Online play requires internet connection and Memory Card (8 MB) (for PlayStation 2) (each sold separately). Microsoft, Xbox, Xbox Live, the Live logos and the Xbox logos are either registered trademarks or trademarks of Microsoft Corporation in the United States and/or other countries. Internet connection required for online gameplay. Players are responsible for all applicable Internet fees. Xbox online users will need an Xbox Live® account. Online play subject to online terms of use as may be available online at www.swbattlefront2.com. LucasArts reserves the right to terminate online support of this product at any time. LucasArts and the LucasArts logo are registered trademarks of Lucasfilm Ltd. *Star Wars Battlefront* is a trademark of Lucasfilm Entertainment Company Ltd. © 2004, 2005 Lucasfilm Entertainment Company Ltd. or Lucasfilm Ltd. & ® or ™ as indicated. All rights reserved. *Best-selling claim based on unit sales for all platforms in the first eight (8) months after release.

the critical collector

[SILENTS, PLEASE]

These silent classics are worth making noise about

From the time Edwin S. Porter revolutionized filmmaking by editing scenes to tell the 12-minute story of *The Great Train Robbery* (1903) to the unveiling of the first feature-length talkie in 1927 (*The Jazz Singer*), movies relied on inventive visuals and compelling stories instead of sound to amuse the masses. You can experience this period with these silent gems on DVD: the two-disc *City Lights* (released in talkie-era 1931 by Charlie Chaplin, pictured bottom right), Fritz Lang's restored *Metropolis* (1927, pictured bottom left), the features-filled *Birth of a Nation* (1915) and the 11-disc *Art of Buster Keaton* (pictured top). As the original nitrate film stock disintegrates, it's a relief to have some of the finest films of the age now preserved on DVD. Cecil B. DeMille pushed sexual boundaries with *Manslaughter* (1922) and *The Cheat* (1915), available as a DVD double feature. Conrad Veidt stars in *The Man Who Laughs* (1928), a tale of seduction and deformity told in angular expressionist shadows (the DVD includes Veidt's home movies with Greta Garbo). And don't forget the ladies: Louise Brooks (pictured bottom center) goes from reform school to brothel in *Diary of a Lost Girl* (1929). *The Olive Thomas Collection* features just one movie, *The Flapper* (1920); the rest of Thomas's work is next to impossible to find. This set also contains a bonus disc of her life, detailing one of Hollywood's first scandal-tragedies. You can even go back to the dawn of cinema with the 140 Edison Company films, including *The Great Train Robbery,* that comprise *Edison: The Invention of the Movies.* —B.M.



special additions

A cult comedy, a landmark film and punk icons get royal treatment

The **Office Space** (1999) Special Edition With Flair gives fans of this cult classic more to chew on than the anemic original disc. In addition to eight deleted scenes, writer, director and *Beavis and Butt-Head* creator Mike Judge explains in a new retrospective how *Office Space* grew out of his animated shorts starring Milton, an office drone depicted in various states of mumbling paranoia.... It's easier to follow the yellow brick road in the two new editions of **The Wizard of Oz** (1939) thanks to a fresh digital restoration. Both include a new commentary track by *Oz* historian John Fricke, plus documentaries, outtakes, deleted scenes and six hours of audio-only material. The three-disc package provides a new film about *Oz* creator L. Frank Baum and five previous cinematic takes on the story, such as a restored version of Larry Semon's 1925 silent movie.... Fans of the all-time best live punk rock album, the Ramones' *It's Alive,* can finally see the footage of that seminal assault on the senses in **Ramones DVD.** Recorded at London's Rainbow Theatre on New Year's Eve 1977, this musical landmark of three-chord pounding captures the thrill of punk at its origin and offers additional material from the band's archives, including music video clips, interviews and more. —Greg Fagan

SCANNER

BEWITCHED (2005) Nicole Kidman and Will Ferrell star in this pallid "reworking" of the 1960s television series, which is really just another attempt to exploit the popularity of dated TV. Writer and director Nora Ephron goes extra heavy on the Splenda, as usual. ¥½

ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT: THE COMPLETE SECOND SEASON (2004) There's still genius aplenty in these 18 episodes of our favorite show about family dysfunction—including goofy guest bits from Ben Stiller, Martin Short and Julia Louis-Dreyfus. ¥¥¥

LORDS OF DOGTOWN (2005) Relive the genesis of the skateboard phenomenon through skating legend Stacy Peralta and his screenplay about a group of teen surfers who turned boarding mainstream. Heath Ledger is front and center as a drunken skater-pimp. ¥¥½

THE L WORD: THE COMPLETE SECOND SEASON (2005) A stylish gaggle of overheated, oversexed L.A. lesbians mate for your edification and titillation. It's an awesome show, even with the sound turned down. ¥¥¥

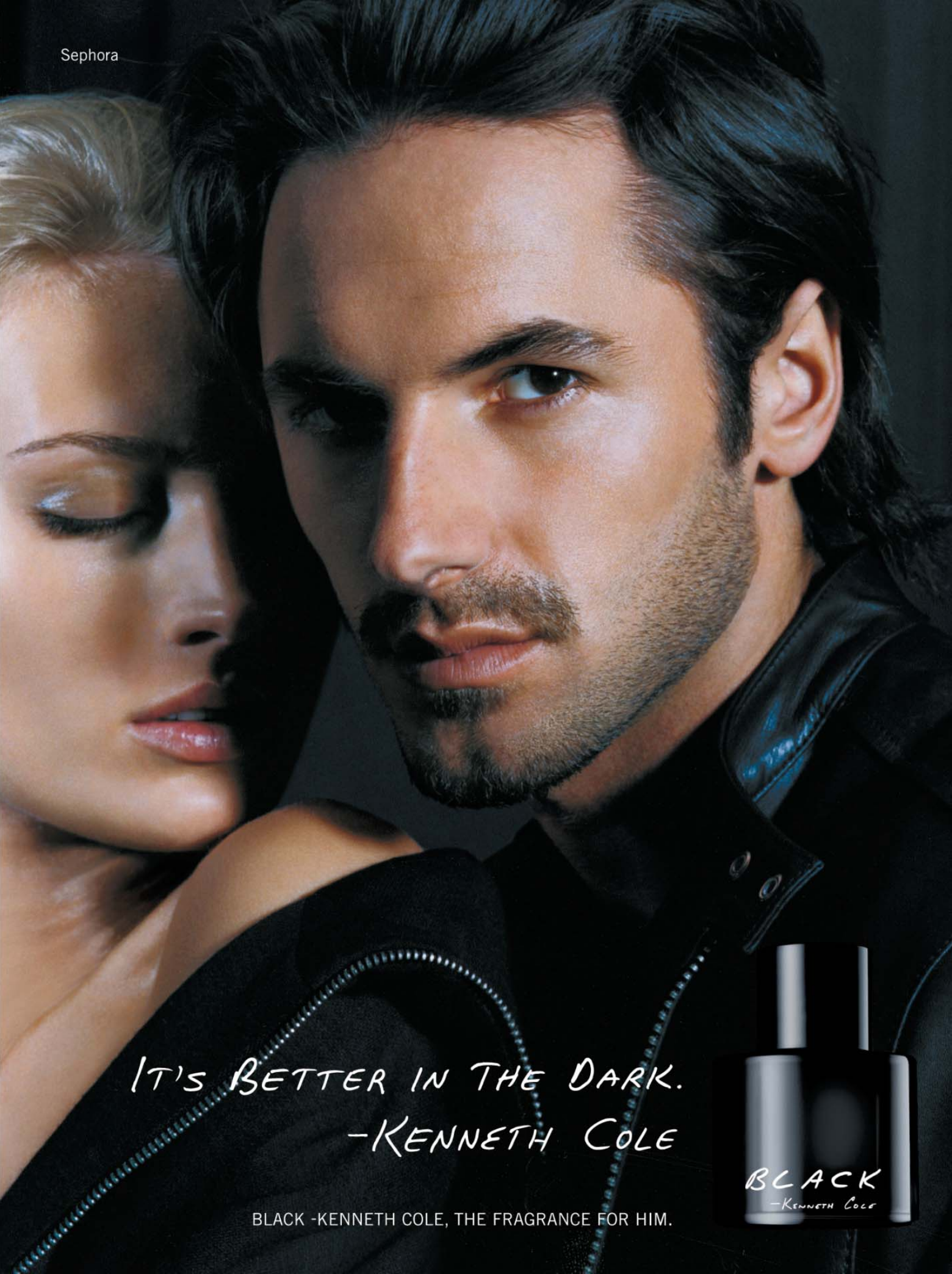
THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN: COMPLETE FIRST SEASON (1952) Modern special effects have nothing on George Reeves's confident strength, gentle playfulness and knowing winks at the audience. ¥¥¥

THE SIMPSONS: THE COMPLETE SEVENTH SEASON (1995) We find out who shot Mr. Burns, how Homer gained enough weight for disability and why he had a rivalry with former president Bush. ¥¥¥

THE HONEYMOONERS (2005) Cedric the Entertainer and Mike Epps play the blue-collar Brooklynite buddies whose get-rich-quick schemes fail. John Leguizamo gets most of the laughs as a greyhound-training dog whisperer. ¥¥

BORN INTO BROTHELS (2004) This Oscar-winning feature documents a mission of hope in Calcutta, where the filmmakers take seven preteen children of prostitutes under their wing and try to rescue them from squalor. Valorous stuff. ¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥¥ Good show ¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it



BLACK -KENNETH COLE, THE FRAGRANCE FOR HIM.

superfantastisch

[DEUCES WILD]

Franz Ferdinand's second album delivers

With its self-titled debut, this Glasgow band did more than create a catchy hybrid of the Strokes and Gang of Four. Likewise, the ubiquity of "Take Me Out" obscured the fact that every song on the group's first album was a single waiting to be released to radio, a dance-floor filler waiting to be spun at the local indie club. As the chugging bass, frenetic drums and hi-hats kick in on the follow-up album, *You Could Have It So Much Better,* it becomes clear that Franz has created a beat—its beat, a signature groove as distinctive as the one that made krautrock band Neu an enduring legend and perennial source of inspiration. No wonder, then, that a slew of bands has already latched onto Franz's lilting pogo-muffin disco chug (and, to be fair, have in many cases put it to good use). Franz itself expands on the sound here while happily trotting out successful variations of its signature beat: "Do You Want To" sounds like the Talking Heads covering "My Sharona"; tin piano and some Lee Hazelwood–style twang give "Eleanor Put Your Boots On" and "Fade Together" touching wistfulness; there's a mellotron here and a Moog there. In short, this LP is fresh, and it's Franz: a classic. (*Epic*) ¥¥¥¥ *—Tim Mohr*

THELONIOUS MONK QUARTET
At Carnegie Hall

In 1957 Monk (with a restored cabaret card) and John Coltrane (back from heroin problems) played this amazing concert in New York. The tapes, rediscovered only this year, show how well two peculiar giants can play together. (*Blue Note*) ¥¥¥½ *—Leopold Froehlich*

KOMPAKT TOTAL 6

Kompakt is a Cologne-based label that specializes in translating big-club dance grooves into coolly intimate mechanical music—translations that work surprisingly well with headphones. This two-CD compilation remains true to the label's principles: It's glitchy, minimal and precise. (*Kompakt*) ¥¥¥ *—L.F.*

AGAINST ME!
Searching for a Former Clarity

AM's Tom Gabel may be the first punk frontman since Joe Strummer capable of dropping the dogma long enough to ask whether any of this screaming and yelling could really change anything. His band rocks like the Clash, too. Inspiring. (*Fat Wreck Chords*) ¥¥¥¥ *—Jason Buhrmester*

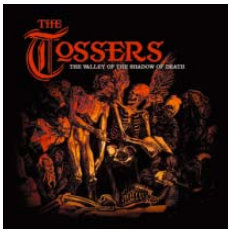
TWISTA * The Day After

The world's fastest rapper shows once again why he's been able to stay in the game. This time he delivers a soulful Chicago sound and takes us back to earlier rapping days. Chi-Town's Toxic produces much of it, David Banner adds his flavor, and the Neptunes offer some smooth beats too. (*Atlantic*) ¥¥¥ *—Dean Gaskin*

NIGHT TRAIN TO NASHVILLE: MUSIC CITY RHYTHM & BLUES VOL. 2

Everyone knows about the city's country music. Less well-known is Nashville's vibrant R&B legacy. This two-CD follow-up to the Grammy-winning first set demonstrates how much the C&W and R&B scenes influenced each other. (*Lost Highway*) ¥¥¥ *—L.F.*

THE TOSSERS
The Valley of the Shadow of Death



This band rules Chicago's Irish with a rowdy, Pogues-like mix of punk and traditional drinking tunes. Backed by guitars, mandolin, fiddle, banjo and tin whistle, Tony Duggins sways between boozy, raucous and downright romantic. Raise a pint. (*Victory*) ¥¥¥¥ *—J.B.*

THE DETROIT COBRAS * Baby

There's retro, and there's old-fashioned gut-busting rock and roll. The Cobras, our greatest current party band, define the latter category. Singer Rachel Nagy has Patsy Cline's pipes and Courtney Love's attitude. The band is raucous and raw. The songs are saucy classics. Hot damn! (*Bloodshot*) ¥¥¥½ *—T.M.*

THE GO! TEAM
Thunder, Lightning, Strike

This dazzling cut-and-paste masterpiece will make you smile. It's a joyous stew of indie guitars, horns, vintage samples, schoolyard chants and fantastic beats—like the Avalanches, only more consistent and in a more straight-up party mode. (*Columbia*) ¥¥¥¥ *—T.M.*

WE'D GIVE YOU THE 1.5 MILLION SONGS FOR FREE,
BUT WE ALL KNOW WHAT HAPPENED LAST TIME.
BEFORE WE GET ALL WISTFUL REMEMBERING THE FBI COMING THROUGH THE DOOR WITH A BATTERING RAM, LET US ENLIGHTEN YOU ON THE FUTURE OF MUSIC DOWNLOADING. YOUR NAPSTER® MEMBERSHIP GIVES YOU UNLIMITED ACCESS TO OUR LIBRARY OF OVER 1.5 MILLION SONGS. WHICH YOU CAN DOWNLOAD ONTO 3 COMPUTERS AND 2 MP3 PLAYERS.* YOU NEVER NEED TO OWN MUSIC AGAIN. BROWSE, MAKE AND SHARE PLAYLISTS, CUSTOMIZE, WHATEVER. ALL TOTALLY LEGAL. REPEAT. TOTALLY LEGAL.
NAPSTER. OWN NOTHING. HAVE EVERYTHING. TRY IT FOR FREE AT NAPSTER.COM
* IT IS NECESSARY TO MAINTAIN A MEMBERSHIP IN ORDER TO CONTINUE ACCESS TO SONGS DOWNLOADED FROM NAPSTER.
© 2005 NAPSTER, LLC. NAPSTER, NAPSTER TO GO AND THE KITTY HEAD DESIGN ARE TRADEMARKS OF NAPSTER, LLC.

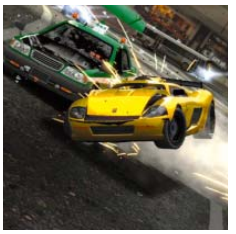
game of the month

[PLAYING DIRTY]

Finally the gridiron gets gritty

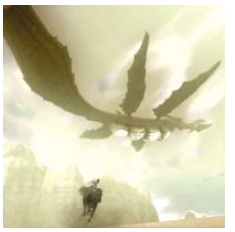
Nothing says football like sex, drugs and violence—unless you're listening to the NFL's official line, that is. For years game makers were hamstrung by the league's increasing strictness about what they could or couldn't depict in an official licensed product. This year, however, the NFL snubbed many makers by giving *Madden* an exclusive license. You may think that would decimate the competition, but Midway took it as an opportunity to deliver a version of its *Blitz* franchise that finally tells it like it is—complete with vindictive hits, doping and dubious off-field activities. *Blitz: The League* (PS2, Xbox) is a brutally entertaining pigskin sim that welcomes over-the-top end-zone celebrations and dirty hits (which can result in bone-snapping injuries and buckets of blood) and offers a dramatic new slow-motion feature that lets you pull off heroic moves. If a star player hurts his ankle, you can rest him or just shoot him up with cortisone and send him back out (albeit at higher risk of a career-ending injury). New to the series is a story mode that explores off-field antics and front-office politics as you're tapped to turn around an ailing team and make key (if dirty) decisions to take it to the top. ¥¥¥½ —*Marc Saltzman*

BURNOUT REVENGE (*Electronic Arts*, PS2, Xbox) It's hard to beat the formula: Drive expensive autos as fast as you can, then crash them as spectacularly as possible in glamorous locations around the globe. This time, though, road-rage recipients bear a grudge. Our advice: If you're going to hit them, hit them hard. ¥¥¥¥ —*Adam Rosen*



SSX ON TOUR (*EA Sports Big*, GameCube, PS2, Xbox) Snowboarding juggernaut *SSX* adds subtle tweaks to on-snow feel, an improved über-trick system (with slo-mo), killer terrain and skiing for a truly amazing ride. Even the menu screens kick ass. So where's the online multiplayer? So close to perfection, EA. Why tease us? ¥¥¥ —*S.A.*

THE SUFFERING: TIES THAT BIND (*Midway*, PC, PS2, Xbox) Torque, dubious hero of the chilling original *Suffering,* is living his ex-con life in inner-city Baltimore. But the evil that destroyed his old prison is more than at home amid the city's squalor and urban horrors. Whether he's a psychopath or a savior, his fate is in your hands. ¥¥¥ —*Chris Hudak*



SHADOW OF THE COLOSSUS (*Sony Computer Entertainment*, PS2) The creators of the amazing *Ico* offer this cinematic adventure in which you must slay 16 colossi to resurrect your lost love. Track them on horseback, then find and exploit each one's weaknesses in this epic union of thought, feeling and action. ¥¥¥¥ —*Scott Steinberg*

BLACK & WHITE 2 (*Electronic Arts*, PC) Want to play God? We thought so. Budding deities can lord it over Greeks, Egyptians, Japanese, Aztecs or Vikings, urging them to expand through peaceful trade or bloody conquest, depending on how you'd like to see the world play out. Intuitive, nonlinear and gorgeous. ¥¥¥½ —*John Gaudiosi*

F.E.A.R. (*Vivendi Universal Games*, PC) Big tough Special Forces types with the latest armor and weapons fear no man—but when the creepy girl with hair hanging in her face shows up, watch your ass. See what happens when military might runs up against the supernatural—it's like switching channels between *Black Hawk Down* and *The Ring*. ¥¥¥½ —*C.H.*

FIFA SOCCER 06 (*EA Sports*, GameCube, PC, PS2, Xbox) This one just keeps getting better. This time around we get more nuanced midfield play, more realistic ballhandling and shielding, an enhanced 15-season manager mode and the ability to call plays on the fly—all of which made us fall in love all over again. ¥¥¥½ —*Scott Alexander*

BATTLEFIELD 2: MODERN COMBAT (*Electronic Arts*, PS2, Xbox) The beloved PC series hits consoles, putting you on one of four sides in a modern-day conflict. The U.S., the European Union, China and the fictional Middle East Coalition sport unique soldier classes, weapons and vehicles, and a host of online multiplayer maps adds replay value. ¥¥¥¥ —*M.S.*

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 148.

AXE IS NOW IN A DEODORANT STICK.

AXE IS NOW IN A DEODORANT STICK.

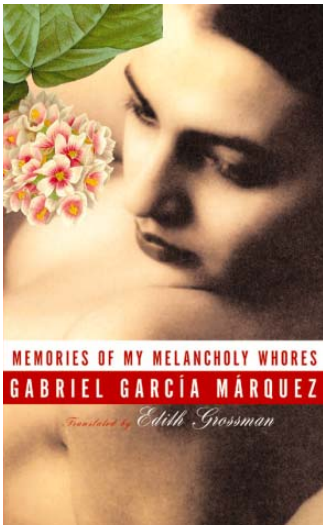
©2005 UNILEVER

AXE IS NOW IN A DEODORANT STICK.

book of the month

[MEMORIES OF MY MELANCHOLY WHORES]

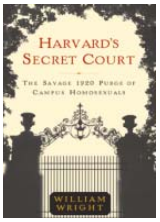
The Nobel Prize winner's first work of fiction in a decade



Gabriel García Márquez returns from a long absence with this concise but bewitching tale of a journalist who decides to celebrate his 90th birthday by giving himself "a night of love with a young virgin." As the lifelong bachelor discovers, a great divide exists between spirit and flesh. Nothing much happens between the two on his birthday night: The drugged girl sleeps while the old man watches her. But he becomes obsessed with the sleeping beauty and returns to Rosa Cabarcas's brothel again and again to contemplate her body without "the urgencies of desire." Nearly at the end of his life, the journalist is surprised to find himself redeemed by his love for the 14-year-old peasant girl. We learn much from the unnamed protagonist's meditations as he looks back on the folly and vanity of his life. Despite its valedictory and elegiac tone, *Memories* is an elegant reaffirmation of life by one of the world's literary masters. (*Knopf*) ¥¥¥¥ —*Leopold Froehlich*

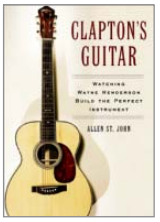
HARVARD'S SECRET COURT
William Wright

The 1920 suicide of a gay student led to the establishment of a university tribunal to ferret out and expel Crimson homosexuals; for decades Harvard harried the 14 men who were found guilty. That consensual sex of any kind could elicit such censure is hard to fathom from today's perspective, but the recent blog by a Tennessee teen forced to attend "ex-gay" camp shows that this material is as relevant as ever. (*St. Martin's*) ¥¥¥ —*Tim Mohr*



CLAPTON'S GUITAR * Allen St. John

It so happens that the man who builds the world's finest acoustic guitars until recently held a day job as a postman in Rugby, Virginia (population: seven). This book takes you inside the brick workshop of Wayne Henderson, the Mad Scientist of Mountain Music, as he carves a guitar for Eric Clapton out of Appalachian spruce and Brazilian rosewood, using a penknife. It's a must for anyone who has *Slowhand* on vinyl. (*Free Press*) ¥¥¥ —*Patty Lamberti*



travel advisory

[A TRIP TO HELL]

Ten things you'll need to remember when you visit

Hell remains a popular destination. As Curtis Mayfield said, "If there's a hell down below, we're all going to go." So it never hurts to be prepared. To that end, Chuck Crisafulli and Kyra Thompson have created *Go to Hell: A Heated History of the Underworld*. Here is some information that could come in handy:

1. The Bhagavad Gita says, "Lust, anger and greed are the three gates of hell."

2. Swahili hell, like Norse hell, is a place without fire. The worst sinners spend eternity in bone-chilling cold.

3. For Greeks, Hades wasn't the worst place. Extra sinful Hellenes were assigned to Tartarus, a bottomless pit below Hades.

4. A ruined church in Stull, Kansas, 10 miles west of Lawrence, is thought to be one of the seven gateways to hell.

5. Except for those of men who died in battle and women who died in childbirth, Aztec souls went on a horrible four-year trip to hell. Once they got there, though, it was a place of rest.

6. An Assemblies of God minister sells Hell House Outreach kits—with scripts, sound effects and guides for making props—for churches to demonstrate the wages of sin.

7. Satan's nicknames: Old Horny, Lusty Dick and the Old Gentleman.

8. The devil's semen is ice-cold.

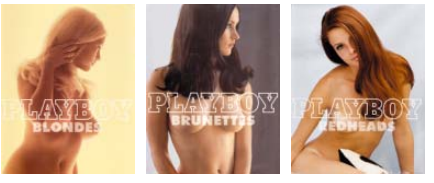
9. Carnivean is the patron devil of lewd and obscene behavior.

10. George Bernard Shaw said, "Heaven is the most angelically dull place in all creation."

the erotic eye

PLAYBOY BLONDES, BRUNETTES AND REDHEADS * James R. Petersen

Hair color suggests all kinds of social, sexual and even mythological ideas. The fun-loving blonde, dark-haired vixen and wild redhead are all identities women can embrace or, thanks to Clairol, change at will. In three great picture books, PLAYBOY celebrates women in all their golden, burnished and fiery glory. Buy one or collect all three—after all, variety is the spice of life. (*Chronicle*) ¥¥¥¥ —*Jessica Riddle*



IT'S GOING TO BE ONE
SUPER
WEEKEND!
JOSE CUERVO
WANTS TO FLY YOU TO DETROIT
TO PARTY WITH PLAYMATES,
CELEBRITIES AND ATHLETES AT
PLAYBOY'S
SUPER SATURDAY NIGHT PARTY
PLUS YOU'LL GET TICKETS
TO THE BIG GAME
FOR A CHANCE TO WIN, ENTER TODAY AT
PLAYBOY.COM/SSN06
VIVE Cuervo
DRINK RESPONSIBLY
Premium
Jose Cuervo Especial
Hecho en Mexico
Premium
Jose Cuervo CLASICO
Hecho en Mexico
Jose Cuervo Especial ©2005 Imported and bottled by Heublein, Norwalk, CT under the license from the trademark owner, Tequila, 40% Alc. By Vol., 80 Proof
Official Rules And Full Details Can Be Found On The Website. No Purchase Necessary. Void Where Prohibited. Open To U.S. Residents Only. Must Be 21 Or Older To Enter.
Playboy and Playmate are marks of Playboy and used with permission.

London Calling

An elegant British model with a body that won't quit. Care to take her for a spin?

You can tell a lot about a culture by the cars it produces. German autos are uncompromising when it comes to engineering. Italian cars turn heads like runway models in Milan, and they're faster than anything on wheels. Japanese cars live forever, and American makes are a mishmash of everything. But in many eyes Britannia rules the roads. Such brands as Jaguar, Bentley, Land Rover, Rolls-Royce and the inimitable Aston Martin peerlessly match elegance and speed. Champagne, anyone? The latest news out of Britain is Aston Martin's new V8 Vantage. Historically Astons have come with Ferrari-like price tags, but not so with the new "baby" Aston, which is priced more in the neighborhood of a Porsche 911S, about $110,000. Slip into the Vantage's cockpit and you're surrounded by Connolly leather and brushed-aluminum trim, the latter inspired by expensive sport watches and high-end home-entertainment systems. There's room for only two, but in a car like this, who needs extra company? The front-mid-engined coupe has a four-cam, 380 bhp, 4.3-liter power plant that'll churn out sub-five-second sprints to 60 mph with a 170 mph top whack. Add a rear-mounted six-speed transaxle and you get optimal 50-50 weight distribution for excellent balance and handling. We love the 911S, but if we could kick in a few more pounds and get a new Aston, we wouldn't hesitate. You shouldn't either. More info at astonmartin.com.

playboy playlist

When you're cruising with a girl at your side, you want a nice head-bobbing groove. So leave the metal—and your buddies—at home, and burn these beats to an 80-minute disc.

- "Investigator's Groove," Calypso King & the Soul Investigators
- "The Wild West," DJ Serious
- "Remember Me," Blue Boy
- "Deep South," Layo & Bushwacka!
- "Saturdays," Cut Copy
- "L.S.F. (Lost Souls Forever)," Kasabian
- "I Like the Way," Bodyrockers
- "Come Play With Me," Armand Van Helden
- "Retreat (Phones Mix)," The Rakes
- "Feel Good Inc.," Gorillaz
- "Bee," Mondo Fumatore
- "Are You Talking to Me?? (Fort Knox Five Mix)," Torpedo Boyz
- "Watching Cars Go By," Felix da Housecat
- "Sacramento," Deep Dish
- "Loaded," Primal Scream
- "Shot You Down," Audio Bullys

Packing Heat

ANYONE CAN DRIVE a Ferrari, but it takes a certain style to look as if you belong in one. Since 1976 the Italian leather-goods house Schedoni has been crafting exclusive travel bag sets to fit the scant storage space of Ferrari GTs—perfect, say, for a long weekend cruising the Pacific Coast Highway in a vintage 308. For your more buttoned-down moments, Schedoni also offers an equally smart business line. Pictured: the Classic Briefcase in black ($2,450, schedoni.com).

Glass Act

"THIS VODKA is clear, captivating and brilliant—like the women who inspire me," says Italian fashion designer Roberto Cavalli about his eponymous new vodka ($60 at fine liquor stores). We tasted chilled shots with the man himself and found it as smooth as any on the market. The vodka is distilled from grain harvested in the Po Valley and mountain water from Piedmont, and naturally it's dressed in a gorgeous bottle. Stay tuned for Cavalli's reinterpretation of the Playboy Bunny costume, due this spring.

Bird of Paradise

AN INVITATION TO Mario Batali's house on Thanksgiving is tough to come by. We're serving up the next best thing: the slightly condensed recipe for his Stuffed Turkey Lombardy-Style, plucked from his latest cookbook, *Molto Italiano* ($35).

- 8 ounces sweet Italian sausage
- 4 ounces prosciutto di Parma, cut into ¼-inch cubes
- 1 cup roasted chestnut pieces
- 1 medium Spanish onion, diced
- 6 tablespoons unsalted butter
- ½ cup grated Parmigiano Reggiano cheese
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 tablespoon each chopped fresh rosemary and sage
- ½ of a boneless turkey breast
- 1 ½ cups chicken stock
- 1 ½ cups dry white wine
- 2 tablespoons flour

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Prick sausage in a few places and bake for 15 minutes. Remove and slice, then raise temperature to 450. In a sauté pan, cook prosciutto, chestnuts and onion in 4 tablespoons of butter over medium heat for 10 minutes. Dump mixture into a bowl to cool, then add sausage, cheese, eggs and herbs. Slice turkey breast sideways so it folds out like a book, then lay it skin side down. Smear filling over the flesh, then roll it up and tie it with butcher's twine. Place meat in a roasting pan, season with salt and pepper, pour in stock and wine, and roast for an hour (until internal temperature is 165 degrees). Remove turkey and allow to cool. Bring remaining liquid to a boil in a saucepan. Knead flour and remaining 2 tablespoons of butter together, then whisk into the liquid and season with salt and pepper. Slice turkey and serve with sauce and the rest of your fixings.

Pan American

FOR GUYS WHO LIKE to cook, pots and pans are like sports cars. You want high performance, durability and a slick look that makes you want to put them to the test—especially when there's a woman around. Although you may be cooking haute French or Italian, you can't beat All-Clad's kitchenware, made here in America (in Canonsburg, Pennsylvania). Its latest line, Copper Core, combines a copper base for quick, even heat with stainless steel for durability. The seven-piece set ($679, allclad.com) has everything you need. Pictured: the three-quart sauté pan and four-quart saucepan.

Real Bowflex®, Real Results . . .

Get Your Own Bowflex® Body, Now Just $19 a Month!*

Introducing the All-New Bowflex Xtreme™ Home Gym

Built for serious strength training, the New Bowflex Xtreme™ features traditional gym-style design, built-in lat tower, adjustable upper & lower pulley positions, and a reinforced X-shaped base for unmatched stability. It's compact enough to fit into any workout space – yet the Bowflex Xtreme™ home gym performs over 65 gym-quality exercises. *All this for just $19 a month!**

Results You Can See in Just 6 Weeks – GUARANTEED!†

Just 20 minutes a day, 3 days a week is all it takes to get rock-hard abs, a sculpted chest, and powerful arms & legs using the new Bowflex Xtreme™ home gym ... *in as little as 6 weeks.* Results guaranteed – **or your money back** (less shipping and handling) – with our 100% Satisfaction Guarantee!

Bring Home *REAL* Bowflex® Quality

Over 1 million Bowflex® customers know that nothing else compares to Genuine Bowflex® Power Rod® Technology for professional-level performance and proven results. Now it's your turn:

Call (800) 849-4589 and take the Bowflex® Challenge today!

LOOK AT ALL YOU GET!

- Built-in Lat Tower and Squat Station
- Adjustable Upright Seating
- Adjustable Upper & Lower Pulleys
- Commercial Quality Construction with 7-Year Limited Warranty
- No-Time-Limit Power Rod® Warranty
- 100% Satisfaction Guarantee†

The New Bowflex Xtreme™ Home Gym

Plus a FREE‡ Leg Attachment — a $200.00 value!

BOWFLEX

FREE‡ LEG ATTACHMENT
You Save $200

Call Now & Pay Just $19/month!*

(800) 849-4589

www.bowflexweb.com

❑ ***YES!*** **Reserve my Bowflex™ Xtreme Home Gym with FREE‡ Leg Attachment.**
I'll pay just $19/month* on a Bowflex™ Credit Card –
or I can pay in full using a major credit card.

Not ready to order? Call for a FREE Video or DVD!

Name: _____

Address: _____

City, State, Zip: _____

Phone: _____ E-mail: _____

Mail to: Nautilus, Inc., 16400 SE Nautilus Dr., Vancouver, WA 98683 or **Call (800) 849-4589**

1105PLAYBYJKRSTS

*On your Bowflex™ credit card, subject to credit approval. The Reduced Rate 16.99% APR and minimum monthly payment of 1.5% of the purchase price are effective from the date of purchase for 12 months if your Account is kept current. The number of months you will pay and the amount of your total minimum payment due will depend on additional purchases and your Account balances. Thereafter, the standard minimum monthly payment and the Standard Rate 21.8% APR will apply. For Accounts not kept current, the promotion will be cancelled, the Default Rate 25.8% APR and standard monthly payments will apply. Minimum Finance Charge $1. Certain rules apply to the allocation of payments and Finance Charges on your promotional purchase if you make more than one purchase on your Bowflex™ credit card. Call 1-888-367-4310 or review your cardholder agreement for information. Estimated monthly payments do not include taxes, and shipping and handling. Quoted shipping charges are for the 48 contiguous states. For shipping costs to Alaska or Hawaii, call 1-800-269-3539. We regret that we cannot ship to a P.O. box or international destinations. †Excludes shipping and handling. Call for details on the Bowflex® 100% Satisfaction Guarantee. ‡Excludes shipping and handling. Offer subject to change without notice. Offer may not be combined with any other offers. ©2005. Nautilus, Inc. All Rights Reserved. Bowflex, the Bowflex logo and Power Rod are registered trademarks of Nautilus, Inc.

BFMG0156 (1105)

Suite Talk

NEW YORK IS A CITY with a split personality. There's the Big Apple that's full of worms (think *Last Exit to Brooklyn*) and the one that's riper and sweeter than ever. We suggest you bite into the latter. Our pick for the most luxurious hotel room in town is the Presidential Suite at Mandarin Oriental (at the Time Warner Center), a 2,230-square-foot 53rd-floor fun house. When the porter opens the door, you step into the living-dining space. To your right is the bar and the baby grand (where's Cole Porter when you need him?). To your left is the formal dining area and fully appointed kitchen. You've got skyline views in just about every direction. The media room has a mahogany desk, couches and a 60-inch plasma, and in the master bed, you'll find a king-size beauty and silk-lined walls. Spend an hour in the master bath (pictured) relaxing in the shower-steam room, which is bigger than your average Manhattan apartment, then dine at Per Se (four stars) right downstairs. The suite will run you, oh, $13,500 a night (mandarinoriental.com). At that rate, you might as well move in.

Slim Goodbody

WHEN IT COMES TO DIGITAL photography, it's not all about the megapixels. Today's shutterbugs suffer from such buzzkills as slow turn-on, punishing shutter lag and interfaces that require a Ph.D. to understand. Meet Casio's new Exilim S500 ($400, casio.com), which brings you as close as we've seen to point-and-shoot nirvana. The S500 powers up in a second, shoots when you want it to and features a stripped-down interface that lets you access everything you need (including 33 preset shooting modes) without touching the manual. Available in white, gray and orange and the size of 10 stacked credit cards, it slips into your pocket without killing the lines of your suit and can record MPEG-4 video at 30 frames a second. And about those megapixels: It has five. That's more than enough.

About Time

YOU CAN TAKE THIS watch at face value. It won't quote you a stock price, tell you if the Celtics are winning or fire .45 millimeter rounds that will draw the blood of your enemies. But we like Montblanc's XXXL Chronograph GMT Automatic ($12,835, montblanc.com) for its understated style, the way it nods to its ancestors (that circa 1940s rose-gold case is as classic as it gets) and its near-perfect accuracy (it's certified by the Controle Officiel Suisse des Chronometres). Handcrafted in Montblanc's Swiss factory, the ticker is finished with a sapphire cover, clasp enclosure and black alligator semi-matte strap. A rose-gold chain is also available.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 148.

What happens here, stays here.™

ONLY Vegas

VisitLasVegas.com | 1-877-VISIT-LV

© 2005 Conwood Company, L.P.

The Playboy Advisor

When you read about a guy who has a problem with premature ejaculation, what does that mean exactly? How soon is too soon?—K.L., Miami, Florida

PE occurs when a man consistently ejaculates before or shortly after penetration following minimal foreplay. That's a common clinical definition, but it has never satisfied anyone. Guys want numbers. So last year a team led by psychologist Stanley Althof of Case Western Reserve University gave stopwatches to the partners of 1,587 men, including 207 who had been diagnosed with PE. (The study was funded by Johnson & Johnson, which has a pill in the pipeline, dapoxetine, that it hopes to have approved for treating PE. Several other stamina drugs are in development, including one by Pfizer, which makes Viagra.) After tabulating the results, the researchers found that the men who suffered from rapid ejaculation had an average "intravaginal ejaculatory latency time" of 1.8 minutes, compared with an average of 7.3 minutes among the other men. Althof notes that PE is a lifelong problem in two thirds of cases; the other third are "acquired," meaning the condition shows up later. Anxiety over coming too quickly can contribute to the problem; in trials of dapoxetine, men given placebos had double the stamina. Traditionally PE has been treated with squeeze or start-stop techniques, antidepressants that stifle arousal (dapoxetine is similar to Prozac but doesn't stay in the body long enough to be effective for depression) or numbing creams. It is often frustrating for both partners, not only because of the bad sex but because the man's shame or frustration can bring an abrupt end to the intimacy. Althof says teaching men to avoid such a response is an important part of treatment.

One audiophile friend says I should buy a home theater system with DTS sound. Another says Dolby Digital is better. Who's right?—N.J., Chicago, Illinois

Most audiophiles prefer DTS, but Michael Fremer of Ultimate AV (ultimateavmag.com) points out that nearly all new receivers offer both, so you can listen and decide for yourself with DVDs that include Dolby and DTS tracks. Check the disc's settings or languages menu to make the change. (Dolby is typically the default.) "I find DTS smoother, warmer and richer," says Fremer. "The people who prefer Dolby are the same ones who say MP3s sound as good as CDs."

Do you have any opinion on open relationships? By that I mean having a committed emotional and sexual relationship with one person while also having lovers on the side with no strings attached.—M.B., Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

It sounds great, but for most people it doesn't work, at least not in the long term. Whether this is because we are naturally monogamous or simply socialized to have only one partner

at a time is the subject of much debate. In our view, any intimate encounter has at least a few strings attached. That's what makes us human. The problem with open relationships is that many people who decide to have them neglect to inform their partners.

I am happy to give my husband what he says are the best blow jobs of his life. Although I prefer his undivided attention, I don't have a problem with his watching porn while I pleasure him. But the other day he wanted one while he was playing a video game. I told him to finish the game first. When I came back 10 minutes later, he told me he had started another game and no longer wanted a BJ. What gives?—N.T., Dover, Delaware

Your husband has confused his joystick with his joy stick, which is a risky thing to do.

In July you advised a reader on which suits to buy for his first wardrobe. However, you didn't mention how the suits should fit. My father, who was a tailor, taught me to hold my arms against my sides and cup my fingers. That is the length your coats should be. Has that changed? Lately I've seen men with coats much longer than this. They look ridiculous, but maybe I'm behind the times.—L.D., Tulsa, Oklahoma

Not at all. The cupped hand is still the rule. The men who go longer are the same types who can't stand to have only a single break in their trousers. They don't want to look like their father. This act of rebellion works for some but not all.

I'm 26, and the guy I've been seeing for three months is 28. Although we spend three or four nights a week together, he won't call me his girlfriend. I asked him about it, and he said he wants to "take it slow." (It did take him three weeks to sleep with me.) I've since heard him describe me as "my girl," and he doesn't correct members of his family when they call me his girlfriend. He treats me like his girlfriend—should I be content with that?—K.G., Redlands, California

Your boyfriend is tongue-tied because he's hoping that someone better will come along. Until that happens, you'll do.

My wife and I would like to purchase art for our home. We prefer originals but can't always afford them, so we're faced with choosing from a number of reproduction methods (e.g., giclées, lithographs, silk screens, block prints), as well as slightly different versions of the same work (signed and numbered, signed, limited editions, artist's proofs, etc.). Which versions are the best buys?—A.F., Poway, California

If you prefer originals, concentrate on discovering new talent. That's more fun anyway. When buying a print, make sure it's signed by hand rather than in the plate, and avoid editions of more than 350. Stay away from artist's proofs, which are supposed to be rare prints that the artist approved before production but instead are often faked or created in the hundreds before or even after the run. Look for prints made by hand (stone lithographs, etchings, monoprints), because the artist is much more likely to have been involved. Finally, it's impossible to predict the future value of any artist's work. That's why you should buy only pieces that you could admire forever. Depending on your tastes, you may have to.

My husband and I like strip clubs. During our last visit he had too much to drink but wanted to drive us home. I grabbed the car keys, but he refused to get in. Exasperated, I told him to call a cab and left. We worked it out the next morning, but he also let slip that he had gone back inside the club and ordered a lap dance. He says he didn't think I would be mad about this, but I feel that if your pissed-off wife leaves you at a strip club, it's not the best time to pay for pussy in your face. Am I out of line?—S.D., Dallas, Texas

What better time? You were already mad at him. Actually we're smarter than that. Your husband's decision demonstrates how seriously his judgment was impaired, which proves your point that he shouldn't have been driving. A smart man would acknowledge this, grovel appropriately and count his many blessings, including a wife who gets upset when he goes to strip clubs without her.

Recently I met an amazing Asian woman at a bar. For the next few weeks we saw

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

each other almost every day. The extent of our physical contact was my fondling her breasts and her giving me head. One day, after it started to get intense, she shut down and asked me to leave. She called later to tell me she "wasn't a real girl." She said she hadn't told me sooner or in person because she feared my reaction. I know most guys would walk away, but I'm crazy about her. (She acts, talks and dresses like a woman, so it's hard for me to think of her otherwise.) I'm not gay, but I'm in love with a man. What the hell should I do? If it were only physical, it would be an easy decision.—M.K., Indianapolis, Indiana

Love is a mysterious thing. Gender can be too. Since you don't have an immediate urge to flee, continue the conversation. If labels are a concern, you're bisexual.

When a bettor goes all-in during Texas Hold 'Em, subsequent raises are placed in a side pot. Can a player decline to participate in this side pot without losing a chance at the main pot?—S.K., Charlotte, North Carolina

No. He or she must call, raise or fold. The side pot is established only because it's not fair to allow all-in players to win bets they couldn't match. If the all-in bettor wins the hand, he or she gets the main pot while the player with the second-best hand takes the side pot.

I'm trying to break up with my girlfriend. She calls me her one true love and tells me that if I loved her I would try to work things out. Whenever I talk about breaking up, she cries and pleads. How can I leave without making it seem as if it's her fault?—J.T., Reno, Nevada

It's always difficult to dump someone and have them be happy about it. If your girlfriend believes you are her one true love, you have no choice but to disappoint her, because that person doesn't exist.

Six months ago I began chatting on the Internet with a woman who lives in another state. We haven't met in person yet because of financial issues, but we have webcams so we can see each other, and we rent the same movies on weekends and watch them together while talking on the phone. She says she loves me, and I say the same to her. Is it possible to fall in love with someone you've never met?—J.G., Tallahassee, Florida

Yes, it's possible. But being in love and being lovers are two different things. It's time for one of you to hit the road.

I always have a few bottles of essentials (whiskey, rum, gin, etc.) along with mixers for guests. The problem is that I make and drink the same thing day in, day out. Can you suggest a somewhat exotic yet versatile alcohol that's not unbelievably expensive?—M.T., New York, New York

You can use many different liquors to make cocktails that aren't American staples. First, add a bottle of Campari to your stash so you can make Campari and soda, which women love. You can also mix it with gin, sweet vermouth and an orange-peel garnish to make negronis. Both are big hits in Italy. You might also try Chartreuse, a French liqueur you can mix with tequila or fruit juices. If you value your friends, create a top shelf for them in the back of the liquor cabinet. We suggest one of Milagro's select barrel reserve tequilas, a scotch from Balvenie, Plymouth gin and Pyrat XO Reserve rum. These aren't for mixing but for drinking straight or on the rocks. They're more expensive, but you won't go through them as quickly.

I would like to take nude photos of my wife with our digital camera. Can you offer any tips for lighting and poses?—N.P., Fort Smith, Arkansas

You've come to the right place. First, discuss with your wife the poses you would like to try. Scan PLAYBOY*'s pictorials with her for ideas, and ask her to choose the lingerie or bikini she would like to start with. Put on some of her favorite music and ask her to strip. This will help make the shoot more fun, get her involved and keep her from looking stiff. Be sure to move in close enough that your subject fills the frame. Arny Freytag, who has shot more than 150 Centerfolds, says to "find the nicest environment you can and hide it with the girl." Don't obscure her face with an elaborate hairstyle or exaggerated makeup. Try baby lotion to give her skin more sheen. The most challenging part of the exercise will be the lighting. Freytag prefers shooting outside in sunlight either early in the morning or during the last moments of a cloudless day when the setting sun throws an orange-hued light. "Keep the sun over your shoulder, directly on her," he says. If you're shooting inside, use two lamps, one over the camera and one under, evenly balanced, to kill shadows. Or light her from the side by posing her next to a window. Even if you don't produce* PLAYBOY*-caliber images, there's still a great chance you'll get laid.*

My neighbor and her boyfriend are very loud when they have sex. Is it ethically problematic for me to touch myself while I listen? It's a real turn-on to hear her being fucked, but I also understand it might be an invasion of privacy.—A.K., San Francisco, California

If she's that loud, she has no expectation of privacy. Ethically, you could even put a glass to the wall. But why not find a girlfriend?

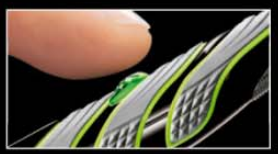
All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereos and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most interesting, pertinent questions will be presented on these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, or send e-mail by visiting our website at playboyadvisor.com.

© 2005 The Gillette Company

PUSH THE BUTTON. FEEL THE POWER.

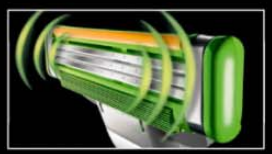
M3Power™ NITRO

M3Power™ is the first battery-powered shaving system from Gillette. It's a real boost in shaving performance. Nitro is M3Power with a bold, sleek look. Feel the power of the world's closest, most comfortable shave.



Just push the button to turn it on.

A motor sends micro-pulses to the blades.



With PowerGlide™ blades you can shave closer than ever.

Gillette®

The Best a Man Can Get™

www.GilletteM3Power.com

Sexy Holiday Gifts!

NEW! EXCLUSIVE! The ultimate combination of cute and sexy. Our black onesy with a printed pink Rabbit Head pattern features snap closures so she can get into and out of it quickly and easily. Lace trim completes the fun, feminine look. Cotton/spandex. Imported. S (1–3), M (5–7), L (9–11), XL (13).
10283 Snap-Front Onesy **$49**

Hang around a beautiful babe. It's the necklace Carrie wears on Sex and the City. The one you've glimpsed in Elle. Get one for your favorite girl in sterling silver or 14k gold. 22" chain. Gift boxed. USA.
6057 14K gold **$129**
6005 Silver **$49**

NEW! EXCLUSIVE! Real rubies make this one especially tasty. The precious red stones fill the diagonal stripes on the ¾" white gold Rabbit Head pendant that also has a real ruby eye. 18" chain.
10433 Rubied Candy Cane Necklace **$299**

Play ball! The metallic raised Rabbit Head on the front of this black flex-fit adds a modern touch to a classic cap. Cotton. One size (stretches to fit most).
7784 Baseball Cap **$19**

NEW! Rollin' and tumblin'. For the man whose love life is wild enough to turn the Rabbit Head on its ear, these black and white cotton boxers will make any girl's head spin. Elastic waist. S (30–31), M (32–34), L (35–37), XL (38–40).
10357 Tossed Rabbit Head Knit Boxer **$18**

FREE SHIPPING!

To receive **FREE** standard shipping and handling in the U.S. only, enter, mention or include source code **MG590** during payment!

VISIT playboystore.com

CALL 800-423-9494

SEND check or money order to:

PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 809, Itasca, IL 60143-0809

Sales tax: On orders shipped to NY add 8.375%, IL add 6.75%, CA add 8.25%. (Canadian orders accepted.) Call the toll-free number above to request a Playboy catalog. We accept most major credit cards.

Super slim and slides easily into your pocket. Silver case with a debossed Rabbit Head on the lid and two elastic bands inside to secure your cash, credit cards and other belongings. Imported. 3½" x 2½".
6741 Metal Stash Case **$29**

EXCLUSIVE! Calling this outfit "hot" is an understatement. So snug are this silver Lycra bra and short that you'll have to splash some cold water on yourself just to be in the same room with her. S (2–4), M (6–8), L (10–12).
9441 Liquid Metal Bra & Hot Short Set **$39**

©2005 Playboy

PLAYBOY Digital

Don't you want it?

☑ **YES.** Start my 12-issue subscription to PLAYBOY DIGITAL at our special low introductory rate of only $19.97.

PLUS A FREE GIFT!

Get PLAYBOY's "Sexy Nude Coeds" digital pictorial FREE!

ORDER NOW!

PLAYBOY Digital

CLICK HERE TO SUBSCRIBE

GENDER APARTHEID

THE AUTHOR OF *WOMEN AND MADNESS* SAYS FEMINISM HAS BEEN COMPROMISED BY ITS FAILURE TO DEAL WITH ISLAMISM

BY PHYLLIS CHESLER

In the fall of 2004 I found myself in conversation with a woman who in no way wished to offend or argue with me. Indeed, she assumed we stood on common ground (she was a feminist professor) and thus became agitated by my silence as she recited the usual litany: President Bush, not Bin Laden, is a terrorist; the war in Iraq is worse than the Vietnam war; America's reputation is ruined; we need to work in concert with the United Nations. I said nothing. Finally she blurted out, "But after what we did in Guatemala and all our other dirty doings in South America, you can't say we didn't deserve having it thrown back at us on 9/11. You do understand that America deserves being hated everywhere, don't you?"

I don't. So I responded, "What justice means to those both living and dead in Guatemala and elsewhere is no doubt a burning issue. But you can't possibly believe that Al Qaeda's terrorism is a form of retributive justice, can you?"

Ah, but she can and does. I tell this story to illustrate an important point. She is not a bad woman; she is being a "good feminist." It gives me no pleasure, but someone must finally tell the truth about how feminists have failed their own ideals and their mandate to think both clearly and morally. Only an insider can do this, someone who cares deeply about feminist values and goals. I have been on the front lines for nearly 40 years, and I feel called upon to explain how many feminists—who should be first among freedom- and democracy-loving people—have become cowardly herd animals. This must be said, and my goal in saying it is a hopeful one. We live in a time when women can and must make a difference in the world.

From the start feminism has been unfairly, even viciously attacked. I do not want to do that without cause here. The truth is that in less than 40 years a visionary feminism has managed to challenge, if not transform, world consciousness. Nevertheless, feminists are often perceived as marginal and irrelevant, and in some important ways the perception is accurate. Today the cause of justice for women around the world is as urgent as it has ever been. The plight of both women and men in the Islamic world (and increasingly in Europe) requires a sober analysis of reality and a heroic response. World events have made feminism more important, yet at the same time feminism has lost much of its power. To my horror most Western academic and mainstream feminists have not focused on what I call gender apartheid in the Islamic world or on its steady penetration of Europe.

Islamic terrorists have declared jihad against the "infidel West" and against all of us who yearn for freedom. Women in the Islamic world are treated like subhumans. Although some feminists have sounded the alarm about this, a much larger number have remained silent. Why have many of them misguidedly romanticized Islamikaze terrorists as freedom fighters and condemned both America and Israel as the real terrorists or as the root cause of terrorism? In the name of multicultural correctness (all cultures are equal; formerly colonized cultures are more equal), the feminist academy and media appear to have all but abandoned vulnerable people—Muslims as well as Christians, Jews and Hindus—to the forces of Islamism.

A knee-jerk hatred for President Bush has all but blinded many feminists and progressives to the greater danger of Wahhabism, Salafist Islamism and terrorism. Because feminist academics and journalists are now so heavily influenced by leftist ways of thinking, many now believe that speaking out against head scarves, veils, chadors, arranged marriages, polygamy, forced pregnancies or female genital mutilation is either imperialist or Crusade-ist. Postmodernist ways of thinking have also led feminists to believe that confronting narratives on the academic page is as important and world-shattering as confronting jihadists in the flesh and rescuing living beings from captivity.

I am disheartened by what has happened to feminism and by what I see as the new powerlessness of women. I did not foresee the extent to which feminists who, philosophically, are universalists and therefore interventionists would paradoxically become both multiculturalists and isolationists. Such cultural relativism is perhaps the greatest failing of the feminist establishment. Despite our opponents' fears that feminism would radicalize campuses and the world, most feminists refuse to take risky, real-world

positions. In doing so, they have lost their individualism, radicalism and, in a sense, some of their own freedom.

In an age when being entertained is confused with learning how to think and when books are not necessarily or primarily valued, feminist students and their teachers have increasingly become spectators at confessional theatrical events such as campus productions of *The Vagina Monologues*. I question whether what one learns as a function of public group catharsis is the same as what one learns from reading in solitude, listening to an expert lecture and then participating in a focused and informed discussion or debate about the material. I question the highly theatrical and emotional nature of how information is being imparted. I view this teaching technique as not only lazy but also proto-fascist.

Some may say I am being unnecessarily harsh on women who have indeed been sounding the alarm about the global rise in fundamentalist misogyny. Perhaps I am. But I think we can make a real difference. I want more of us to put our shoulder to freedom's wheel.

Many feminists enjoyed talking about the plight of Afghan women under the Taliban, and why not? This tragedy proved that Feminism 101 was right all along, that men really do oppress women. But safely railing against oppressors is one thing; actually going up against them personally, physically, risking anything, is something else. After all, many feminists were pacifists or "ladies." An increasing number, however, were leftists. As such they would happily and repeatedly talk about going up against America as an oppressor, but they would not even whisper words that opposed any (brown-skinned, formerly colonized) third world Muslim tyrant—not even when he was systematically slaughtering equally brown-skinned and formerly colonized women, children, men and Muslim feminists both male and female.

ISLAM HAS LONG DECLARED BLOODY JIHAD AGAINST WOMEN.

So what am I saying? I am saying that women can no longer afford to navel-gaze—not if they want to play vital roles on the world-historical stage, not if they want to continue to struggle for women's and humanity's global freedom. And women in America can no longer allow themselves to be rendered inactive or anti-activist by outdated leftist and European views of colonial-era racism that are meant to trump and silence concerns about gender. This is precisely what Edward Said's book *Orientalism* accomplished. Published in 1978, it replaced academic views of woman as worthy victim with the brown-skinned Arab man as the worthiest victim of them all. Said stole our feminist thunder at its academic height. Ultimately even feminists came to believe that the "occupation of Palestine" was more important than the occupation of women's bodies worldwide.

Educated feminist Americans may not want to believe that Islamic jihad is here and that the survival of Western civilization is at stake. But how can educated feminist Americans not recognize the exceptionally bloody jihad that Islam has long declared against women, not only in Muslim countries but also in Europe and North America? How can feminists remain so morally and intellectually passive?

The way I see it, everything is at stake. This is not the time for nihilistic rhetoric or tedious party lines. I do not want to offend my good feminist friends; on the contrary, I would like to bring women and men together—from the right and the left—to make a real difference. This is a time when we, the good people, have to think clearly, creatively, boldly and morally. I especially want women and intellectuals, both feminist and non-feminist, to acknowledge that Islamic terrorism is evil and has no justification. I would like us to support Muslim and Arab dissidents in their fight against Islamic gender apartheid and against tyranny. To fail this opportunity betrays all that we believe in, both as good and as relatively free people.

THE FUTURE OF EUROPE

European countries—with dwindling native populations, low birth rates incapable of reversing that trend and, particularly in Italy and Spain, few women in the workforce—have had little choice in recent decades but to open their doors to foreigners to maintain the ratio of workers to retirees. Unlike the U.S., however, which has had a diverse immigrant population, Europe is facing a problem because of the homogeneity of the people coming in: Nearly all are Muslims. What's more, individual ethnic groups have tended to concentrate in a single country—Pakistanis in the U.K., Algerians in France, Turks in Germany—creating cohesive blocs of dominant immigrant groups that bear little resemblance to America's patchwork communities. The Netherlands, which now has a Muslim population approaching 1 million (*see map*), is already straining to reconcile its much cherished openness with reality: In July, 27-year-old Mohammed Bouyeri was sentenced to life in prison for the November 2004 murder of Dutch filmmaker Theo van Gogh, whose film *Submission* criticizes the treatment of women in Islamic society. During his trial, Bouyeri, who holds dual Dutch and Moroccan citizenship, confessed to the murder and told the court, "I acted purely in the name of my religion. I can assure you that one day, should I be set free, I would do exactly the same." The incident has had a chilling effect on freedom of expression; it is also feared Bouyeri's imprisonment could make the Netherlands a target for terrorism. Yet under Dutch law Bouyeri can run for office from jail, and some members of parliament worry he could win.

WELCOME TO EURABIA

RISING MUSLIM POPULATIONS COULD ALTER OUR ALLIES

BY PETER GRIER

The United States has long looked across the Atlantic at Europe and seen a familiar ally, an economic partner and a favorite vacation spot. Only a few decades from now, however, Americans peering eastward may see something else entirely: Eurabia. The region's Muslim population is exploding, and some experts go so far as to predict that Europe may have an Islamic majority by the end of the century.

To be sure, long-term demographic predictions can often be inaccurate. Extremists have been warning of the death of Western civilization since the time of the Crusades. But conflict between resident Muslims and the rest of society has already reshaped European domestic politics, producing far-right anti-immigrant parties in even the tolerant Netherlands. "The whole of western Europe is entering a new era of demographic transformation without parallel in modern times," Harvard historian Niall Ferguson wrote last year.

A quick glance at current numbers makes the rise of Eurabia seem preposterous. Today Europe, excluding Turkey, has about 23 million Muslims, five percent of the population. Add Turkey, however, with its 67 million Muslims, and Islam's slice of Europe rises to 15 percent. And Turkey is doing all it can to join the EU—with Washington's backing.

But the rate of increase is important. Europe's Muslim population has doubled in the past three decades and is projected to double again by 2015. Meanwhile, Europe's non-Muslim population isn't following suit. Declining birth rates mean the rest of European society is projected to fall 3.5 percent in the next 10 years.

The London subway bombings, following the Madrid train bombings of 2004, have made many Europeans fear Islamic terrorists within. They may have reason: The Al Qaeda cell that spawned the 9/11 attacks was based in Hamburg, and the largest criminal prosecution for 9/11-related crimes has taken place not in the U.S. but in Spain, where more than 20 defendants went on trial this spring.

Of course most Muslims aren't terrorists. But cultural practices that may be common in Pakistan don't play well in Paris or London either. A recent French Ministry of Education report charged that in some areas the school conduct of teenage Muslim girls is monitored by an informal religious police of young men and that the girls are pressured to refrain from playing organized sports. In Britain the ruling Labour party proposed a "Britishness test" to qualify for permanent residency. Among possible questions: "What foods constitute a traditional English Christmas dinner?"

Regardless of the utility of such attempts to assimilate the continent's booming Muslim population, Americans must soon prepare to deal with a very different Europe.

MARGINALIA

FROM THE BOOK *Trained to Kill: Soldiers at War,* by Theodore Nadelson: "For the combatant in control of the encounter, the moment before squeezing the trigger can be fulsome and erotic. Lust is part of killing in battle, but it is not pretty or romantic. A man so fearful he soils himself may, in the next moment, have an erection. Subordinating another by force is said to be exciting, Freud noted, because there is no anxiety coming from the possibility of being rejected. For some soldiers this excitement, arousal and pleasure can later become a source of concern and doubt. In peacetime reflection it seems bizarre. A former Marine confessed, 'The first time I killed, I puked and messed myself. The fifth man I killed, I got hard. If that is normal, what kind of animals are we?'"

FROM COMMENTS by Penn Jillette of Penn & Teller in *Time Out New York:* "It's so weird that these theists, these cranks, are so antiscience yet so willing to reap the benefits. They're so willing to give everything to God, but they're not willing to suffer polio. George Bush said something like 'Life is created by God. It's not for man to manipulate.' Which is interesting because if it were up to God no one in his cabinet would be alive. God wants us dead! Put us in the wild and the life span of the human is, like, 24."

FROM A NEW TRANSLATION of *Cautio Criminalis, or A Book on Witch Trials,* a guide written in Germany in 1631 by a Jesuit priest: "When the accused is to be brought in, the disreputable torturer shaves not just her head and armpits but also those parts by which she is a woman, or singes them by applying a torch, in case there are any magical charms entangled in them which could harden her against the torture. This is a repulsive and filthy thing which Christian purity does not allow us to think about, especially because a certain author raises the suspicion, which amazes me, that a magic charm could be hidden even more secretly. Nor in our times have we ever found in the shorn hair what they are looking for. I am convinced that this was invented by lustful rogues, not virtuous judges. For if the latter had ever thought it was absolutely necessary, they would have demanded that it be administered by someone of the same sex."

FROM COMMENTS by Hélio Luz, then chief of police of Rio de Janeiro, in the documentary *News From a Personal War:* "I practice law enforcement to protect and serve the status quo. How

(continued on page 49)

READER RESPONSE

LUCKY DEMOCRATS

Arthur Schlesinger Jr. hasn't lost a step ("Lucky to Lose," August). His précis of the Bush administration is brilliant in its economy of prose. I hope PLAYBOY will reprint Schlesinger's commentary in January 2009 to give him the credit he deserves.

David Steiner
Allenspark, Colorado

The Democrats are lucky to have lost.

If the Democrats lose again, will Schlesinger froth and foam in an essay called "We Didn't Want 2008, Either"?

Alexander Scott
Orlando, Florida

Schlesinger makes a compelling case for the Democrats not being ready to rule for years to come. Those who voted for Bush but now question the wisdom of that choice should be reassured.

Ivaylo Ivanov
Salt Lake City, Utah

I've been reading PLAYBOY since I was 16. Through the years I've learned to tolerate the *Forum*. But how dare you print such a biased article making our president look like a fool? You lefties better remember that majority rules. Saddam deserved to be attacked.

Mike Komives
Columbus, Ohio

Bush may have done so much damage by 2008 that it will be impossible for Democrats to clean up.

Lou Razzano
Miami, Florida

The nation is twice as lucky that the Democrats lost.

Skip Hatten
Columbia, Louisiana

PLAYBOY IN IRAQ

I subscribed to PLAYBOY shortly after I deployed. The mail is delivered by the platoon sergeant, and he told me I could not receive the magazine here. The orders governing our operations specify that "pornography" is not to be brought into Iraq except in areas solely under U.S. control. My issue was dispatched to the burn barrel. How ironic that we are here to win freedom for the Iraqis while our own is restricted.

Sgt. Joseph Johnston
Tall Afar, Iraq

The courts have given the military substantial authority to ban sexually oriented media, particularly in war zones. If it's any consolation, active-duty military personnel can e-mail operation_playmate@playboy.com with their APO address and we will have a Playmate send a non-nude photo and message.

FIXING COURTROOM SECURITY

While all of Judge Lee Sinclair's points are good ("5 Ways to Fix Courtroom Security," August), he overlooks the most effective means of reducing violence: not to bring the accused to court. We provide automated systems that allow for video arraignments and even trials. Some counties move thousands of prisoners from jail to court and back every day, many of them simply for quick appearances.

Martin Roenigk
CompuDyne Corp.
Eureka Springs, Arkansas

Sinclair wants security? Have him stay at his country club and appear in the court only as a telepresence. Judges couldn't be much farther away from justice than they already are.

James Bauhaus
Hominy, Oklahoma

SENDING JOBS OVERSEAS

To a lifelong resident of Michigan, former governor John Engler's letter ("Reader Response," August) reads like a joke. He presided over the destruction of the state by encouraging outsourcing and cheap imported labor.

John Bill
Shelby Township, Michigan

How hot is it in San Antonio? Because Frederick Macaskill's brain must be cooked if he thinks that the "savings" that come from laying off 1,000 insurance employees are passed on to the company's customers. Macaskill must be a stockholder or a bigwig, because those are the only people in the U.S. who stand to benefit from outsourcing.

Ken Gay
Seaford, New York

CONFEDERATE PRIDE

Roger McCredie of the Southern Legal Resource Center wrote in August ("Reader Response") to defend the right of Southern Americans to bear and wear the Confederate flag. I understand that many factors led to secession and civil war, but I see the flag as the symbol of people who believe that the enslavement of blacks was okay. No one should be discriminated against based on his or her origin, but anyone wearing symbols of racial supremacy should be reprimanded. Otherwise we are fostering

Jefferson Davis: not rising again.

an environment that breeds intolerance, and that is un-American.

Thomas Freeman
New Orleans, Louisiana

When a country loses a war and is annexed by the victor, its flag no longer flies. That's not discrimination; that's history.

Jason Pasqua
Cheyenne, Wyoming

E-mail via the web at letters.playboy.com. Or write: 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10019.

Pioneer sound.vision.soul

EVERY COLOR MOTHER NATURE INTENDED. AND SEVERAL SHE DIDN'T.

In nature, the number of colors can't be quantified. Much like our new PureVision Black Panel. It features a First-Surface Pure Color Filter, which provides our most accurate and vibrant color reproduction ever. To learn more, visit **pioneerpurevision.com.**

PURE vision
PIONEER PLASMA DISPLAY

Simulated screen. ©2005 Pioneer Electronics (USA) Inc.

PLAYBOY Calendars 2006

Indulge yourself DAILY!

A Wall Calendar

B Desk Calendar

A, B. NEW! Make 2006 a very good year—spend every month with a different Playmate! These stunning calendars feature 2005 Playmate of the Year and Playboy Catalog model Tiffany Fallon plus many more sexy Centerfolds! Nudity.

CC2006W 2006 Playmate Wall Calendar **$7.99**
CC2006D 2006 Playmate Desk Calendar **$7.99**
Buy both—SAVE $2
10471 2006 Playmate Calendar Set **$14**

C D E

C. NEW! Dressed to thrill. Every turn of the page brings you a new Playmate in the sexiest lingerie imaginable. Featuring Tiffany Fallon, Tina Jordan, Nicole Whitehead, Hiromi Oshima, Pilar Lastra and many more! No nudity. 11" x 17".
10484 2006 Playboy Lingerie Calendar $14.99

D. NEW! Enjoy hot and sexy student bodies all year long. Scorching cover girl and Tulane University student Breann McGregor takes it all off along with 12 other comely coeds from across the country. These images from Playboy Special Editions' College Girls series will make every day seem as exciting as the first day of school! Nudity. 11" x 17".
10474 2006 College Girls Calendar $7.99

E. NEW! From the land that gave us Miss April 2004 Krista Kelly, Miss June 2003 Tailor James and many more of the sexiest Playmates ever comes this collection of 12 world-class beauties! Nudity. 11" x 17".
10473 2006 Girls of Canada Calendar $7.99

FREE SHIPPING!

To receive FREE standard shipping and handling in the U.S. only, enter, mention or include source code MG589 during payment!

visit **playboystore.com**
call **800-423-9494**
order by **mail**
please send check or money order to: **PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 809, Itasca, IL 60143-0809**

Sales tax: On orders shipped to NY add 8.375%, IL add 6.75%, CA add 8.25%. (Canadian orders accepted.) Call the toll-free number to request a Playboy catalog.

We accept most major credit cards.

©2005 Playboy

NEWSFRONT

Welcome to Fun City

Tom Monaghan, founder of Domino's Pizza, has a $100 million plan to build a city in southwest Florida for conservative Catholics. Monaghan hopes to relocate his Ave Maria University, which has campuses in Michigan and Florida, to a 5,000-acre field near Naples. He and a building partner will surround the school with homes and businesses starting in 2007. "We're going to control all the commercial real estate, so there's not going to be any pornography sold in Ave Maria," he said during a presentation at a Boston high school. "We're controlling the cable system. The pharmacies are not going to be able to sell condoms or dispense contraceptives. So it'll be a unique town." The city will also have a Catholic church at its city center and a private chapel within walking distance of each home.

Working Stiffs

Most cops grab a bite to eat when they go on break. Stuart Underwood, of the Painesville, Ohio police force, had sex with his girlfriend. After the city fired him for this and other indiscretions, an arbitrator ruled he should be reinstated. "My holding is due to the lack of proof that this activity took him out of service more than a nap, playing a video game, working a crossword puzzle or standing in line at the bank would have," he wrote. "Even Dirty Harry took the time to take a last bite of his hot dog before confronting the bank robber." Meanwhile, in Washington, D.C., an officer allegedly walked into a cubicle and, with an erection pressing against his pants, rubbed against a co-worker's arm. While looking into her charge of sexual harassment, investigators measured the distance from his penis to the ground. They concluded he is too short to be guilty. The officer now says he may file a sexual harassment charge of his own—against the investigators. And the woman is appealing, saying they failed to consider the height of her adjustable chair.

Check Us Out

OAK LAWN, ILLINOIS—A self-employed carpet cleaner demanded the city library drop PLAYBOY from its collection, saying he fears for the safety of his children because the magazine attracts perverts. The library board voted unanimously to keep PLAYBOY, which has been in its collection since 1973 and is available only by request to adults. (Older issues are on microfilm.) One database of 9,000 academic and public libraries lists only 390 in the U.S. that subscribe.

Justice Swerved

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS—While driving, Fitzroy Barnaby was forced to swerve to avoid hitting a 14-year-old pedestrian. He stopped immediately, got out of his vehicle, yelled "Come here, little girl!" and grabbed her arm. A county judge convicted Barnaby, 28, of unlawful restraint of a minor and sentenced him to register as a sex offender. (Among other restrictions: He can no longer live near a park or school.) According to the *Chicago Sun-Times,* the judge allowed "it's more likely than not" that Barnaby wanted only to chastise the girl, but "I can't read his mind." A state appeals court upheld the sentence, ruling that grabbing a minor is often a precursor to abduction or molestation.

Touchy Situation

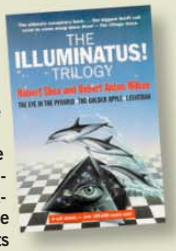
CARDIFF, WALES—A conservative member of the national assembly suggested that his colleagues be drug tested with a machine that can detect trace amounts of illegal drugs on the skin. The Gwent police had purchased a $70,000 Ion Track system made by General Electric to test people outside clubs. The stunt backfired when the politician and a cabinet member both tested positive for marijuana. But police say the machine is so sensitive that even touching a contaminated door handle or money can lead to a positive reading. That precludes using the test results as evidence, but they still provide a convenient excuse for a search.

MARGINALIA

(continued from page 47)

do you keep 2 million poor people under control? With repression. How else would it be? Does the society want a police without corruption? An honest police will act as in other countries. Let's say we operate both in the favela and the rich neighborhoods. People would have to stop sniffing coke at their chic parties. There would be search warrants and doors getting kicked down at the beachfront condos. Will the society handle it? The U.S. wants to control drug production in Colombia and Peru. I want control too, to close Colt in the U.S. and SIG Sauer in Switzerland. There are favelas with 100 armed men. They carry sophisticated armaments. The day they realize the status quo and decide to come down in an organized manner, they'll take over."

FROM AN INTERVIEW with Robert Anton Wilson in *EST* magazine: "Robert Shea and I were working in the early 1970s on the *Playboy Forum*—that being a discussion between the editors, who were Shea and me at the time—about the basic ideas of civil liberties and the limitations of government and the libertarian philosophy. Since we were attacking the government for attacking the rights of the individual on all sorts of issues, we were getting an awful lot of nut mail from people who thought they were being persecuted, imagining the most baroque paranoid fantasies. We started thinking, Suppose all these conspiracy theories were going on at once? We bounced that around and Shea said, 'We could turn this into a novel.' We should have dedicated *The Illuminatus! Trilogy* to all the paranoids, from whom we learned so much."

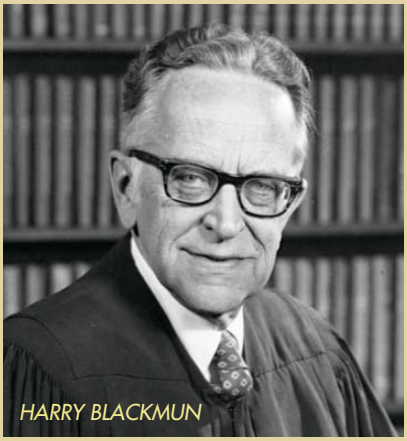


FROM AN E-MAIL sent by Pastor Ted Haggard of the New Life Church in Colorado Springs the week before ABC, NBC and Fox reporters each planned to film at the megachurch: "The Lord has sovereignly placed all of us, as a congregation, in a position where we are representing born-again, Bible-believing Christians to groups outside our normal spheres of influence. Here are a few tips: (1) If a camera is on you during a worship service, worship. Don't dance, jump around, etc. That looks too bizarre for most secular people to relate to. (2) If reporters want to interview you, talk with them, but use words that make sense to them. Speak their language. Don't talk about the devil, demons, voices speaking to you, God giving you supernatural revelations, etc. (3) Don't be nervous. For example, Barbara Walters is working on a story about heaven. If she talks to you, don't be spooky or weird. Don't switch into a glassy-eyed heavenly mode. Just answer, 'Heaven is real.'"

SUPREME COURT SURPRISES

WHEN IT COMES TO JUSTICES AND THEIR POLITICS, YOU CAN'T ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU WANT

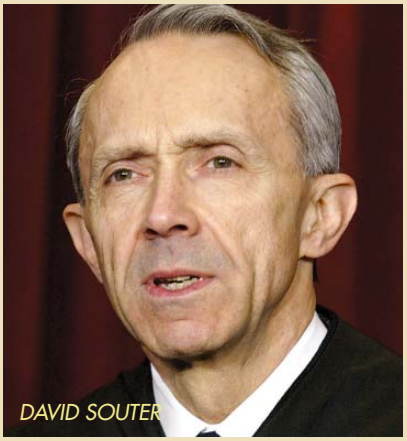
As President George W. Bush gears up to remake the Supreme Court in his own image, it may be a good time to remember that expectations can sometimes run contrary to reality. Despite the president's assertion, it is difficult, if not impossible, to look into a man's (or woman's) soul and predict how he or she might respond to the challenges of the day. Even ideologues can surprise. Below are six Supreme Court justices who defied expectations—both in positive and negative fashion—and altered the ideological composition of the Court.



HARRY BLACKMUN

EXPECTED: Dependable law-and-order conservative who would toe the line.

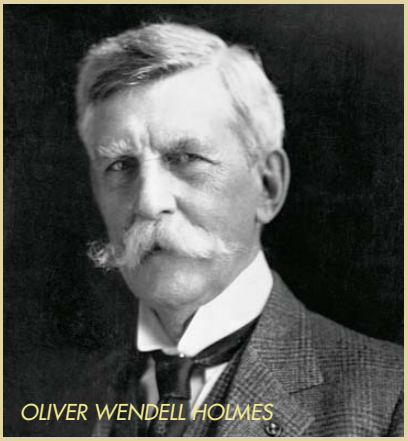
WHAT HAPPENED: Blackmun gradually emerged as one of the Court's most liberal justices. In addition to writing *Roe* v. *Wade,* he eventually opposed the death penalty and was an outspoken champion of civil rights and affirmative action.



DAVID SOUTER

EXPECTED: A true-blue conservative replacement for liberal William Brennan.

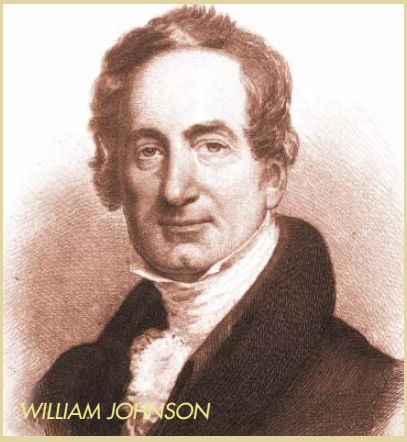
WHAT HAPPENED: Souter, who did not come with much of a paper trail, may have been the first stealth nominee. He defied expectations by supporting *Roe* v. *Wade* and has since emerged as a leader of the Court's liberal wing.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

EXPECTED: A trustbuster who would help break the power of big railroad companies.

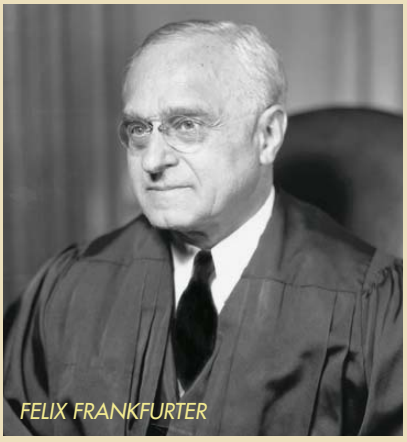
WHAT HAPPENED: Holmes sided with the railroads and tried to weaken the Sherman Antitrust Act in *United States* v. *Northern Securities.* Theodore Roosevelt later said, "I could carve out of a banana a judge with more backbone than that."



WILLIAM JOHNSON

EXPECTED: A supporter of states' rights against federal encroachment.

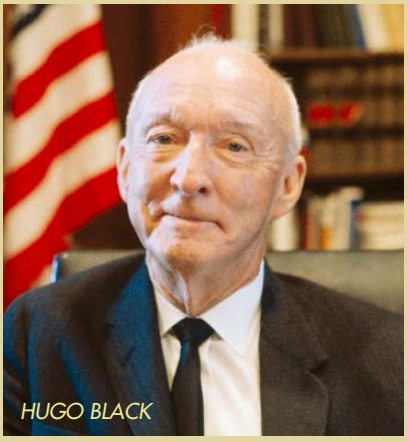
WHAT HAPPENED: Johnson frequently voted in favor of national power against the interests of the states. His votes so incensed Thomas Jefferson's attorney general Caesar Rodney that he said Johnson had been infected with the "leprosy of the bench."



FELIX FRANKFURTER

EXPECTED: A liberal voice on the Court, in the manner of Justice Louis Brandeis.

WHAT HAPPENED: Frankfurter's commitment to judicial restraint led him to one conservative position after another. He even wrote an opinion (later overturned) that permitted a school district to expel a student who refused to salute the flag.



HUGO BLACK

EXPECTED: Not much from a onetime Klansman with thin legal credentials.

WHAT HAPPENED: In 34 years as a justice, Black distinguished himself as one of the Court's most important thinkers. He defended New Deal legislation, and his views remain influential in many areas, including free speech and due process.

BY EDWARD LAZARUS

#19 "THE PALMS"

Quadruple distilled and triple filtered for exceptional quality and smoothness. www.SKYY.com SKYY Vodka® 40% alc/vol (80 proof). ©2005 SKYY Spirits, LLC, San Francisco, CA.

TIMEX

THE 7 NEW COLORS OF INDIGLO SPORT.

GO TO TIMEX.COM TO LEARN MORE, BUY WATCHES, FIND STORES.

©2005 Timex Corporation. TIMEX and FLIX are registered trademarks of Timex Corporation. INDIGLO is a registered trademark of Indiglo Corporation in the US and other countries. Ironman and M-DOT are registered trademarks of World Triathlon Corporation.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JAMIE FOXX

A candid conversation with the Oscar winner about his days as a comic, the story behind those nude photos, his beef with Bill Cosby and how to throw a killer party

When Jamie Foxx won his best actor Oscar last February, for Ray, he was up against Clint Eastwood, Leonardo DiCaprio, Johnny Depp and Don Cheadle, each in career-peak performances. The first-time nominee felt a confidence that night that wasn't based on ego or the several awards he'd won earlier, including a Golden Globe. Rather, it was based on the kind of shrewd analysis that has put him on the A-list in a hurry.

"I sat there with all those Academy members, whose ages ranged from 45 on up to 85 or 90," Foxx says. "The big thing that came through was that Ray Charles was their music. I felt it was out of the hands of Jamie Foxx. It was Ray Charles they would be celebrating. So I felt good."

Of course Foxx had a fallback. He had also been nominated for best supporting actor for his role in Collateral. And no matter what happened, he had completed one of the most impressive career transformations in Hollywood.

Foxx started in show business as a stand-up comic, modeling himself after Eddie Murphy, Jim Carrey and Martin Lawrence. When that resulted in Booty Call, The Players Club and other comedies underwhelming enough to put him in danger of a demotion back to television, he switched direction and reinvented himself as a dramatic actor—and earned two Oscar nominations to show for it.

Born in 1967 under the name Eric Bishop in the small Texas town of Terrell, Foxx was adopted by his grandparents when he was eight months old. While his precociousness and natural comic flair made him a class clown, Foxx was prodded by his grandmother Esther Talley to buckle down and become an accomplished, classically trained pianist after she put him in classes by the age of five and made sure he practiced.

Despite having little contact with his biological father and considering his mother to be his sister (Foxx's grandparents had adopted her, too), Foxx became not only a gifted musician by high school but also star quarterback of the Terrell Tigers. He was the first player at his school to pass for 1,000 yards. A music scholarship at the U.S. International University in San Diego followed, but after two years Foxx dropped out once he decided to pursue a career as a stand-up comic.

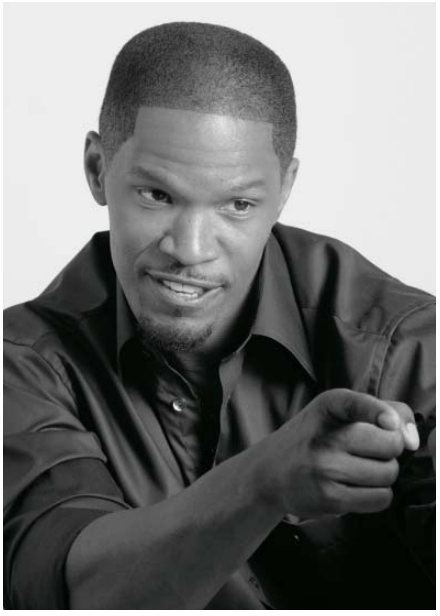
He drew the attention of In Living Color creator Keenen Ivory Wayans. Looking to restock the talent on his edgy Fox network sketch show, Wayans signed Foxx, who quickly established himself as a staple on the show that also launched Jim Carrey and Damon Wayans. When the show was canceled, Foxx starred in and produced The Jamie Foxx Show, which aired for five seasons on the WB network.

Along the way he landed leads in a series of comedies that failed to get laughs or sell tickets. So Foxx took a break, turning his attention to the stand-up comedy circuit while awaiting better scripts. His big break came in 1999 when Sean "Puffy" Combs dropped out of a commitment to star in Any Given Sunday, because he was either too busy or could not convincingly throw a spiral. Foxx got the part. He then convinced Collateral director Michael Mann he could handle the role of the charismatic but troubled Bundini Brown, Muhammad Ali's famed trainer, in the film Ali.

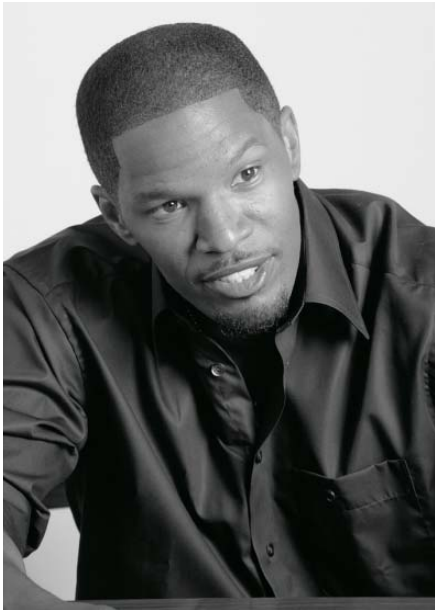
For Ray, Foxx was personally vetted by Ray Charles himself. Foxx then immersed himself in the character, wearing contact lenses that left him so blind he couldn't see the results of his work until he viewed the finished film.

Despite a supporting role in the forgettable summer film Stealth, Foxx has made the most of his Ray momentum, starring in several promising films with major directors. First up is Jarhead, an adaptation of Anthony Swofford's Gulf war memoir by Oscar-winning American Beauty director Sam Mendes. Foxx is working a third time with Mann, joining Colin Farrell in a big-screen version of Miami Vice. Next is Dreamgirls, a movie based on the Broadway musical.

Though he dotes on his 11-year-old



"There ain't nothing like making beautiful women laugh. When the woman is sitting there and it's all tight, and she just starts laughing and that titty pops out because she's laughing so hard, you can't beat that."



"There were white folks and black folks who helped me, just great folks. But it's the South, and the South ain't changing. There were certain aspects of racism that I couldn't deal with then and don't have to now."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CJ WALKER

"Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie are equipped to do their thing, and not everybody is. You're excited when you see Angelina and Brad, and you're thinking maybe they were hitting it between scenes."

daughter, Corrine, Foxx, 37, is single and making the most of his status as a movie star and bachelor.

PLAYBOY *sent* ***Michael Fleming,*** *who last interviewed the Rock and Foxx's In Living Color cast mate Carrey, to talk to Foxx. His report: "We met in Foxx's penthouse hotel suite in sweltering Miami, where Foxx had just begun filming Miami Vice. Though the weather was hot, he never seemed to break a sweat as he described his unlikely trek from stand-up comedian to dramatic actor. It would be easy to say that getting the break in Any Given Sunday and other dramas happened by accident. But what quickly comes through is how coldly calculating Foxx has been in identifying breaks and making the most of them. You sense his dedication, patience and self-awareness, and you realize this success is no fluke."*

PLAYBOY: You won an Oscar for *Ray.* Name some tangible benefits.

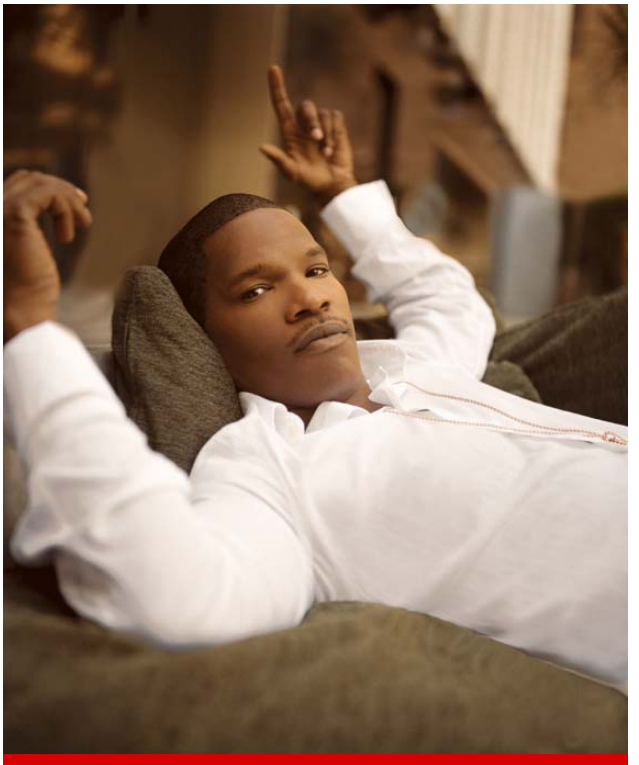
FOXX: One was selling my Bentley online. I sold my 1996 Bentley drop-top on eBay for $150,000. I posted it as "Oscar winner Jamie Foxx's Bentley," and it sold like that. [*snaps his fingers*] With that money I bought a Lamborghini. We were trying to sell my house in Vegas, so finally I said, "Hey, you know what? Why don't we say 'Oscar winner Jamie Foxx.'" Sold it like that. Eleven years ago it cost $325,000; we sold it for a million.

PLAYBOY: So it's been profitable?

FOXX: I wouldn't have gotten nearly as much as I did. Your whole life changes because of the Oscar, some for the good and a little bit for the bad. Some of it is fun. Like even when you look at women. Right after they said my name, when I looked back at all the women out there in that audience, the look in their faces was like, "I see you. You have made history." So that part is nice. But then there's the flip side. A lot of people say, "Well, he's changed. He thinks he's this now. Look at him." Well, I'm telling you, I'm the same guy, the one up there at Wet Willie's working on my new jokes. From *In Living Color* to the Oscar and everything, this has been work. Now a certain type of work is coming my way. That is the greatest thing in the world. The Oscar provides good material, too. When Tom Cruise and Will Smith ask what it's like to have that Oscar, I tell them that when I make love to a girl now and she says, "Oh, Jamie," I have to stop and tell her, "Now say it again, 'Oh, Academy Award winner Jamie.'" Then I say, "Yeah, that's more like it." Those guys love that I can say that and not take myself too seriously.

PLAYBOY: The Oscar is no guarantee of success. Some recent winners, such as Cuba Gooding Jr. and Halle Berry, followed their Oscar with movies that paid them small fortunes but bombed and hurt their careers. What is your strategy?

FOXX: It is never to chase the money. If you do a comedy, make sure it's the best and it's the first. Don't do something Eddie Murphy or Martin Lawrence can do better. That's how I got here in the first place. I thought, Fuck it. Eddie is funny; nobody is going to catch him. Martin is hysterical. Chris Tucker, Chris Rock, Bernie Mac—as far as black comedians go, there's nothing new I could do in comedy. So let's go over here and try these movies, and maybe that will work. So now what do we do? Make sure the movie has integrity, even if it's a small budget and I'm working for a million bucks. And I can cheat because I'm a comic. If I don't find that movie, I'll go on the road and do stand-up until the right project comes along.



Tom Cruise gets excited. When he laughs, sometimes he scares me. But that's the way he is.

PLAYBOY: But you have booked several films, mostly ensemble dramas with great directors.

FOXX: Some things, like *Stealth,* were done before I won the Oscar. But I got to follow up *Ray* with a Sam Mendes film, *Jarhead.* It has weight, it's heavy, and it's Sam, who did *American Beauty.* So that's what you do. You sit back, you think, and you realize, I don't have to go for the money. Sure, I want my family and my folks to be set up nice, and that's going well. But I want to make history, man.

PLAYBOY: As your Oscar expectations grew, you were celebrated by your hometown of Terrell, Texas. It even named a street after you. Given the racism you encountered there growing up, were you conflicted about being embraced?

FOXX: I just wouldn't allow certain people to embrace me. There were white folks and black folks who helped me, who raised me, just great folks. But it's the South, and the South ain't changing. To say the whole town of Terrell is bad is not true. But there were certain aspects of racism that I couldn't deal with then and don't have to now.

PLAYBOY: Like what?

FOXX: Like going to the other side of the tracks and getting called a nigger every day. "Hey, nigger, get out of here. Get out of here, you little monkey, you little nigger." Riding my bike to school in my senior year—and I was well-known in Terrell because of football—and having a guy pull a gun out and call me nigger when I was on my way down to the high school. I'm riding my bike and they're in their truck, and they make U-turns and keep doing it. To have my friends get death threats and things like that because we were popular in school. I'm not the type to forgive that. So that was the strange part. It's like they're saying, "Maybe from this point on we can develop a relationship as grown people." Not with those memories.

PLAYBOY: If Jamie Foxx were growing up right now in Terrell, would it be the same?

FOXX: It's the same. You're dealing with the South, and it's hard to change tradition. A lot of people don't want it to change. I was glad I grew up and saw that and then came to L.A. and New York, where it isn't like that. I appreciate it. I feel good when I go to L.A. or New York. When I was a kid watching TV, I would say, "I want to go to Disneyland because this can't be all there is. This ain't life right here." So now it's just better. I'm freer and happier.

PLAYBOY: You took the lead role in the movie version of the Broadway musical *Dreamgirls,* with Beyoncé and Eddie Murphy. We heard that in your first negotiation you wanted $15 million and talks broke off. Then you came back and took less. What happened?

FOXX: That first time, it was just me in the movie—no Eddie Murphy, no Beyoncé. Then I hear Eddie's doing it, and I'm like, "Hey, pay me a dollar." I hear Beyoncé's doing it, "Pay me a quarter." I just wanted to be part of that. You do need to be respected, though. You need to find a way to agree on things because you have some value. But at the end of

the day, who cares, man? It's Eddie Murphy; he's my hero. Then I let my people do their business. I always let them know I'm an artist and I would work for whatever, and I let them handle it. If *Dreamgirls* works out as I think it will, it will be the greatest thing in the world, a real event. Maybe you don't get the $15 million; maybe you get $3 million, maybe $2 million. But you are also working with Bill Condon, who did *Gods and Monsters* and *Kinsey*. You are getting a lot more than a paycheck. This is another stepping stone.

PLAYBOY: Is the movie version of *Miami Vice* also a stepping stone?

FOXX: I'm the one who got *Miami Vice* started. Two or three years ago I told Michael Mann, "Why are you doing *Ali*, man? Why don't you do *Miami Vice*? That's your shit." I said, "If you did it, you'd bring integrity to it, and it's already an American pop-culture thing. It's the best of both worlds." He said, "Get out of here. You're stupid. I don't want to do that. It doesn't make sense." I said, "I'm telling you, everybody else is doing these remakes for the sake of a remake. You could actually do something with your brand." Later we were doing this Oscar thing for *Collateral*, me and Tom Cruise, Jada Pinkett Smith and Michael Mann, who directed both *Ali* and *Collateral*. One of the last questions was, "What are you going to do next?" And I started singing the theme to *Miami Vice* and said, "Ain't that right, Mike?" He's like, "Yeah, sure." He goes away and writes 90 pages, and he calls me and says, "I just wanted to let you know that all because of that bullshit you were talking, I wrote 90 pages of *Miami Vice*."

PLAYBOY: Was it a given that you would play Tubbs?

FOXX: I still had to sell myself because when I first read the script, I was thinking, Where is Tubbs? But I thought, Well, I'm okay if I'm not in it that much. Then, this past New Year's, we all went down to Miami, me and Michael just kicking it. And some of the things he saw when we went out here he actually put in the script. So that was the thing about *Miami Vice*. It is nice to do a project like that with a director who holds weight. With all these remakes that are bubblegummed out, this will be the one to remember. It's a little bit like *The Last of the Mohicans* with a love story. It's a little bit *Collateral* with a bit of *Heat*. It's deep, and it will probably be R rated.

PLAYBOY: This was a strange summer for celebrities. Michael Jackson was on trial. *War of the Worlds* was dominated by Tom Cruise's zeal for Scientology and Katie Holmes. *Cinderella Man* was overshadowed by Russell Crowe tossing a phone at a concierge, and *Mr. & Mrs. Smith* was colored by whether Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie had an affair that broke up his marriage. What's going on with celebrities?

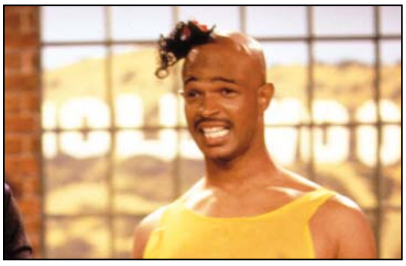
FOXX: It's Hollywood, but it's not my

Living's Legacy

Whatever became of the others on the "black *Saturday Night Live*"?

Jim Carrey: The Spastic White Guy
Characters: Fire Marshall Bill, Vanilla Ice, Captain Kirk. Pre–*In Living Color* résumé: Comedy journeyman (*Once Bitten, Earth Girls Are Easy*) known for overacting. Today: Huge. Films such as *The Truman Show* and *Man on the Moon* have earned him the odd distinction of being a "serious" comedy actor. Never woulda guessed: He'd be a Golden Globe winner.

Jennifer Lopez: Miss Sex Appeal
Character: Member of spandex-clad dancing troupe known as the Fly Girls, choreographed by Rosie Perez. Pre-*ILC* résumé: Insignificant. Today: Makes bad movies, hit songs, fragrance and clothes. Gets married a lot. Never woulda guessed: Jen's fine behind would become more bankable than Rosie Perez's ample chest.



Damon Wayans: The Known Entity
Characters: Homey D. Clown, homeless guy Anton Jackson, Blaine of "Men on Film." Pre-*ILC* résumé: Appearances in such hit films as *Beverly Hills Cop, Roxanne* and *Colors,* stint on *SNL*. Today: Sitcom *My Wife and Kids*. Eponymous TV flop: 1998 sitcom *Damon*. Never woulda guessed: Anyone other than Damon would have a career.

Keenen Ivory Wayans: Mastermind
Characters: Ice of Homeboy Shopping Network, Frenchie. Pre-*ILC* résumé: Blaxploitation spoof *I'm Gonna Git You Sucka*. Today: Writes and directs comedies starring other Wayanses. Eponymous TV flop: *The Keenen Ivory Wayans Show*. Never woulda guessed: Harbors action-hero dreams—see cop drama *The Glimmer Man* and Marine pic *Most Wanted*.

David Alan Grier: The Real Actor
Characters: Blues player Calhoun Tubbs, 'Toine of "Men on Film," Clavell of Funky Fingers Productions. Pre-*ILC* résumé: Yale Drama School, Tony nomination. Today: Supporting actor; recently in *Bewitched* and *The Woodsman*. Eponymous TV flop: *DAG* (his initials). Never woulda guessed: He'd win a cult following on Dr. Drew's *Loveline* radio show.

Marlon Wayans and Shawn Wayans: Miscellaneous Wayanses
Appeared in: Any sketch requiring more than two Wayanses. Played: Good question. Today: Surprisingly successful comedies *White Chicks* and *Scary Movie 2* and *3*. Eponymous TV flop: Actually, sitcom *The Wayans Bros.* ran four seasons. Never woulda guessed: Sitcom *The Wayans Bros.* would last four seasons.

Hollywood because I look to people like Al Pacino, Robert De Niro, Denzel Washington, Samuel L. Jackson, Morgan Freeman. But no matter what, you're going to want to watch the movie. Tom Cruise can do what he wants. He's the Michael Jordan of film. Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie are equipped to do their thing, and not everybody is. You're excited when you see Angelina and Brad, and you're thinking maybe they were hitting it between scenes. And Tom—here's a guy who has been on top so long and hasn't tumbled. So the media wants to make him tumble.

PLAYBOY: You worked with Cruise on *Collateral*. Didn't it seem as if he'd lost some of his self-awareness in discussing issues like psychiatry and prescription drugs?

FOXX: I think when you have passion, it can override timing. My suggestion to him was, "Be yourself. Be whatever you want to be. Just realize sometimes you can put that aside." Because he is raising serious issues, such as giving kids drugs. They weren't giving all these kids Ritalin when I was a kid. The public is aware of these things, but maybe it doesn't want to acknowledge it. And people just want Tom Cruise to be a movie star. After listening to all this stuff, watching people spray water in his face, I said, "Hey, man, you got to realize there are certain people who want to get you. You look too good." I always told him that. "You look too fucking good. We go to a club, all the women go by you. You're charismatic; you don't have a calculating bone in your body." He is just a great person. So sometimes when you mess with that media machine, that's the way the game works out for you.

PLAYBOY: You met Cruise when you read for the *Jerry Maguire* role that won Cuba Gooding Jr. his Oscar. What happened?

FOXX: I blew it, man. Maybe I wasn't ready. Tom was just too famous, and I was too young. I was a stand-up comedian, and I just fucked it up. I was reading all loud and stuff, and Tom was very quiet. So I read my lines, and then he paused for a long time—I thought it was a long time. So I said, "Tom, it's your line." And he looked at me and said, "I know. I got it." Then I read something else, and he kind of mumbled something. I was looking at him like, Are you going to say your line? Then I realized, Oh, you said your line. I fucked it up.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel walking out of there?

FOXX: I thought I'd better get back to L.A. and get out of these people's faces and do some work. I was so happy for Cuba Gooding, though. And the one good thing about meeting Tom was that I told great jokes that day when we had downtime. I had everybody laughing and stuff, and he remembered me.

PLAYBOY: How different was it when you read with him years later for *Collateral*?

FOXX: I was a lot better. I'd done the work. I'd done *Ali* and *Ray*. I'd gone away and gotten some training, and I was ready for it.

PLAYBOY: What surprised you most about Cruise?

FOXX: The one thing about him that comes through is how much enthusiasm he has on tap.

PLAYBOY: Does that explain his jumping up and down on Oprah's couch, gushing about his love for Katie Holmes or going at it with Matt Lauer over psychiatry?

FOXX: Yeah, he's just showing you who he is now. We've always seen Tom Cruise as the mysterious guy, the cool *Top Gun* guy. But that's the way he is. He gets excited. When he laughs, sometimes he scares me. I'll tell him a joke, he'll start laughing too hard, like this [*makes exaggerated facial expression*], and I'm like, "Hey, man, what the fuck?" That's just him, man. I mean, when you meet that guy, I guarantee you'll be surprised. I'm talking about when he came out for my birthday party, man. And I don't want to tell you that my birthday party was in the hood, but there was niggers at my birthday party. It was all black. Tom Cruise walked in there with this leather jacket on, and all the women started going crazy. They couldn't believe it. He basically sat down, kind of doing what he wanted to do.

You can't take yourself too seriously. But you have to understand that when you start tampering with that media machine, you never know what it will do.

PLAYBOY: If Cruise weren't your pal, might he be in the crosshairs of Jamie Foxx the stand-up comedian?

FOXX: Oh, he is anyway. We joke back and forth with each other—I jumped on the couch because I won the BET award, and he was there. Everybody understands that I'm still a comedian and I got to get you. It's no different from Jay Leno. We're all comics. We have a license. They know it's never going to be that vicious. It'll be going for laughs, the type of joke we can all laugh at together. I've had Puffy and Eddie Murphy in the crosshairs. I expect it right back. I was in some magazine that said, JAMIE FOXX MAKES FAN HIS GAY SEX TOY. It was all a lie, but when I went to the comedy club, the guys had the magazine in their hands. Every comedian there, from Steve Harvey on down, said, "Oh yeah, you're going to get it tonight." So I sat through this whole thing where they passed the magazine to one another and took turns. That's what it's all about. You can't take yourself too seriously. But you have to understand that when you get out there and you start tampering with that big media machine, you never know what it will do. Because that's just the way we are. Even me. I wonder how long it will take. I have a record coming out. Will they be coming after me?

PLAYBOY: Still, isn't it harder to be unsparing when these people are your friends? Someone must have gotten mad at you.

FOXX: At first Puff didn't like it. I did jokes about him. But it wasn't coming from him. He and J. Lo were going through a lot of things, and Jennifer was a little more sensitive than he was. But no one's ever come and said to stop. Even as hard as I hit Whitney Houston and Bobby Brown, Bobby still hangs out. For my part, I make sure that whatever I'm saying is the truth and the best joke possible.

PLAYBOY: Given the take-no-prisoners attitude the tabloids have toward celebrity, how is it that when someone stole nude pictures of you, they weren't disseminated nationwide like the Paris Hilton and Pamela Anderson sex tapes?

FOXX: Because Michael Jackson was out there, and as long as Michael Jackson is in the news, everybody else is safe. As long as Bill Clinton is getting head in the White House and he comes off unscathed, you're safe. As long as George Bush is going to war and there are no weapons of mass destruction, you're safe. The bar has risen too high. I would literally have to commit murder while having sex with someone and get it on videotape. Then, hopefully, it would be the lead story.

When the call came in about these pictures, everybody around me was nervous. I was on the phone saying, "Guys, are you watching TV right now? Michael Jackson is going into the courtroom in pajamas. We're going to be cool. Tell the guy with the pictures, 'Please, do what you've got to do.'" I said, "I'm not with any farm animals, I'm not with any guys, and I'm in shape." That Tommy Lee and Pam Anderson tape? You can't beat that. Paris Hilton? You can't beat that. I knew I'd be okay.

PLAYBOY: So you didn't try to stop the guy with the pictures?

FOXX: Stop it? Man, I'm a comic. Jaime King, my manager, was very worried because this was around the time of the Oscars. I said, "Jaime, I don't want to thumb my nose at the Oscars or be disrespectful, but do you realize how much new material I could have if those pictures came out? I would have an hour and a half. I will rent a tour bus and get out there." She and my lawyer were on the phone, and Marcus, my other manager, said, "He's got a point."

PLAYBOY: If you were okay with them, why weren't the pictures widely seen?

FOXX: Well, they were nudes, so they couldn't be shown in many places. They could show them overseas. But I mean, these were pictures of my penis. Where are you going to show them? If you blur that

The Power of Playboy!
ON
OFF
PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
JANUARY 2004
PLAYBOYSTORE.COM
©2005 Playboy

Milwaukee's BEST LIGHT

MILWAUKEE'S BEST LIGHT IS PROUD TO SPONSOR THE WORLD SERIES OF POKER.

Men should act like men, and men should play poker, talk trash, eat wings and wash it all down with a cold Milwaukee's Best Light.

2005 WORLD SERIES OF POKER

World Series of Poker is a registered trademark of Harrah's License Company, LLC. Used with permission. Must be 21 years of age or older to gamble.

out, it doesn't have the same effect. So this guy was trying to make money, and then he tried to say I was a gangster and sent guys to beat him up. It doesn't matter.

PLAYBOY: Given the embarrassing tapes and photos that have gotten out in recent years, it's amazing a celebrity would take pictures or videos in private moments.

FOXX: Well, remember, this was almost 12 years ago. I was young. This was a mistake, but they broke into my house and got them out of a safe. The guy went through my house, broke the doors down. I had them in a locked room. I mean, shit, I was what, 22, 23? I'm 37 now. I had a high-top fade. Cameo and Bobby Brown were big then, I guess.

PLAYBOY: Your new film, *Jarhead,* is about grunts who fought in the first Gulf war. Before you got a classical-piano scholarship, you considered enlisting in the military. What appealed to you about being a soldier?

FOXX: Nothing appealed to me about being a soldier other than the grant that would give me the opportunity to go to school. My dreams were limited back then. It was like, You're never going to get out of this town. So I thought I might as well go into the Army.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

FOXX: I took the test. I happened to be playing the piano nearby, and this guy, a recruiter, walked in. He listened and said, "Don't sign up." I asked why, and he said, "The minute you sign up, we own you, and there's no getting out." So he was cool. I can't remember his name, but he tore up my enlistment papers.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you would have been a good soldier?

FOXX: I could have done it. I had the work ethic. When you play football in Texas, it's like the military. You love being at war every Friday or Saturday. I'm sure if I had gotten into it, I would have been a staff sergeant, master sergeant, whatever. But when I look at it now with grown eyes, I see a lot of guys who didn't have anywhere to go. Some might have ended up in prison. Others would say, "If I don't do this, what else am I going to do?" I see that, and it's sad. But at the same time, that's life. One thing I got out of doing *Jarhead* was that I quit talking about Republicans and Democrats, things that don't mean anything as far as those guys out there fighting are concerned. It wasn't that they were fighting for their country as much as fighting to stay alive. I've always done things for the military—I performed at Okinawa for the GIs and stuff. I see these guys, and my heart goes out to them because these are guys who were just like me.

PLAYBOY: Did *Jarhead* color your feelings at all about what's going on in Iraq?

FOXX: I don't like war at all. War is stupid to me. The world is so big, it seems like everybody should be able to get along. Greed is what fuels war. There have been some wars that were necessary, but most are unnecessary. There are greedy people at the top who want to make money, and they don't care.

PLAYBOY: You mean in Iraq?

FOXX: Yeah, in Iraq. That's just the way I am. Even when you look at what we're doing now. You say we're fighting terrorism, but I think that was just a way to get us to go into it. As for going to war and putting our guys' lives on the line and telling them they're liberating somebody, I don't believe that.

PLAYBOY: You started as a musician who became a comedian, then a comedic star and then a dramatic star. How much of that was planned?

FOXX: Being a comedian was well planned. I thought I was going to be the next Eddie Murphy. Then I saw Chris Tucker and thought, Shit, I think I better find something else to try to do. This dude, if he really wanted to turn it on and do it all, he could kill everybody. I saw him in a club. I was like, Who the fuck is this kid? I'd gone onstage and done the Jamie Foxx set. This was after *In Living Color,* so I had a little money. I was saying stuff like "Hey, anybody got a Range Rover?" I'm riffing, thinking the audience was stiff, and then up went Chris Tucker, who had this little bitty skinny fucking tank top on and looked like he weighed about 80 pounds. And he was just murdering these people. I said, "That's how I used to be." So I worked on getting my jokes back up. It was tough getting back, but I did—even though it wasn't on that level, because Chris just had it.

PLAYBOY: You joined *In Living Color* when it was a hit show. It must have been intimidating trying to get noticed alongside Jim Carrey, Damon Wayans and the others. How did you make that work?

FOXX: Well, I was quiet. The first thing I did was just listen. Every once in a while I'd do a joke, a tag on somebody else's line. You had to prove yourself in the room before you even went before the camera. So I'd hit them, just say a little something. I stroked them, too, not because I was trying to get on their good side but to let them know I admired them and had something to offer. I could help them with a joke. And everyone was like, Where is that kid coming up with some stuff? That got me in every sketch. When it came time for me to swing the bat on film, that's when I let it all go. The cast knew I wasn't this kid trying to jump in front of them and be disrespectful. It was their show. I learned early to be smart. Don't ever be the king.

PLAYBOY: Damon Wayans, Carrey and Lopez went on to have big careers. Who did you think would break out?

FOXX: I knew Jim Carrey would. We went to some club, and he brought me to his house, saying, "I want to show you this movie I made called *Pet Detective*." I said, "Yeah, let me see that shit." I was laughing so hard, and when I stopped I looked at him and said, "Let me shake

The Heartbreaker Series
No. 8 / HEATHER
HOLD 'EM
Milwaukee's BEST LIGHT
Milwaukee's BEST LIGHT®
BREWED for a MAN'S TASTE
Miller
STAY SAFE – DRINK WISELY
©2005 Miller Brewing Co., Milwaukee, WI
milbestlight.com

HISTORY IN THE MAKING

NEW! Experience all of the magazine's most glorious moments in an extravaganza of PLAYBOY nostalgia. Relive PLAYBOY 's first 50 years with this sweeping retrospective of the groundbreaking magazine that grew from Hugh Hefner's pet project into a cultural icon that is recognized all over the world. As you thumb through this handsome updated and expanded version of the *Playboy 40 Years* book you'll visit the Playboy Mansion, canoodle with Hef's delectable Bunnies, tour the DC-9 *Big Bunny* jet, experience the sizzling atmosphere of the Playboy Clubs, and—of course—admire every Playmate of the Month since the first issue (all 600 of them!). Featuring an introduction by Hugh Hefner.

Hardcover. 9" x 12". 480 pages.

10375 Playboy 50 Years Book $50

FREE SHIPPING!

To receive FREE standard shipping and handling in the U.S. only, enter, mention or include source code MG575 during payment!

visit **playboystore.com**, call **800-423-9494** or order by **mail**

please send check or money order to: PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 809, Itasca, IL 60143-0809

On orders shipped to NY add 8.375%, IL add 6.75%, CA add 8.25%. (Canadian orders accepted.)

Call the toll-free number above to request a Playboy catalog.

We accept most major credit cards.

©2005 Playboy

your hand now because it's not going to be the same for you ever again." He said, "Oh no, no." I said, "You watch." At the premiere of the movie, executives were doubled over laughing. When he came out I was standing against the wall in the back of the theater, and I watched him get swept away.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any idea that Fly Girl Jennifer Lopez would pop?

FOXX: When I first saw her I remember thinking, This is the most beautiful woman I've ever seen in my life. But I wasn't going to hit on her, because we had both just been hired and I was so happy to be on the show. But wow, she was gorgeous. And some of the other girls picked at her because she had a little meat on her, which I liked. But she could outdance everybody. Anytime somebody came to the show they'd always say, "Who's that girl?" She always had that. Now she's flawless as far as looks are concerned. When you make money you can get skin treatments and stuff. She definitely has that star quality.

PLAYBOY: Carrey's success in comedy has made it hard for him to be accepted as a serious actor. Your comedies weren't very successful. Did that help the audience accept you in drama?

FOXX: I think so. I think it helped me because they didn't have a reference for Jamie Foxx. Those Academy Award voters knew me only from a couple of films and didn't have a record of Jamie Foxx being this outrageously funny guy. That worked in my favor because nothing that came out had been funny enough to define me. While it was happening, it was frustrating, but looking back I realize it's better if they can't see you coming.

PLAYBOY: One of your early comedies was *Booty Call,* about a couple of guys looking to get laid. Bill Cosby criticized you for perpetuating negative racial stereotypes. How did that make you feel?

FOXX: Oh, it makes you feel bad. But what can you say against Bill Cosby?

PLAYBOY: Was he a touchstone comic for you when you were young?

FOXX: No. He was Bill Cosby, and I thought he was funny but like your dad is funny. Richard Pryor, Redd Foxx—they were like your crazy uncles or your big brother who had the drug problem. I looked at Cosby as the guy who could do Carson, and you looked forward to seeing him there. I loved his TV show, too.

PLAYBOY: He has been very outspoken recently, scolding black fathers for leaving their kids and kids for not doing more to educate themselves.

FOXX: That's easy when you're a billionaire. I think he means well. How come he didn't say it 30 or 50 years ago when it was really needed? Maybe then he was having a martini up in a house in the hills where the closest black person to him was the guy cooking the food. I've always felt I want to do something, but I don't want to bang you over the head with messages. I'm still an entertainer. I want to entertain and have a good time.

PLAYBOY: Your big break as a dramatic actor came with *Any Given Sunday.* How hard was it for a TV star to impress Oliver Stone and get that role?

FOXX: First thing he said was, "Jamie Foxx, slave to television." He wrote it down, made fun of me. He said, "Slave to television, fuck that. He's too loud." Because the way you speak in television is like [*loudly overemphasizing each syllable*], "Hey, man, so where you going today? I don't know. What about you?" I was reading my lines like that, and Oliver winced and said, "What are you doing?" I said, "What do you mean, what am I doing? I'm trying to read this, *Any Given Sunday.*" So I had to learn real quick. All the while Oliver was saying, "I fucking took this chance on you, and you're fucking it up." He'd say, "Don't read that shit. You've got to *be* that shit. What are you doing?" I'd say, "I don't know what I'm doing, but I'm trying as hard as I can." He said, "Don't. Don't try as hard as you can. Just let it happen." So this incredible journey comes down to catching the right breaks and keeping the mentality of a comedian and not taking it too seriously. So I don't show up with a scarf and an ascot, smoking a cigarette out of a holder, things like that.

PLAYBOY: You were adopted by your grandmother, but your biological dad didn't live far from where you grew up. You've expressed disappointment that he wasn't there for you, even to show up and watch when you were a star high school quarterback. After the Oscar, did he come around?

FOXX: Yeah, he did a little bit. And I think his last message was, "So you just shut me out completely?" I just can't deal with him right now. I have so much other stuff I have to do. I have my two sisters—one has Down syndrome. I have my stepfather living with me, so I'm trying to make that work. The people who put in the effort, those are the people you should be with. I think eventually I'll get to him, but right now, in times like these, I don't want to bring on too much. I have to be light and free, even with my dad. It's like, I wanted to hear from you for the past 37 years, and what's your excuse for that? That's a lot to get past. You know how tough it is when you don't come home until five o'clock in the morning and then spend four hours trying to cover up with an excuse to explain to your girl where you've been all night? Imagine explaining 37 years.

PLAYBOY: Is whatever validation from your father that you were looking for as a kid still important to you?

FOXX: No, not really. I never experienced him as a father. It's just, here's this guy, that dude who looks like you a little bit. It's just a bit weird.

PLAYBOY: You had a nontraditional upbringing, being raised by your grandmother,

who had adopted your biological mother, who was more like your sister than anything else. How has that shaped you?

FOXX: It made me pay more attention to my daughter, to make sure I was there for whatever she needed regardless of whatever I was doing. There were times I felt disappointed as a kid when that lady—my mother was so pretty, still is—was supposed to come on Christmas. Where's that lady? And she didn't show up because she was busy doing other things. I never wanted my daughter to see anything like that. But me? I'm a cactus. I didn't need a lot of water as a kid growing up. I was more like my daughter is, trying to make everybody else feel comfortable and happy.

PLAYBOY: Could that be a reason you haven't married?

FOXX: I haven't gotten married because I don't want to be married during this time. I like being single. Everybody I know, when they make that big jump and get married, they become miserable, like, "Man, what did I do?" I have a lot of friends in the industry who get married, and man, they fuck it up. I think marriage may come for me, but if it happens at all it'll be years down the road. Because I look at how miserable these people are, and I don't want that.

PLAYBOY: If a woman looks at you differently since you won an Oscar, how do you know she's there because of you? If she's gorgeous enough, does it matter?

FOXX: It doesn't matter one bit. A lot of this is for my own experience. I don't take it too seriously. There were some women—very famous and very married—who said, "If you are ready, I want to go right now." And I was like, "You know what, I'll pass and just enjoy this moment." At first I thought, This is what I want. These girls are gorgeous. But my agent, Kim Hodgert, was very smart about it. She said, "Jamie, if you do that, it will be a press thing, something you'll have to deal with. And a lot of these women are crazy." I was like, "But I really want to hit that!" But she was right. Don't do it for the sake of one night. Those women wanted to do it for the sake of the night.

PLAYBOY: You've played second banana to two major stars, Will Smith in *Ali* and Tom Cruise in *Collateral*. What are the differences between them?

FOXX: Will is so competitive. He ain't no punk. That was one thing about both him and Cruise I tripped out on. I thought they were just these two guys, but they will try to beat you in anything. Pool, basketball, anything. I think that's what gives them the edge. They don't want to lose.

PLAYBOY: Were you able to beat Smith at anything?

FOXX: No. He beat me at chess, and I was really playing, too. Some people say, "Don't beat the king." Well, I was trying. Chess, basketball—this dude ain't going to lose.

PLAYBOY: What about Cruise?

FOXX: Same thing. Ain't going to lose. I play Cruise in pool, and he turns into that guy from *The Color of Money*. He really shoots. You can tell if these guys have mojo when things like that happen. If we're in a room and women show up, they up the ante a little bit, even though they don't act on it. It's like, "I just want to let you know I'm the big dog." Let you know they got it.

PLAYBOY: What do you have?

FOXX: I'm the ultimate Ed McMahon.

PLAYBOY: What does that mean?

FOXX: See, I think it's tough being Johnny Carson. Tom Cruise and Will Smith, they are like Johnny Carson. For me, being Ed McMahon to Will or Tom, that's enough. The focus is not that much on me, and I like it that way. I just want to do my thing.

PLAYBOY: You did an album in 1994 and struggled to get airplay. What did you learn that's helping you this time around?

FOXX: To do real music and play to your strengths. I did a song with Kanye West and it got to number one. Why not go back to Kanye West twice? So we have two songs coming out. Hopefully, we'll have a successful album.

I like being single. Everybody I know, when they make that big jump and get married, they become miserable, like, "Man, what did I do?" I don't want that.

PLAYBOY: How much ambition do you have as a musician now?

FOXX: A lot, but it has changed. I hate the music business. They fight over nothing—like a little bit of money, what things cost. But now I've got the help of Clive Davis, who says, "Just let the kid do what he wants, and let's get this album out."

PLAYBOY: What gives you the biggest energy jolt: singing, telling jokes onstage or making a movie?

FOXX: There's nothing like telling a joke onstage. Nothing like it. It is hard to make people laugh. You can sit and listen to a person sing, but whether you clap or don't clap, it's still just music. But when you get somebody doubled over in pain from laughing, that's an accomplishment.

PLAYBOY: Why does everybody want to be Bono and not Richard Pryor?

FOXX: Maybe it's the women, the party aspect that surrounds singing. But there ain't nothing like making beautiful women laugh. When the woman is sitting there and it's all tight and it's all hanging, and she just starts laughing and that titty pops out because she's laughing so hard, you can't beat that.

PLAYBOY: You are known as a consummate party host. What's the key to giving a great party?

FOXX: You don't want people to feel pressure, even trying to get in. I got this song on my album, "Everybody at My Party Is a VIP," and that's how I run my parties. Everybody has a drink in their hand, just going with the spirit of the party. At a lot of parties it's tough to get in, and by the time you do, you're tired from waiting at the door, and then you feel like it's too crowded. But if you just make everybody feel they can let their hair down, great things happen. I'll never forget when I put on a party and Puffy walked in. Puffy don't get on the stage for nobody. We got Puffy onstage. He actually performed some of his stuff, and people went crazy.

PLAYBOY: You once said you didn't want to hold the A-list party as much as the afterparty. Has that changed?

FOXX: No. It's still the afterparty for me, man. It's better. There's no pressure. Everyone's more relaxed. My best parties were karaoke parties I threw in L.A. I had Bobby and Whitney sing at one. There was one in Toronto where I had Kevin Spacey onstage with me, and it was kind of like joining the spirits of Bobby Darin and Ray Charles.

PLAYBOY: Tell us the wildest thing that's ever happened at one of your parties.

FOXX: I don't know if I can tell you the wildest shit ever, but here's a pretty good one. One of the wildest times ever, I invited Ray Lewis over to my house for a party. It was a very snooty crowd at first. There was one beautiful girl, just gorgeous, a mix between Mariah Carey and J. Lo. I told her Ray Lewis was coming, and she said, "How long do I have to wait, Jamie?" I asked, "For Ray?" "No, to keep my clothes on." I said, "What do you mean?" "I don't want to have clothes on all night." Sometimes you see girls and they seem a little trashy, but this one was amazing, like she rolled right off the red carpet. We had come from some kind of formal event, and she had a pager. So I said, "If you can take all your clothes off and keep your pager on, I'll let you do it, all right?" She took all her clothes off. Her body was phenomenal. Then she took the pager and clicked it to the top of her shoe and walked around. Some of the girls left, like, "Okay, we're out of here. We've heard about this kind of thing at your parties." When Ray walked into my house, he walked up to me and said, "Hi, what's happening?" Then he turned and saw this naked girl and said, "Oh my God." And he fell over a cushion. I said, "What's wrong?" like I hadn't noticed her. He's like, "What…who…what…?" Anyway, I ain't going to tell you the rest, man, but it was wild.

© 2005 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

CAMEL
PLEASURE TO BURN
CAMEL LIGHTS
11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
Actual amount may vary depending on how you smoke.
For T&N info, visit www.rjrttarnic.com.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.
SINCE 1913

in BED with ELVIS

He was the king everywhere but where it counted most

By Byron Raphael with Alanna Nash

Byron Raphael was a 22-year-old agent in training at the William Morris Agency in Beverly Hills in 1956, when, working in the mail room, he delivered an envelope to Colonel Tom Parker, Elvis Presley's manager, at Twentieth Century Fox. Parker immediately appropriated him ("Tell your bosses you're going to work for me") and made Raphael his spy—within both the Morris office and Elvis's camp. But Elvis had different plans for Raphael. He made the young man part of his personal entourage and entrusted him with a very special task: sorting through Elvis's female fans for women who would share the King's bed. "My life was so unbelievable. I felt like the luckiest guy in the world," says Raphael, now 71. He has never told these stories until now.

In the early summer of 1960 the most explosive and legendary sex symbols of the era sized each other up in the street in front of a Twentieth Century Fox soundstage and came away unnerved, if not befuddled.

Elvis Presley, the 25-year-old rock-and-roll phenomenon, his shellacked hair polished to the blue-black sheen of an uptown Cadillac, was just back from the Army and had parlayed his date with Uncle Sam into the tepid musical *G.I. Blues.* Having mowed his way through the Lido chorus line in Paris on weekends while he was stationed in Germany (it was nothing for Elvis's small entourage to entertain 35 dancers as overnight guests), the Pelvis was bewitched by the foreign charm of his *G.I. Blues* co-star, Juliet Prowse. Despite being one

Rumors linked Elvis with dozens of actresses, but his fling with Natalie Wood may be more mythical than most. "What's the matter with your boss?" she asked Byron Raphael after leaving Elvis's bedroom. "Doesn't he know how to screw?"

of Frank Sinatra's girls, the South African dancer and actress eagerly engaged in sex with the hip-wiggling headliner, who bragged to his friends that Prowse liked to grab her ankles and spread her legs wide during the act. However, she was not only older but smarter than Elvis, and she quickly moved on before filming even wrapped.

Now another older but far more introspective star had caught the King's eye. Marilyn Monroe, reeling from her fractious marriage to playwright Arthur Miller and her affair with actor and singer Yves Montand, was co-starring with the latter in *Let's Make Love,* then in production at Fox. Elvis was due to start principal photography on *Flaming Star* there in August, and two months earlier he reported to the studio for wardrobe.

I was with Elvis and his entourage in his dressing room when one of the guys began goading him. "Man, you gotta meet Marilyn Monroe," he said. "Elvis, you've got to ask Marilyn out!" Elvis, far more shy than his stage antics suggested, shook his head. "No," he said, "she won't talk to me." Another of the guys pushed him harder. "Elvis, man, you're a star! You've gotta take the bull by the horns. It's Marilyn Monroe! You've gotta be forceful!" Elvis, though, wasn't used to working that hard for women. His fame was already such that he couldn't take a woman to dinner without being mobbed by fans, but that also worked in his favor, helping ensure he'd get laid each night. He simply invited girls to the party he held in his suite every evening at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel.

Such blanket invitations reduced the chance of personal rejection, but they also allowed for a more practical cover: Other members of his entourage could take the blame if an unfortunate pregnancy should arise. That may have happened a few times, as Colonel Parker had several important dinners with the parents of young girls who spent too much time with Elvis. After that, Parker had a directive. "When any girl comes up to Elvis's room, I want to make sure at least two of you guys are around," he said. "That way if any problems come up, you can say, 'Well, we made it with her also.'" Any girl who came up to see Elvis—even a famous actress like Monroe—would have to sit around with one of the other guys before she went in alone with Elvis.

Finally, the guys talked Elvis into taking his chances, and somehow we found out which soundstage was Monroe's. Then the four of us, including Gene Smith, Elvis's dim-witted cousin (his briefcase contained only a hairbrush and a doorknob), and Cliff Gleaves, a sometime member of Elvis's entourage who was often suspended from the group for grift and hooliganism, began to make our way over on bicycles. We almost missed her: Monroe, dressed in a bathrobe and looking distraught, her hair all askew, was suddenly in front of us, coming out of stage 23. Elvis approached her in his usual self-deprecating way, his soft baritone edged in sweet Southern charm: "Hello, my name is Elvis Presley. How are you, Miss Monroe?"

Monroe smiled in a way that said she liked how Elvis filled out his Oxford trousers, but then her face fell as she took in his companions: Smith, the most pathetic yokel who ever hit Hollywood (he seemed to know only one word, *no,* yet hoped to pursue a movie career under the name El Gino Stone), and the always embarrassing Gleaves, a smooth operator who was so oily he practically left stains where he walked. Monroe, forever insecure, had been searching for class in her choices of husband (Miller) and lover (Montand), and the sight of Elvis's barely civilized friends launched an unmistakable look of fear and disgust. Oblivious to her reaction, Elvis began his roundabout way of asking for a date, mentioning the party and inviting her to come.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I can't," she declined in a breathy rush, seeming far more subdued than her vivacious screen self. She wasn't feeling well, she said—a headache from some kind of allergy—and promptly pulled a bottle of pills from her purse. It was one of the rare times Elvis was refused.

But Elvis took away something from the encounter after all. As a studio aide offered Monroe a cup of water, I spotted the physician's name—Dr. Hyman Engelberg—on the prescription label. Elvis did too. A few weeks later he had his own prescription from the doctor in his dressing room.

This brief meeting between perhaps the two most famous people who had ever lived has never been reported, although the notion of Elvis romancing Monroe has fueled the fantasies behind several bad paintings, a middling novel and a less than stellar Leon Russell tribute. Despite the nine-year difference in their ages, they would have made a smashing couple: Elvis, no longer a greasy god but a sloe-eyed prince and one of the most handsome men in the world, and Monroe, her beauty worn and fading but still able to imbue her tragic face with a winning, wished-for innocence.

If Monroe was not overly impressed with Elvis, other stars had taken notice of him in a major way, particularly after his incendiary performance on October 28, 1957 at Los Angeles's Pan Pacific Auditorium, his first show in his new hometown. A who's who of celebrities and their children were there on the first of a two-night booking when Elvis scandalized the crowd with the most lascivious and lewd display many of them had ever seen. It was more suggestive by far than anything that ever went on inside the hootchy-kootchy tents of Colonel Parker's carnival past. Previously published accounts have only hinted at precisely what went on that evening, leaving out the explicit details that made this one of Elvis's most legendary appearances.

Of course I was there. The Colonel had put me on Nipper patrol that night, which meant he positioned me beneath the stage and charged me with the safety of a three-foot-high plaster-of-paris canine—the infamous cocked-ear mascot of RCA, Elvis's recording label. Elvis was going to use the pup as a prop during "Hound Dog."

"Whatever you do, don't let that dog fall off the stage," Parker snapped. "And tell Mr. Presley you're going to hold Nipper up, so he doesn't have to worry. He can just be free."

The Colonel often said, "Elvis has stardust," meaning it was remarkable how such a shy person could change himself into a creature of infinite magnetism

Ann-Margret (above left) was one of Elvis's truest loves, a relationship complicated by his marriage to Priscilla. His *Loving You* co-star, Lizabeth Scott (right), was a different breed entirely. She was a lesbian, and Elvis was frightened of homosexuals. But even when he couldn't follow through in the bedroom, Elvis constantly flirted with his admiring female fans (below).

onstage. But the old hustler never dreamed of what Elvis was planning to do with man's best friend.

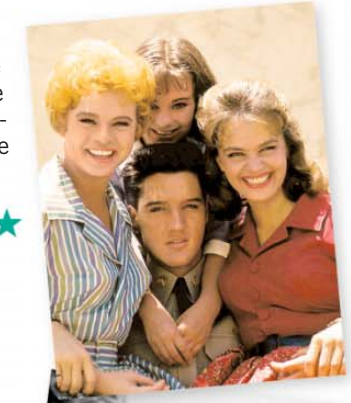
Elvis came onstage with his now-famous gold-leaf jacket topping a pair of loose-fitting black dress slacks. During his 50-minute, 18-song set, he "wiggled, bumped and twisted," according to Jack O'Brian of the *New York Journal-American,* one of the many out-of-town papers that covered the event. But it was the closing "Hound Dog" that prompted another paper's headline: ELVIS PRESLEY WILL HAVE TO CLEAN UP HIS SHOW—OR GO TO JAIL. I don't know exactly what got into him, but as he launched into that song he was vastly different from the Elvis I knew at the studio. His eyes were dilated, as if he were taking his direction from someplace far, far away. Then he did the unthinkable. Pumped up by either adrenaline or libido, he began to unfasten his pants and slowly pull down his zipper, which prompted wild screaming from an audience already frenzied by the sexual surge Elvis sent out through the auditorium.

With his pants now open but not down, Elvis reached for Nipper, which I still held tightly from below the stage. Suddenly Elvis pressed the dog against his crotch, and I could feel him pushing it back on me as he rode the pooch back and forth in a masturbatory glide. As the crowd noise grew to a furious roar, Elvis continued to dry-hump poor Nipper.

Then all of a sudden Elvis pulled the dog out of my grip and began rolling around on the floor with it in full simulation of bestial bliss. It was one of the most shocking things I'd ever seen. There's no question that Elvis was trying to have sex, because when he finally gave the dog back to me, I could see a huge hard-on through his pants. The next night the L.A. vice squad came armed with warnings, and the police filmed the show. But Elvis toned it down, and Nipper made it through without undue violation.

By this time Elvis had already started using me in a way I could never have dreamed, particularly at his get-togethers with comely young women at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel.

One night I took my new wife, Carolyn, to one of his parties. Carolyn was hoping to become a singer, and I could tell Elvis thought she was attractive. Later, when he and I were sitting in his dressing room at the studio, he said, "Your wife sure is a sweet one, Byron. That's the kind of girl I've been looking for. There must be hundreds of girls outside the gate. Why don't you see if you can find me another Carolyn? In fact, take care of business for me."



I wasn't just the Colonel's spy—it was my job to supply Elvis with young girls.

From that moment on I wasn't just the Colonel's spy, I was also Elvis's pimp. It was my job to supply him with young girls, particularly his ideal type, a five-foot-four brunette with pretty, firm breasts, beautiful eyes and a round butt—like Carolyn. More than anything, Elvis was an ass man. To him that was the most sensual part of a woman's body.

It was amazing how many girls I found who fit that bill. But one time after a concert, I procured for Elvis a luscious woman who stood five-foot-10. I guided her into his bedroom without warning him that she wasn't his usual type of girl. Sure enough, later that night Elvis came out in his bathrobe and barked, "There were 10,000 girls out there, and you picked the only one on stilts! Don't send any more amazons in here!"

In 1967 Elvis's manager, Colonel Tom Parker, arranged for his client to marry Priscilla Beaulieu (above), thinking it would keep Elvis from his attempted womanizing. Once Priscilla gave birth Elvis lost interest in her sexually, and they divorced in 1973. But nothing diminished his sex appeal among his fans (below). "Elvis has stardust," Parker said to explain his magnetism.

Elvis would soon carry the appellation the King, but ironically, the so-called dangerous rock-and-roll idol was anything but a despotic ruler in the bedroom. Though Elvis described his sexual appetites as voracious—he'd say, "I like it hot and heavy, Byron the Siren, hot and heavy"—he really wasn't all that keen on doing the wild thing. He was far more interested in heavy petting and panting and groaning.

That's where it usually stopped with him, though Elvis was particularly fond of blow jobs and had no guilt about them. I especially remember a young girl named Linda, who Elvis always said gave the best hummers he'd ever had. He had a fabulous sense of humor, and when Linda made him come, he'd yell out, "I just hit a high A!" The guys and I would stand at the crack in the door and watch Linda's golden head bob up and down and wait for Elvis to break into song.

Within months my marriage to Carolyn was over—on orders from Parker, who said he wanted no distractions from my job—so Gene Smith and I worked out a routine for getting Elvis's guests lathered up. We'd survey the crowd at the studio gates or at Elvis's shows and then bring the girls up to the hotel. Smith and I always played the same game, telling the girls we had to audition them. We'd ask them to take their tops off, saying we had to make sure Elvis would like their breasts. I warned, "No inverted nipples, now. Elvis doesn't go for that." Then I'd say, "Tell me what you're going to do with Elvis, because he's kind of shy." And I'd lie down on the couch and say, "Now show me what you're going to do to make Elvis feel good. He's a real gentleman, so you're going to have to make the first move." The girl would lie down on top of me and in seconds grab my penis. When I'd come, I'd say, "Kiss it, kiss it. That's what Elvis likes!" Then I'd take her into his bedroom.

Elvis would be lying in bed naked except for his underwear. He was well-endowed, and he always had a hard-on, even before the girl entered the room. I once saw him position a girl to sit on his face, his hands clutching her butt. She rubbed herself into his mouth, and I heard his muffled groan. Then he turned her over and put his fingers inside her, moving them back and forth. I remember her saying, "Take me! Take me!"

That wasn't going to happen. Elvis rolled over, and they rubbed against each other some more, Elvis moaning, "It's good, sweetness. It's good." But he would never put himself inside one of these girls. Within minutes he'd be asleep, and often the girl would still be rubbing herself against him. I'd step in and say, "It's time to go now, honey. Elvis needs to sleep. He's got another show." And I'd peel her off him.

Girls would come out of his bedroom in tears, crying, "Elvis wouldn't take my virginity! He said to wait until my wedding night!" Or they'd get hysterical, whining, "Elvis doesn't love me!" I'd say, "No, that's not true. The sheet was wet, wasn't it? You made him feel good. He just wants to make sure you don't have a baby. He'll call you again." Of course he almost never did. But he'd slip some of the younger ones 10 $100 bills.

Elvis seldom went all the way in these situations, for two reasons. One, he was uncircumcised, and he worried that his foreskin would tear during intercourse. And, two, he always remembered his mother teaching him that sex before marriage was a sin. One day I brought three young girls into Elvis's bedroom—a preference he'd indulged since his earliest days on the road, when he sometimes entertained six girls at once. Soon they were all naked, but Elvis again stayed in his underwear, kissing and fondling them and eventually falling asleep with them in his arms, his own records playing softly in the background. At other times, back home in Memphis, he'd have "slumber parties," which were threesomes with junior-high girls. He'd wash their hair and put makeup on them and let them do the same to him. But when it came to sex, Elvis was the king of kink, satisfied simply to let the girls masturbate him until he ejaculated into their hair. Then he'd send them home at four A.M. so they could go to school.

These were all young girls who probably had very little sexual experience. But they knew *(continued on page 76)*

"As if we didn't have enough mouths to feed already!"

DANCING QUEEN

Kelly Monaco is one fox who's hot to trot

Once a young lady becomes one of our Playmates, it's hardly unusual to see her establish a lucrative career in television or film. But as far as we can tell, Kelly Monaco is the first Playmate to become a champion dancer. Kelly, who also stars as Samantha McCall on the soap opera *General Hospital,* took part in ABC's surprise summer hit *Dancing With the Stars*. Over the course of six episodes, Kelly shook her cute booty in competition with such celebrities as Rachel Hunter, Evander Holyfield, Trista Sutter, John O'Hurley and Joey McIntyre. Although Kelly was criticized by judges during the first few weeks for her clumsiness and morose expressions ("Is there a death in the family?" one asked. "Your face, it's like someone died"), she hung on. And clung on. On our favorite episode, Kelly's top came unfastened, and she had to complete the samba with one hand preventing all of America from beholding a vision PLAYBOY readers first saw in April 1997. The following week, Kelly professed embarrassment about nearly flashing almost 17 million people. But while we scratched our heads over this sudden case of bashfulness—that's not the woman we know—we continued to root for her. As it happened, this near–wardrobe malfunction proved a turning point for Kelly, who began to exhibit a determination that led host Tom Bergeron to compare her to Rocky. She invested every fox-trot, samba and freestyle performance with plucky verve. As the weeks progressed, her rival celebrities, along with his or her professional dance partner, were one by one eliminated from the competition until only the pairs headed by Kelly and the regal O'Hurley remained. On the final night, Kelly danced her heart out. She and her partner earned perfect 10s from each of the three judges, which, along with the overwhelming support of the television audience, gave them the title. Unfortunately, the result caused some grumbling. Critics say it simply wasn't fair that Kelly, with her many faithful *General Hospital* fans, should have been matched against a model, a boxer, a reality-TV star, *Seinfeld*'s Peterman and an old New Kid on the Block. O'Hurley himself sniffed, saying there was a hidden "agenda" behind her win, and the television watchdog group Morality in Media has called for an investigation. To all who are complaining, we say, "Take a waltz." The judging wasn't *fixed,* but surely the judges were *transfixed*—and Kelly's beauty didn't hurt. Moreover, we suspect it wasn't Kelly's daytime fans who jammed the phone lines but a legion of her PLAYBOY-reading admirers. However, Kelly needs no defense; she's in talks with ABC to return next summer to defend her title (and, rumor has it, move to *Desperate Housewives*' Wisteria Lane this season). Viva la Kelly!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY AND ARNY FREYTAG

FEGUARD

See Kelly's original Playmate
pictorial at cyber.playboy.com.

ELVIS

(continued from page 68)

something was missing, and they wanted more. When Elvis would stop short of going all the way, they were as aroused as a man could ever want a woman to be. That made it easy for members of the entourage to step in and satisfy them on the living room couch.

While Elvis was making his first picture, *Love Me Tender,* in 1956, he tried unsuccessfully to woo his co-star, Debra Paget, his physical ideal and the model for both his eventual wife, Priscilla, and his last girlfriend, Ginger Alden. Failing to land Paget, who found a far more enticing suitor in billionaire Howard Hughes, Elvis began an off-and-on relationship with Natalie Wood, a close friend of actor Nick Adams, a frequent guest at Elvis's parties. She came to the studio that September, and I walked her over to the soundstage. I could tell they were hot for each other the moment they met. A knowing grin flew across Elvis's face, and he invited Wood to the suite that night.

Wood arrived about nine o'clock. There were probably 15 people in the living room. Elvis had just gotten out of the shower after heavy petting with other girls, and he was wearing a white smoking jacket with the letters *E.P.* embroidered in gold. He immediately gave Wood a hug and asked her if she'd like to see some dailies from the film. They disappeared into the bedroom.

Twenty minutes later we were all surprised to see Wood storm out the door. "What's the matter with your boss?" she demanded, glaring at me. "Doesn't he know how to screw? He's all hands and no action." I fumbled for excuses, but she kept on raving, "I thought he was supposed to be the king of the sack, but he doesn't want to screw me! What's Elvis going to do, tell his buddies I'm not sexy enough for him?" I assured her he would do no such thing. Then she surprised me.

"What about you?" she asked me. "You can't get it up either?" I said, "Only every day." Wood smirked and scowled. "Show me," she said. She glanced back at Gene Smith. "I think all you guys are homos."

Before I knew it, I was on top of her, frantically pulling off her pedal pushers as she worked to remove my pants. Then I felt her hands guiding me inside her. I pumped fast and furiously, and she did too. All of a sudden it hit me that I was actually fucking Natalie Wood.

"I wish it could go on forever," I said and stopped pumping. But Wood was all business. "Well, it won't," she cracked, "so just keep it up. And go harder! You're not doing it hard enough!" I soon came as strong as I ever had and then worried that I hadn't used a rubber. Wood pushed me off her and quickly dressed.

"You're okay," she said matter-of-factly. "But tell Elvis if he wants to go out with me again, I want to go all the way. You can also tell him I'm the best fuck in town." And then she left. I glanced at Elvis's bedroom and saw him standing in the doorway. I don't know how much he'd witnessed, but he simply closed the door and never mentioned it. He and Wood gave it another whirl the following month in Memphis, but after that, when her name came up, Elvis laughed ("Heaven help us") and said she was crazy.

Wood was not the only one to think Elvis and the guys might be homosexual, especially since Elvis often wore pancake makeup and mascara offstage to accentuate his brooding intensity, à la Tony Curtis and Rudolph Valentino, his favorite movie actors. There were also rumors that Nick Adams swung both ways, just as there had been about Adams's good pal (and Elvis's idol) James Dean. Tongues wagged that Elvis and Adams were getting it on. But Elvis was frightened of homosexuals; the Colonel had told him to be on the lookout for them in Hollywood. He was even scared of Lizabeth Scott, the icy blonde who played romantic scenes with him in 1957's *Loving You,* since *Confidential* magazine had recently outed her as a lesbian with a busy little black book.

That was the first time Elvis had knowingly been around such an exotic woman, and the notion of her sexuality both titillated and confused him (he pronounced her "unholy"), especially since another of his cousins, the wild-eyed alcoholic Junior Smith, teased him unmercifully. "Are you gonna take her to bed tonight, Elvis?" Junior taunted, and Gleaves and Gene Smith joined in. "Don't worry, I'm gonna have sex with her," Elvis shot back nervously, trying to hide his discomfort. And he did try to sweet-talk her to see if he could get her up to the suite and make some time with her. But Scott wanted no part of it. She was a sophisticated, reserved lady—nothing like Elvis's type—and she knew the guys had put him up to it.

As Elvis moved into the 1960s and 1970s he became much more jaded about the celebrities and spectacles of Los Angeles. And as the Colonel neutered him from a subversive rebel to the boy next door, leading him through a stultifying chain of B pictures and indentured slavery to the Las Vegas stage, Elvis became miserable and finally tried to numb it all away. He had one more moment of exquisite glory—his 1968 television comeback special, when he turned himself on so much that he ejaculated in his black leather suit.

The show's director, Steve Binder, believes Parker, ever the carny, orchestrated it all, turning a frightened, insecure performer into the sex god of old. "Before Elvis did anything on that special," Binder remembers, "the Colonel would take him alone someplace, and Elvis would come out oozing confidence. I was convinced Parker had planted the seed through hypnotism that Elvis was the greatest sex symbol in the history of mankind."

But after that it was almost all downhill. Elvis became far more interested in the escape of uppers and downers, which dulled his sex drive and helped push him into a full-blown clinical depression. During this time I left Parker and returned to William Morris to resume my career as an agent. But I was always aware of what was going on in the Presley camp.

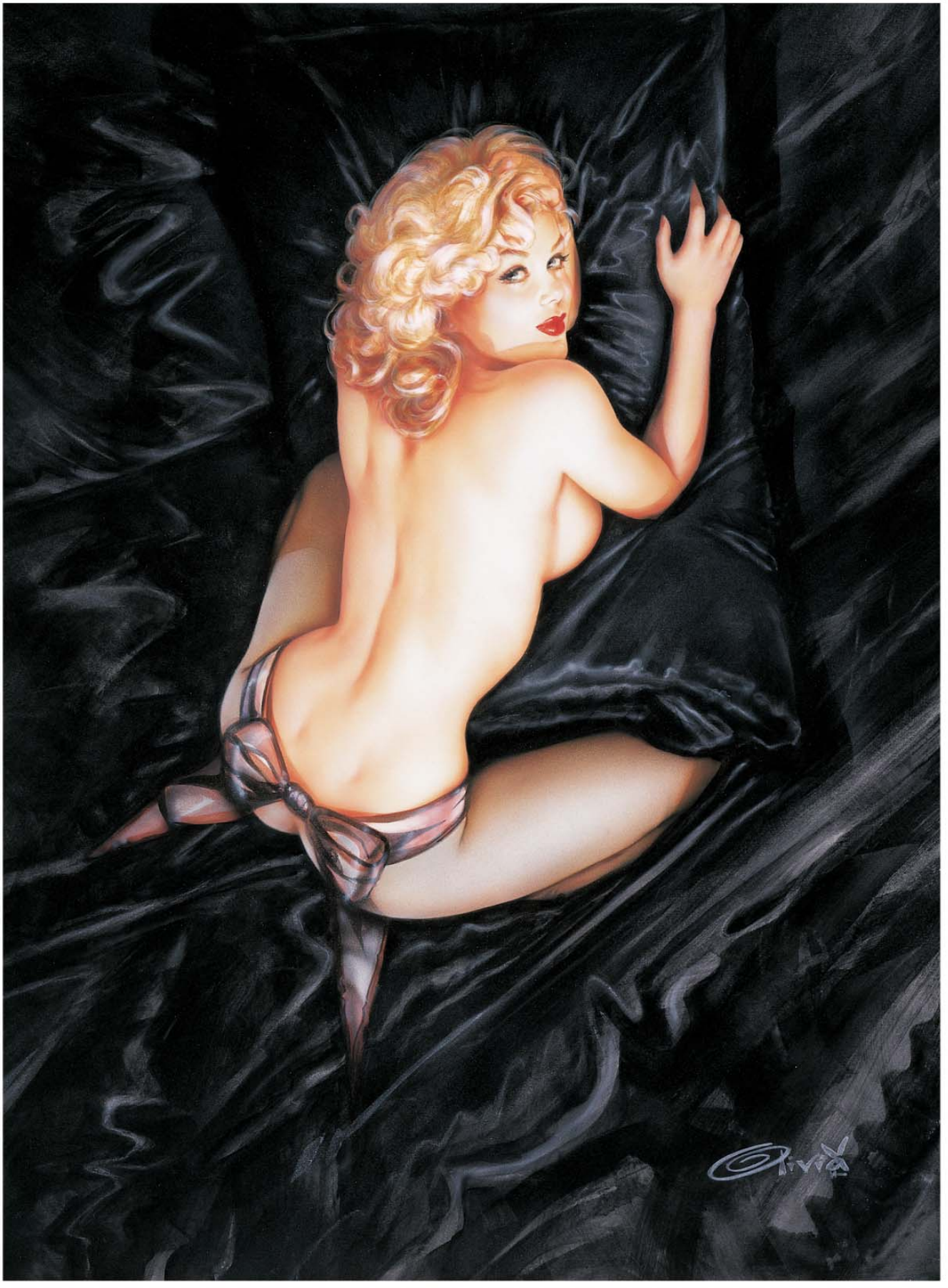
I watched from afar as Parker arranged Elvis's 1967 marriage to Priscilla Beaulieu, foolishly thinking it would stall Elvis's womanizing. But Elvis loathed having sex with Priscilla after she gave birth, nine months after the wedding, and in 1973 they divorced. The wedding did succeed in terminating Elvis's true-hearted, red-hot romance with actress Ann-Margret, the love of his life after his mother, Gladys, who died in 1958 and had suffered from her own chemical-dependency problems. So fixated on Gladys was Elvis that he required his new girlfriend, Linda Thompson, to learn the secret language he had shared only with his mother, with whom he had gotten too psychologically close as a small boy. He even gave the Tennessee beauty queen the nickname Sattnin', precisely what he had called the woman who bore him.

Thompson left Elvis's bed for good in 1976, tired of taking care of a prescription junkie who had lost his looks and much of his talent and whose life always hung in the balance. She was one of the last in a long line of women, including actresses Cybill Shepherd and Peggy Lipton, who were initially seduced by the notion of coupling with the sexiest and most sensual male figure of the century. But soon they understood that everything had to be on his terms. Elvis didn't want a relationship as much as he wanted a companion to mold and model, to the extent that he ordered several women to dye their hair black like his mother's. While those of us loyal to Elvis kept his private life private, some of his more famous dates who followed did not.

"When I was back in Los Angeles," Shepherd has written, "he called, offering to send his plane for me for a weekend. One of his henchmen picked me up at the airport, looked at my jeans and tie-dyed, mirrored vest and said, 'Next time we're in L.A. we're gonna arrange a shopping trip so you can get some nice new clothes, because Elvis likes his ladies to look a certain way.'"

While all of Elvis's 1970s women found him to be funny, intelligent and charming, the reality of Elvis Presley

(concluded on page 140)



"Are you sure you want to go out tonight...?"

Shoot to Kill

If Jennifer Barretta were your pool tricks teacher, you'd never miss a class. So chalk up a cue and pay attention to her helpful hints

by Scott Alexander

Start doing trick shots in a bar or pool hall, and people take notice. If you actually sink your shots, you'll gather a crowd. And if you're a beautiful woman, you may need a police escort to get out of there. These facts of the felt were never more apparent than on a recent evening at Amsterdam Billiard Club, an upscale pool joint on Manhattan's Upper West Side, when Jennifer "Nine Millimeter" Barretta demonstrated her personal favorite pool tricks. Like clockwork a curious crowd materialized, drifting from the surrounding tables to form a raucously supportive ring around this rising star of the women's pool circuit. Only because we were on Barretta's home turf was the police escort unnecessary.

The crowd around Barretta hasn't always been this loving. She paid her dues at the now-defunct Midtown Billiards, which sat in the part of Hell's Kitchen where Lucifer still serves as fry cook. At 29, about two decades late to the table, Barretta had decided to get serious about pool and started playing at the parlor near her apartment. "It was full of hustlers, drug dealers, ex-cons," she recalls, describing a group hardly accustomed to the sight of a beautiful blonde with washboard abs strolling in the door and asking for a set of balls. "The first time I walked in there, it was like someone pulled the needle off the record player." But the stares and lewd remarks faded once her daily 14-hour practice sessions proved she was serious about her game. "I used to play all those guys," she says. "They took me under their wing and protected me when things got rough. I'm still friends with some of them. This one guy had been a top player back in the days of Willie Mosconi but was a big-time heroin addict. He used to pretend he was loaded and get businessmen into money games. Then when he won he'd run right out the door to get his fix." Is that where she learned all her trick shots? "Let me put it this way," she replies, her tone mocking the question. "Anywhere else, trick shots are a great icebreaker, but try something like that in Midtown and they'd probably shoot you."

Barretta estimates she'd played pool fewer than 20 times when she took her first lesson, in 1998. But in that first session her teacher predicted she could turn pro if she put in the hours. Six months later she was in her first official tournament and won her first match. That was almost seven years ago. Last year she cracked the ranks of the elite, becoming one of the top 16 female players in the world.

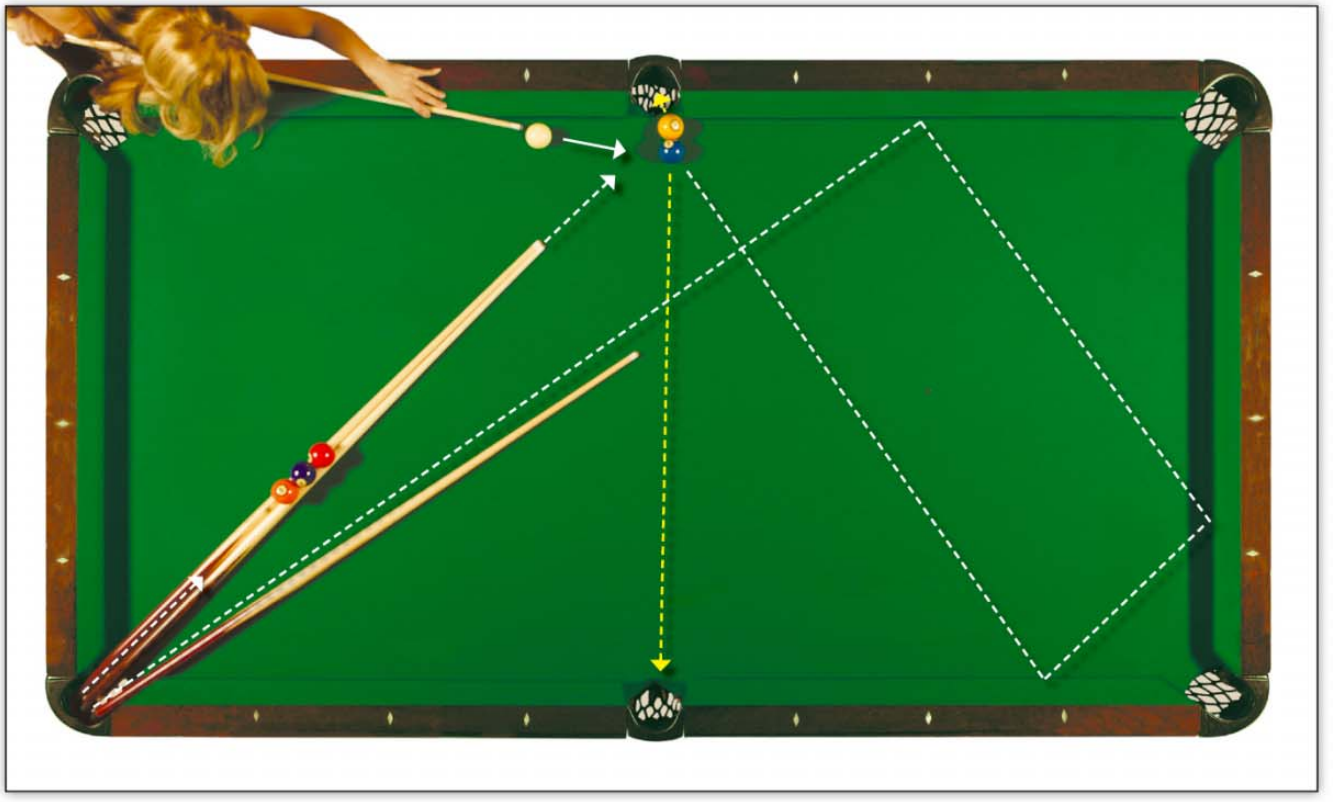
It's not surprising. You can sense Barretta's intensity from 100 paces. When she approaches the table for a shot, her sly smile abruptly vanishes, replaced by a mask of laser-sharp concentration. (We'd advise being paid up on your insurance if you plan on giving her a bad rack. In a masterful piece of understatement, she comments, "It's not such a good idea to talk to me while I'm shooting.") Then you see her moves on the table. Indeed, they're almost enough to make you ignore her painted-on low-rise jeans and wispy peasant blouse. Almost. When the ball drops, her smile is radiant. On the rare occasion that she misses a shot, you'll wonder who turned out the lights. There's a practical reason she brings such an intense game face to what most people consider a relaxing diversion. "If you're gambling, you can lose a couple of games and still play the rest of the night to get back up. In a tournament you have to bring your A-game every time. Miss one shot and your opponent will probably run the table," she explains.

Which is why we decided to ask for her snazziest tricks rather than take her on in nine ball. "Everyone loves to watch pool tricks, even people who've never picked up a cue in their life," she says. Better yet, the tricks she chose for us are far easier than they look, even for a novice player. "If you can hit the ball solidly and hard, with a little practice you can do these," Barretta promises. "It's all about the setup. And once you pull off a couple, people will just start coming up to you, whether to show you more or to ask you for a lesson." Okay, fellas—there's your cue.

Look for Barretta in the Women's Professional Billiard Association national championships, which take place November 10 to 13 and will be televised on ESPN. For details check wpba.com and jenniferbarretta.com.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE GEORGIOU

Four in Four: A great starter trick that uses the whole table.
Barretta says, "Strike the two middle balls at the same time, using low-right English. The outer balls will drop into the side pockets while the two center balls head for the corners. The English will spin the long-banking ball so it comes off the rail straight instead of at an angle. For extra drama give it just enough juice to go the length of the table and barely drop in."



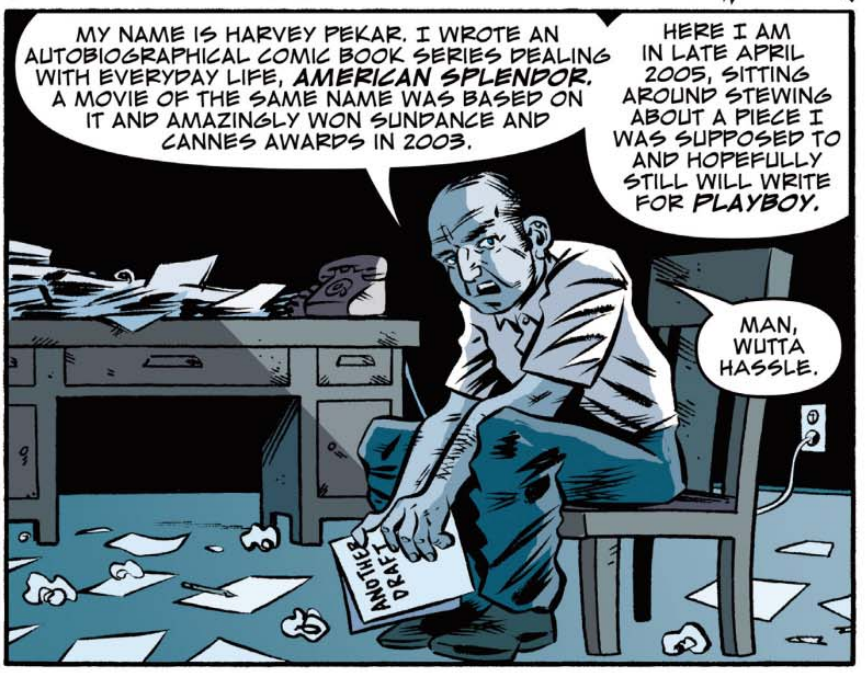
Chattanooga Choo Choo: Training is everything with this more complex maneuver.
Barretta says, "Two sticks pointed at the side pocket create your railroad; a third at an angle creates a trap. Keep the railroad balls in place with a small piece of paper. Hit the cue ball with high-left spin so it catches a quarter to an eighth of the outside ball. The first two drop, and the cue goes off three rails, into the trap, up onto the two sticks and down into your target balls."

Smiley Face: A nearly foolproof crowd-pleaser.
Barretta says, "Once this one's set up, anyone in the world can make it. You don't even need to put any English on the ball. Just hit it straight and hard into the first ball in the chain. If you have it set up right, all the balls will head right for their appropriate pockets in a spectacular star pattern."

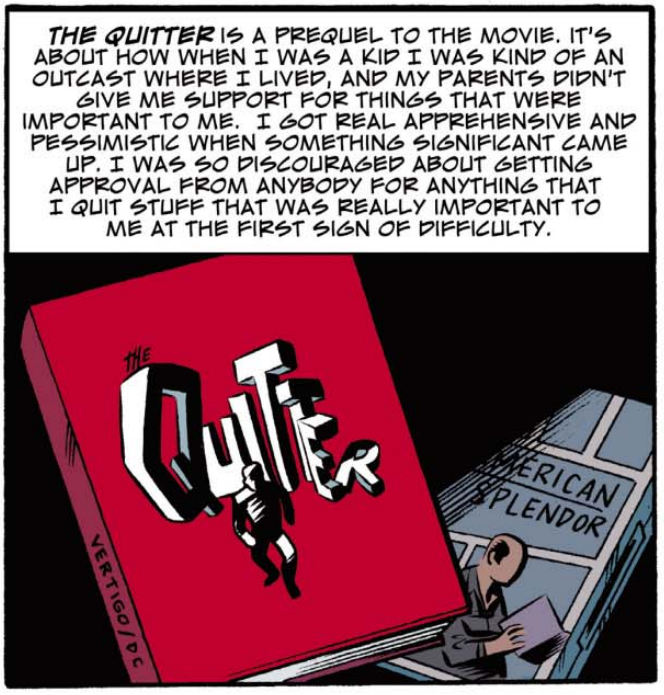
The Great Wall: Throw your audience a curve with this advanced move.
Barretta says, "This one takes technique, but if set up correctly, it's not difficult. Hit the cue hard and with high-left English. You want a lot of forward and sideways spin, which will make the ball curve. Aim between your two target balls, and hit them simultaneously. The cue will curve back through the gap to make the ball in the corner. It's a high-risk, huge-payoff shot."

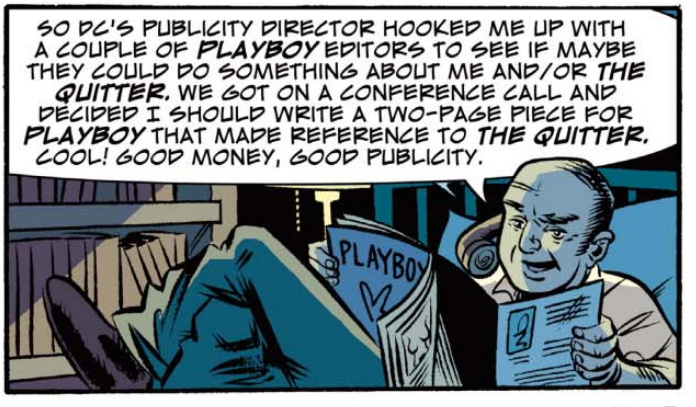
THE REAL HARVEY

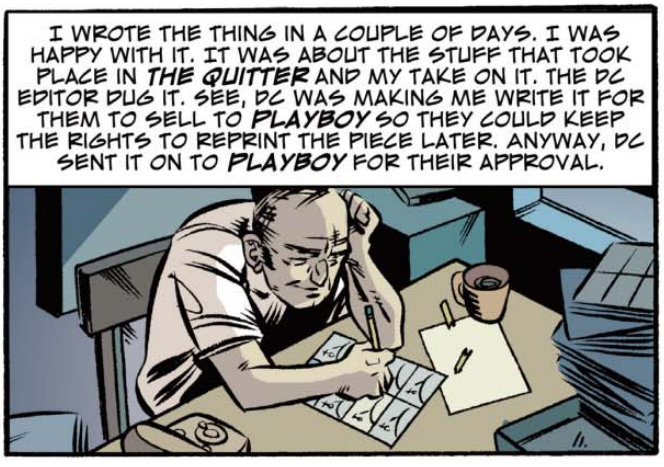
BY HARVEY PEKAR—WRITER
DEAN HASPIEL—ARTIST
WITH PAT BROSSEAU—LETTERER
LEE LOUGHRIDGE—COLORIST


MY NAME IS HARVEY PEKAR. I WROTE AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL COMIC BOOK SERIES DEALING WITH EVERYDAY LIFE, AMERICAN SPLENDOR. A MOVIE OF THE SAME NAME WAS BASED ON IT AND AMAZINGLY WON SUNDANCE AND CANNES AWARDS IN 2003.
HERE I AM IN LATE APRIL 2005, SITTING AROUND STEWING ABOUT A PIECE I WAS SUPPOSED TO AND HOPEFULLY STILL WILL WRITE FOR PLAYBOY.
MAN, WUTTA HASSLE.
PLAYBOY ASSIGNMENT

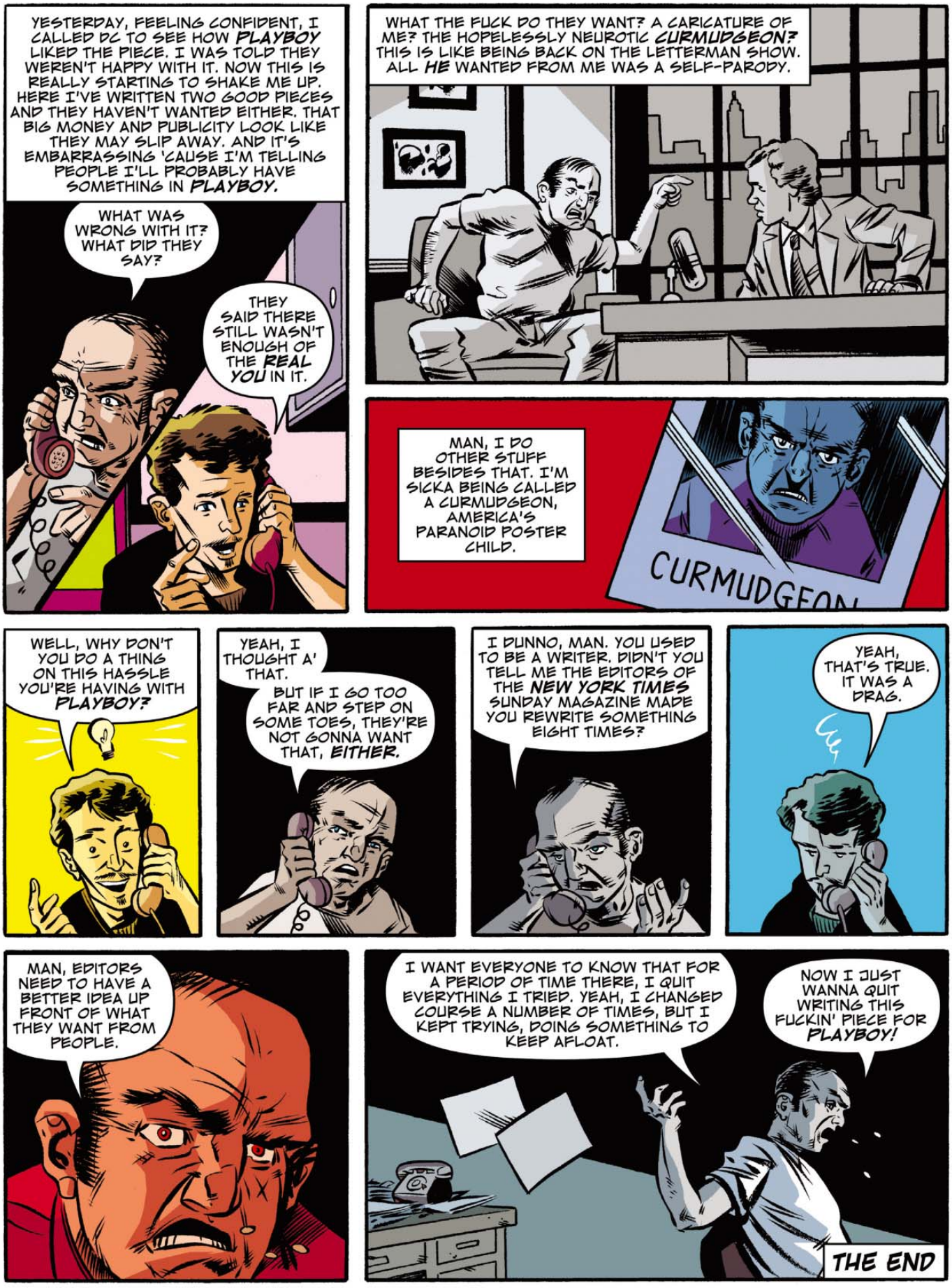
I GOT A NEW BOOK COMING OUT IN OCTOBER FROM DC/VERTIGO COMICS. IT'S CALLED THE QUITTER AND IS BEING ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN HASPIEL.
THAT'S WHAT THE PLAYBOY PIECE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE ABOUT.

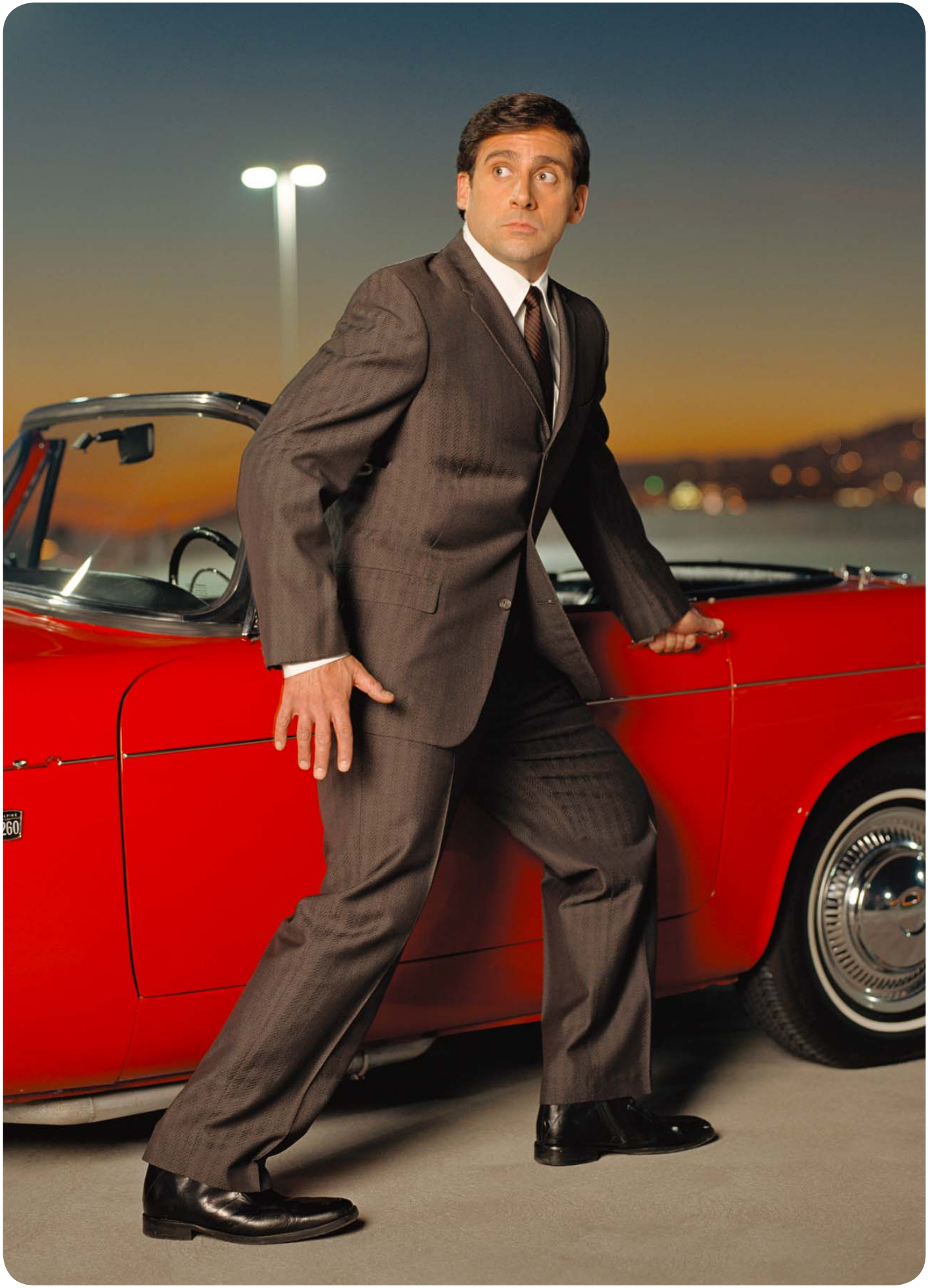

THE QUITTER IS A PREQUEL TO THE MOVIE. IT'S ABOUT HOW WHEN I WAS A KID I WAS KIND OF AN OUTCAST WHERE I LIVED, AND MY PARENTS DIDN'T GIVE ME SUPPORT FOR THINGS THAT WERE IMPORTANT TO ME. I GOT REAL APPREHENSIVE AND PESSIMISTIC WHEN SOMETHING SIGNIFICANT CAME UP. I WAS SO DISCOURAGED ABOUT GETTING APPROVAL FROM ANYBODY FOR ANYTHING THAT I QUIT STUFF THAT WAS REALLY IMPORTANT TO ME AT THE FIRST SIGN OF DIFFICULTY.
THE QUITTER
VERTIGO/DC
ERICAN PLENDOR


SO DC'S PUBLICITY DIRECTOR HOOKED ME UP WITH A COUPLE OF PLAYBOY EDITORS TO SEE IF MAYBE THEY COULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT ME AND/OR THE QUITTER. WE GOT ON A CONFERENCE CALL AND DECIDED I SHOULD WRITE A TWO-PAGE PIECE FOR PLAYBOY THAT MADE REFERENCE TO THE QUITTER. COOL! GOOD MONEY, GOOD PUBLICITY.
PLAYBOY


I WROTE THE THING IN A COUPLE OF DAYS. I WAS HAPPY WITH IT. IT WAS ABOUT THE STUFF THAT TOOK PLACE IN THE QUITTER AND MY TAKE ON IT. THE DC EDITOR DUG IT. SEE, DC WAS MAKING ME WRITE IT FOR THEM TO SELL TO PLAYBOY SO THEY COULD KEEP THE RIGHTS TO REPRINT THE PIECE LATER. ANYWAY, DC SENT IT ON TO PLAYBOY FOR THEIR APPROVAL.

FIRST PLAYBOY THOUGHT THERE WAS TOO MUCH IN THE TWO-PAGER THAT ALSO APPEARED IN THE QUITTER, WHICH PEOPLE WOULD ULTIMATELY SEE, SO I HAD TO REWRITE IT AND PUT MORE OF MY PERSONAL COMMENTARY IN THERE. AGAIN, MY ARTIST WAS HAPPY WITH IT. SO WAS MY EDITOR.
VERTIGO
MAN, THIS IS EXCELLENT!


YESTERDAY, FEELING CONFIDENT, I CALLED DC TO SEE HOW PLAYBOY LIKED THE PIECE. I WAS TOLD THEY WEREN'T HAPPY WITH IT. NOW THIS IS REALLY STARTING TO SHAKE ME UP. HERE I'VE WRITTEN TWO GOOD PIECES AND THEY HAVEN'T WANTED EITHER. THAT BIG MONEY AND PUBLICITY LOOK LIKE THEY MAY SLIP AWAY. AND IT'S EMBARRASSING 'CAUSE I'M TELLING PEOPLE I'LL PROBABLY HAVE SOMETHING IN PLAYBOY.
WHAT WAS WRONG WITH IT? WHAT DID THEY SAY?
THEY SAID THERE STILL WASN'T ENOUGH OF THE REAL YOU IN IT.
WHAT THE FUCK DO THEY WANT? A CARICATURE OF ME? THE HOPELESSLY NEUROTIC CURMUDGEON? THIS IS LIKE BEING BACK ON THE LETTERMAN SHOW. ALL HE WANTED FROM ME WAS A SELF-PARODY.
MAN, I DO OTHER STUFF BESIDES THAT. I'M SICKA BEING CALLED A CURMUDGEON, AMERICA'S PARANOID POSTER CHILD.
CURMUDGEON
WELL, WHY DON'T YOU DO A THING ON THIS HASSLE YOU'RE HAVING WITH PLAYBOY?
YEAH, I THOUGHT A' THAT.
BUT IF I GO TOO FAR AND STEP ON SOME TOES, THEY'RE NOT GONNA WANT THAT, EITHER.
I DUNNO, MAN. YOU USED TO BE A WRITER. DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THE EDITORS OF THE NEW YORK TIMES SUNDAY MAGAZINE MADE YOU REWRITE SOMETHING EIGHT TIMES?
YEAH, THAT'S TRUE. IT WAS A DRAG.
MAN, EDITORS NEED TO HAVE A BETTER IDEA UP FRONT OF WHAT THEY WANT FROM PEOPLE.
I WANT EVERYONE TO KNOW THAT FOR A PERIOD OF TIME THERE, I QUIT EVERYTHING I TRIED. YEAH, I CHANGED COURSE A NUMBER OF TIMES, BUT I KEPT TRYING, DOING SOMETHING TO KEEP AFLOAT.
NOW I JUST WANNA QUIT WRITING THIS FUCKIN' PIECE FOR PLAYBOY!
THE END



20Q

BY ERIC SPITZNAGEL
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
BLAKE LITTLE

STEVE CARELL

TV's worst but funniest boss comes clean about virginity, ambushing John McCain and kissing Will Ferrell

Q1

PLAYBOY: You're starring in an NBC show called *The Office,* based on the very successful British sitcom. A lot of critics thought it was foolish to re-create such a beloved cult comedy, but now that you're returning for a second season, do you feel vindicated?

CARELL: Frankly, I'm just happy to be employed. I don't think it's possible to improve on the BBC show, and that's not what we were trying to do. Fans of the original were understandably dubious about the American version at first, so expectations were incredibly low. In a way we had that going for us. Most people were shocked that it didn't suck. Luckily the network trusted us and left us pretty much alone. Not once did they try to turn it into a conventional sitcom; there was never talk of a laugh track or fast-paced banter. Much of what makes *The Office* different are the uncomfortable pauses and awkward moments between the characters. The only thing that NBC wanted to change was to make us all attractive Manhattan 30-somethings who fall in and out of love and meet at a coffeehouse called Central Perk, where we drink from salad-bowl-size mugs. We will try to fit that in this season.

Q2

PLAYBOY: On *The Office,* you play an inept and egomaniacal boss named Michael Scott. Do you identify with him, or is he just a clueless ass?

CARELL: Well, *I'm* a clueless ass, so that was an easy transition for me. This is a man in absolute denial about how people perceive him. He may be an excellent salesman, but he's also completely incompetent. And he doesn't understand that or acknowledge it. To the contrary, he believes that he's an incredibly *good* boss—efficient, a great motivator, well liked and respected. He thinks of himself as a natural-born leader with exceptional people skills and a talent for bon mots. But of course he's none of those things. His lack of self-awareness is staggering. It's the person who thinks he's clever who's generally the biggest asshole.

Q3

PLAYBOY: How were you able to nail so perfectly the existential dread of working in an office? Did you have any horrific day jobs from your past to draw on for inspiration?

CARELL: I worked the third shift at a convenience store for a few months. At four in the morning most people are looking for cigarettes, porn or one of those shriveled, angry-looking hot dogs from the rotating grill. One night, though, a woman came in during the wee hours. She looked a bit distraught as she paid at the counter. She paused for a moment, looked up at me and asked, "Do you think I'm pretty?" As it turned out, she had just walked in on her boyfriend with another woman. We proceeded to have a lengthy conversation about a person's self-worth, fidelity, trust and relationships. And then I treated her to a slushy blue frozen drink.

Q4

PLAYBOY: You started performing at the age of six, in a grade school Thanksgiving play called *The Roar of the Greasepaint, the Smell of the Turkey!* What can you tell us about this groundbreaking production?

CARELL: I played a Native American in a canoe. It was the first time I'd tried acting of any sort, so it was a big deal for me. I can still remember my teacher, Mr. Blackman, commenting on the fact that I paddled on both sides of the fake canoe. He pointed it out to the rest of the class and said, "Notice how he did that so the canoe didn't go in a circle." It was one of the only times I was singled out for doing something well. That sounds sad, doesn't it? But it stuck with me. I knew at *(continued on page 140)*

HARRY AND THE GIRL-GIRL SCENE

ALL HE WANTED FOR CHRISTMAS WAS A PORN STAR. BUT SHE ARRIVED BROKEN

FICTION BY GLEN DAVID GOLD

Christmas morning, a porn star was standing in Harry's kitchen. He'd won a contest, so here she was. Her name was Arlene, and she was drinking a glass of milk.

"Thanks," she said, taking care of the white mustache with the tip of her tongue. Then she smiled her most polite smile. She had naturally blonde hair that gel and a blow-dryer had provided lift and deck height so it flared out like a series of petticoats. She wore a green roll-neck sweater, which Harry guessed had to be real angora, a red vinyl skirt and tinsel earrings, which gave her a festive look. "Should I wash the glass out?"

Harry said, "That's okay."

"I should wash it." She looked around, her hair rotating like a gun turret. "Is there a sponge?"

Harry excused himself. He'd cleaned the whole house before she came over, and the sponge still rested, yellow and wet, in the corner of the bathroom. He pried away a tangle of hair. Returning to the kitchen, he handed her the sponge. He saw her smile again, slightly warmer now; they were becoming old friends just by doing chores together. He wished he owned a camera.

Given that he owned a video store, he could easily have had a fleet of camcorders. But in person Harry had never had much worth photographing. So here he was now, without a camera, in his own kitchen with his favorite actress, kicking himself.

"Thanks for the milk." Arlene squirted soap from the squeeze bottle. "I kind of have a stomachache. Sometimes a glass of cold milk does the trick."

Harry nodded. He leaned against the counter, shifting so that it didn't accentuate his love handles.

"So what did you do last night?" she asked.

"Oh, I visited friends." This was a lie. This year, like every year, Harry had stayed home on Christmas Eve, looking in the want ads for puppies at the local animal shelter. He had considered a little beagle they'd dressed up with a Santa hat, but he started to worry about how big it might get and whether it was really house-trained and why the previous owners had given up such a cute dog. Finally he felt so guilty for suspecting hidden defects and yet so convinced that there had to be something wrong with it, he went to sleep.

"Do you have a dish towel, Harry?"

He did: a souvenir. Harry's dish towel had a map of Nevada on it with little black dots for towns like Elgin. For Las Vegas it had a drawing of two showgirls. The girls had no tops on, which made him a little embarrassed right now. Arlene took it without noticing and started methodically drying the glass.

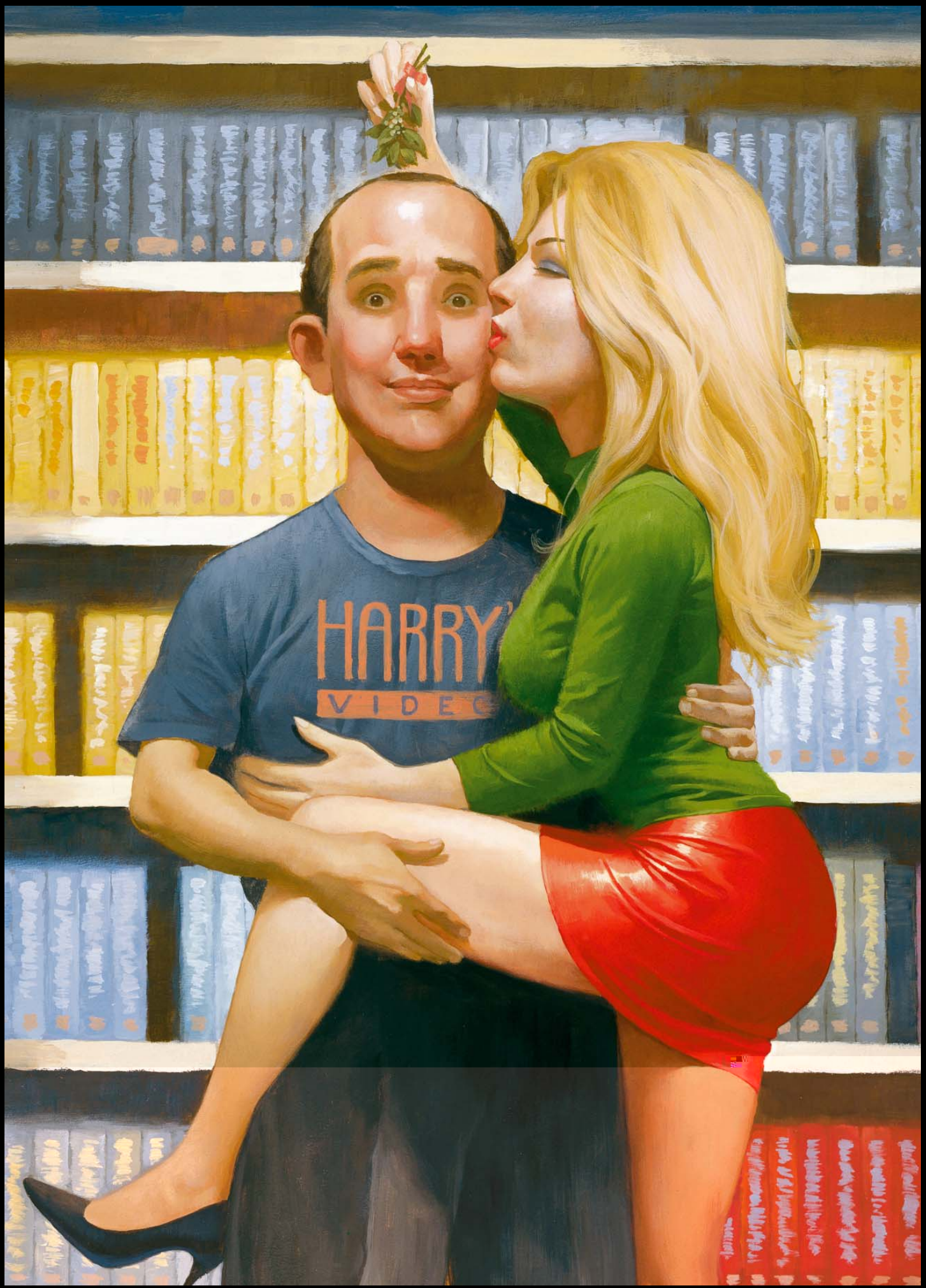
"So who'd you tell? You must have told a bunch of people I was coming over."

"No. Not really."

"Oh, come on," she teased.

He hadn't told anyone, not at the Yahoo discussion groups (adultvideostoreowners-l; adultreviewers-l; adultvideophiles-l), not his employees and certainly not his customers. He owned a general-interest video store, and porn was the crazy relative kept in the back room. Sure, he had imagined saying something in a chat room and then imagined the response, the good-natured, jealous-but-happy-for-him comments, the jokes about what he should say or what might happen. Maybe a lot of comments about what might happen. Then the day after, the question: "So did anything happen?"

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERTO PARADA


HARRY'
VIDEO

He imagined typing "No, of course not" and then explaining how Arlene wasn't like that, how he wasn't like that, how it, the visit, hadn't been like that. He imagined standing up for her integrity. She might find out he'd done that. He'd tell her it was nothing. He would say something about his respect for her as an artist, and—he knew his imagination was skating on thin ice here—they would become friends for life. In the nursing home, 40 years on, rocking side by side on the porch and occasionally giving each other a fulfilled nod: We understand each other, always did.

"THIS CHRISTMAS, LET LAURIE PARTRIDGE TRIM YOUR TREE—AND ROCK YOUR WORLD."

And nervously, during his walks to the store, turning off the alarm, counting out the cash drawer, Harry tried in equal parts to imagine and not imagine—what if something did happen?

His eyes were fastened on the dish towel, which Arlene still threaded along the lip of the milk glass. His gaze unbuttoned from the towel and then fell to the soft skin of her bare arm. He said, "Telling people, telling guys, it's just——"

"Yeah?"

"I mean," he said, "I didn't want to look like a big shot."

"That's sweet. Most guys would brag to everyone. A couple of the girls and I were just saying that."

"Which girls?"

"Missy Katt. Jade Tung Katt."

"Oh. Them."

"What, you don't like them?"

"Their work is good," Harry admitted, "but——"

Arlene gave Harry a respectful, appraising nod. "You don't like their names, do you?"

"Well, as people, I hear they're great, but——"

"They're nice girls. Don't get me wrong." She hesitated, the way she always did in her films when she had to deliver bad news, like telling the plumber she didn't have any cash to pay him. "You know, Felicia Katt is such a legend. And these girls try to use her name like people will think they're her sister or something." She rolled her eyes. "That is so not respectful. No one could fake an orgasm like Felicia Katt."

Harry nodded as if he'd known that already, thinking suspiciously of Felicia's face while taking on the Rhodes brothers in *All the Best Hookers IV,* but not for too long because he didn't want to miss what Arlene was saying.

"Now," she continued, "I admit Laurie Partridge isn't the most original name in the world, but it was a business decision. Me and my manager, Kenny, we figure most guys who watch porn watched that show, and they all had secret crushes on Laurie Partridge. Did you have a secret crush on Laurie Partridge?"

"Sure," he blushed.

"Yeah, me too. And I always wanted to sing." Arlene sang, "Come on, world, it's a song that we're singing! C'mon, get hap-py!" She had a voice that was full and smooth and honeyed without seeming cloying. One hand on her hip, the other making a microphone, "C'mon, get hap-py!" She poked Harry in the side, causing him to giggle like the Pillsbury Doughboy. She bowed, and Harry clapped.

It was snowing outside. And through the snow Harry could see the blinking lights the neighbors had put up in the building next door, the five-pointed stars, the electric menorahs. Where Arlene's finger had touched him, it felt like it was still glowing.

"Did the milk help your stomach, Laurie?"

"Arlene." Now she put her palm on his arm. But she was famous for her open ways. The press said she was like a sister, the best sister you could imagine. "Wow!" She looked through the kitchen doorway and into the den. "That's some library."

Harry had a library of videos and DVDs in their original boxes, plus what he'd taped off cable or swapped on the Net. They filled custom-made shelves flanking his 42-inch flat-panel home theater. He had old CD-ROMs with interactive games and zip disks cataloged with images from AVS sites, webcams and the sappho.nospam.binaries newsgroup. But he had started as a video guy and he owned a video store, so his video library had the shelves of honor. The weathered clamshell VHS boxes, back to belly, were as bright as cereal packages. The spines made a mosaic of grimaces, of tangled bodies resting on a bed of text promising in its accumulation that herein was the erotic extreme, the coarse and steely heights that could never be imagined; that to witness this nasty, unspeakably hot scenario, this perversity that was one centimeter away from ensuring jail time for everyone from the cameraman to the girls to the poor raccoon to the viewer himself, was to arouse and answer dreams you never knew you had; that to watch *Tied and Tickled Nurses* was to be taken to a mountaintop and shown the vast world around you, inspiring the high philosophical alchemy necessary to become the best of all selves. And on each box, fine print: Legal proof that the performers had reached the age of consent was available by written request sent to a post office box in Sherman Oaks, California.

Arlene looked hypnotized by how many videos he had. "All girl," she murmured. "Amateur. Anal. Asian. Caught on tape. And what are these—oh, compilations, and what else?" She skipped ahead several shelves. "Teens, trampling, up-skirt, and here's your S&M section. Naughty! And oh, classics. I love the classics."

"No one ever asks for them. They don't have flashy packaging, they don't ask for them." He found himself talking easily now. When it came to this, he had opinions.

"Some guys shoot on digital and pretend it's film," Arlene said mournfully. "I wish I'd worked when they shot on film all the time."

"The truth is, people don't care about the difference."

"People! If people were honest with themselves about what they really wanted, they'd be scared to death. Oh." Arlene folded her legs under her to sit on the carpet. She bent forward, and Harry could see one lacy white bra cup until he looked away. "Felicia Katt!" Arlene pulled tape after tape from the shelf, piling them in her lap. "I never saw this one." She was holding *An Officer and a Well-Hung Man.*

Harry said, "That's one of her best. You haven't seen it? She did it right before she left the business. She plays an Air Force nurse."

"Is that the one with the girl-girl scene in the cockpit?"

He smiled. "Everyone thinks that. No, that's from *Big Guns.* That's outtakes from what you're holding right there, which is a much rarer film."

"It is? Wow!"

"Yeah. When she retired they took the girl-girl scene off the cutting-room floor and repackaged it with other stuff." *(continued on page 132)*

"It was a $2,000 bottle of wine and guess what he ate with it?"

RAQUEL'S WORLD PARTY

Globalization is a family thing for Miss November

When you have a family as large and culturally diverse as Raquel Gibson's, your passport soaks up more ink than a UN ambassador's. "My mom is Filipino, and my dad is an Italian New Yorker," she says. "I'm the baby of the family—the spoiled one—and I have five siblings from the ages of 21 to 43. I have a niece who is actually older than I am, which means I was an aunt before I was even born." Although the 20-year-old has always called Florida home, she often jets to the Philippines and Japan, where her oldest sister and her family live. "I'm fluent in Tagalog, which is a language of the Philippines, and I know a little Japanese," she says. "I want to learn Spanish, Portuguese, Italian—I have a whole list!" As she enthusiastically tosses some Tagalog at us, we can't help but notice her resemblance to another exotic beauty. "It's flattering to be told that I look like Jessica Alba," she says. "It started when *Dark Angel* came out. I don't watch much TV, so I said, 'Who is Dark Angel? I'm a what?' I figured it out when she became better known. My friends say I should sign autographs when people ask if I'm her, but I couldn't get into that."

Miss November had better keep that Sharpie in her purse, though, because she doesn't lack for admirers, and more are on the way. "I have a ton of guy friends," she says. "That can be a problem when I hook up with someone, because they say, 'You have a million and one guys calling you a day.' But they're just my friends." Raquel's taste in men is expansive, but she does have some firm ideas. "I've dated every single type, from the beefy macho guy to the skinny, dorky-looking guy, but I don't want to be with a partier," she says. "I like someone who's into his mom and checks in on her—not a mommy's boy but someone family-oriented." He should also like a woman who has ambition, because Raquel—who already has a culinary school degree and a real estate license—plans to go back to school to become a pediatrician someday, with a practice someplace warm. "I can't stand the cold," she says. "I can't see myself dressed like an Eskimo walking down the streets of New York, and I'd miss going to the beach and playing football."

Just don't ask Miss November to go into the water—there are too many sharks. "The news will show a helicopter flying over with 200 sharks in the water and people just swimming and playing around them. I think, Are you guys dumb? I'd much rather lay out and have a few tropical drinks. I want to enjoy my life and be happy instead of sweating something for no reason. You're going to look back and laugh, so why even worry about it?"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA
CENTERFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

There isn't much elbow room at the Thanksgiving table when your family is as big as Raquel's. Being a culinary school graduate, Raquel is skilled at making mouths water. Her specialty? "Italian," she says. "The way to a man's heart is definitely through his stomach."

See more of Miss November at cyber.playboy.com.

MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Raquel Gibson

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Raquel Gibson

BUST: 34C WAIST: 23 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: June 14, 1985 BIRTHPLACE: Clearwater, FL

AMBITIONS: Either to be on a sitcom or continue studying to be a pediatrician.

TURN-ONS: Men who are knowledgeable. They also have to love their mother.

TURNOFFS: I hate cigarette smoke, laziness and men who act flashy just for attention.

TYPICAL DAY: I am a nerd. I spend half the day on the computer e-mailing.

FAVORITE ACTIVITY: Rollerblading.

WHAT I'D DO WITH MORE TIME: Figure out strategy for my golf game.

PERFECT DATE: Nothing crazy – just cuddling on a couch while watching a movie.

FAVORITE MOVIE: The Godfather.

Stylin' in grade school outfit.

Snorkeling with sea life.

My sister and I at the beach.

MISS NOVEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Raquel Gibson

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Two elderly men were talking about their sex lives. One told the other, "I had sex with a 30-year-old three times last night."

The friend said, "Wow. You must be using that Viagra."

"No," the man said. "I know a little secret: wheat bread. Eat lots of it and you can have sex for hours."

So the second man ran to the nearest supermarket and grabbed six loaves of wheat bread. At the checkout counter the cashier said, "That's a lot of bread. It will probably get hard before you're done eating it all."

"Well, I'll be damned," the man said. "Does everyone know about this but me?"

A married executive took a business trip to Palm Beach. The weather was so nice that he decided to stay an extra week. He e-mailed his best friend with the message "Hop on the next plane for a week of fun on me. Bring my wife and your mistress."

A few hours later his friend wrote back, "Your wife and I are arriving tomorrow at noon. How long have you known about us?"

A man walked into a car dealership and spotted the car of his dreams. He walked over to inspect it. As he bent over to feel the fine leather upholstery, he broke wind. Embarrassed, he looked around nervously to see if anyone was nearby. A salesman approached and said, "Good day, sir, how may I help you today?"

The man asked, "What's the price of this car?"

The salesman answered, "Frankly, sir, I'd rather not say."

He said, "Why not?"

The salesman said, "If you farted just touching it, you're going to shit when you hear the price."

How can you tell if you're a dyslexic schizophrenic?

You always think you are following somebody.

What does it mean when a redneck has beer dripping from both corners of his mouth?

The trailer is level.

A man and a woman were making out in the middle of a dark forest. After about 15 minutes the man stopped and said, "Damn, I wish I had a flashlight."

The woman said, "Me too. You've been eating grass for the past 10 minutes."

One morning a woman woke up and told her husband, "I dreamt they were auctioning off penises. The long ones went for $10 and the thick ones went for $20."

Her husband asked, "What did they do with ones like mine?"

She said, "They gave them away for free."

Her husband said, "I had a dream last night too. I dreamt they were auctioning off vaginas. The pretty ones went for $1,000, and the tight ones went for $2,000."

The wife asked, "And how much for the ones like mine?"

He replied, "That's where they held the auction."

BLONDE JOKE OF THE MONTH: A blonde went to see a doctor and complained, "I keep seeing spots before my eyes."

The physician scratched his head, "Have you seen an ophthalmologist?"

"No," she said, "just spots."

Two buddies were having a drink at a bar when the subject turned to sex and marriage. "Do you and your wife ever do it doggy style?" the first man asked.

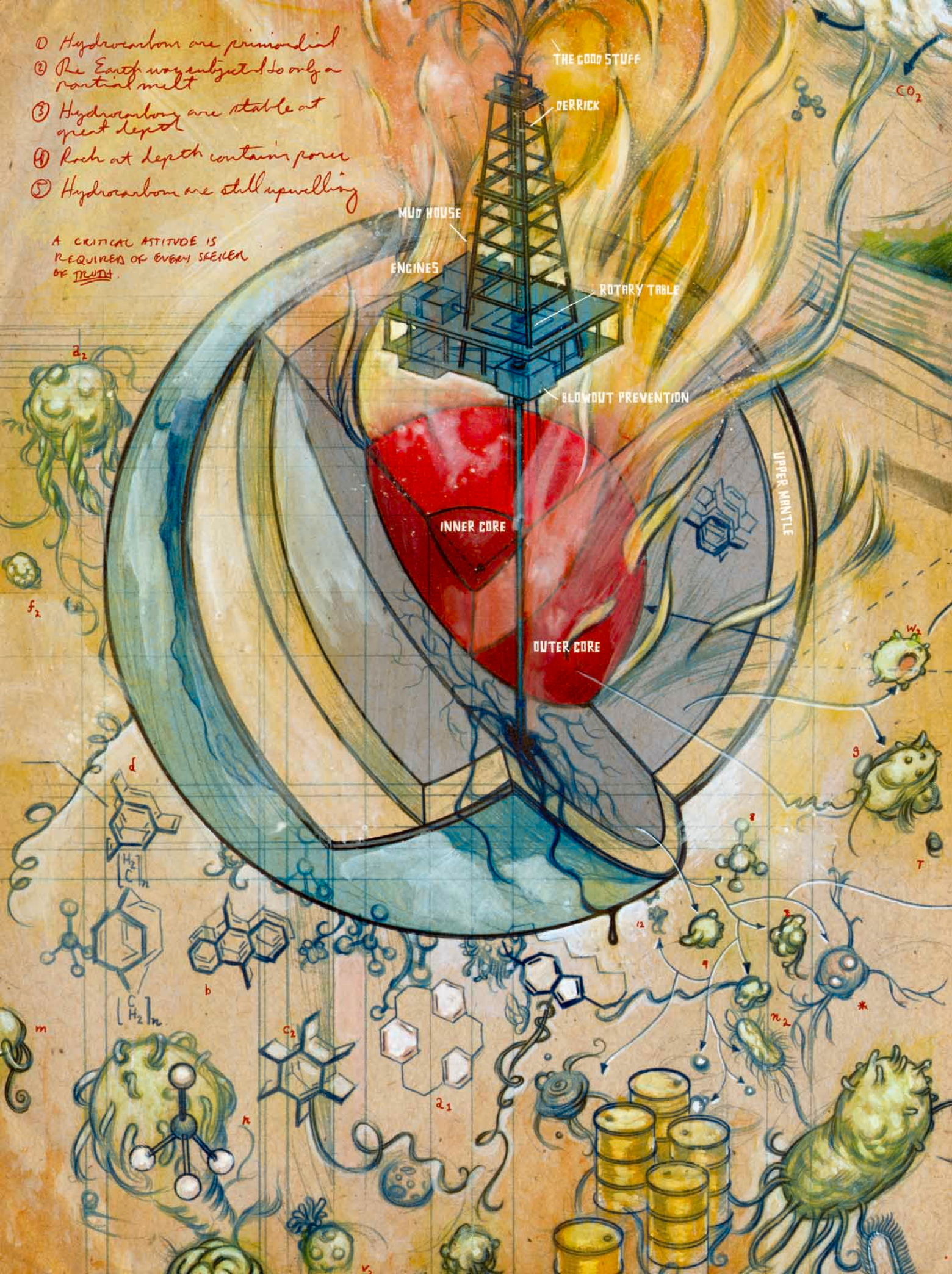
"Well, every once in a while," the second man replied. "But she's more into the trick dog thing."

"Oh, I see," the first man said. "Kinky stuff, eh?"

"Well, not exactly," the second replied. "I sit up and beg, and she rolls over and plays dead."

Send your jokes to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, or by e-mail through our website at jokes.playboy.com.* PLAYBOY *will pay $100 to the contributors whose submissions are selected.*

"Care for some white meat?"


① Hydrocarbons are primordial
② The Earth was subjected to only a partial melt
③ Hydrocarbons are stable at great depth
④ Rock at depth contains pores
⑤ Hydrocarbons are still upwelling
A CRITICAL ATTITUDE IS REQUIRED OF EVERY SEEKER OF TRUTH.
THE GOOD STUFF
DERRICK
MUD HOUSE
ENGINES
ROTARY TABLE
BLOWOUT PREVENTION
UPPER MANTLE
INNER CORE
OUTER CORE
CO_2

The strange Heresies of Thomas Gold

If the maverick astronomer's theories about oil are right, we'll be able to drive for a long time

by sonia shah

Sometime next year, from off the coast of Japan, we should find out if he is right. Working onboard the *Chikyu*, a 210-meter ship equipped with a huge drilling platform, a team of geologists, engineers and oceanographers led by Japan's Center for Deep Earth Exploration hopes to drill the world's deepest hole. The 8.5-inch aperture will penetrate seven kilometers under the earth's crust to pierce its mantle and solve some of our most profound mysteries. For the first time, human eyes may see the molten rock that makes up 84 percent of Earth's volume. According to astronomer Thomas Gold, they may tap into the source of the planet's energy and the cradle of life itself.

If correct, Gold's theory will change the way we think about everything from energy to our role in the universe. Corporate and state power contingent on the vagaries of the oil market could disintegrate. Environmental policies would have to adjust to a new paradigm. Even cultural values premised on the uniqueness of life would have to be made anew. For decades Gold's theory has enraged the scientific establishment. "Every fact is against him," says an Amoco geochemist. "Completely absurd," adds a Colorado School of Mines geologist. "A waste of time," says another, "on about the same level as saying sugarplum fairies will cure cancer."

Thomas Gold typically generates these sorts of responses. An iconoclast astronomer educated at Cambridge University, Gold spent his career challenging conventional wisdom with ideas on everything from the nature of the universe to the workings of the inner ear. Controversy has been common with Gold, but the response was never more explosive than it was to his theory about the secrets of the mantle. He put forth his most heretical theory after he retired from Cornell University, in 1987. His critics contended he had aged into a wild crank; an unrepentant Gold defended his theory until he died last year, at the age of 84, in Ithaca, New York. Will the world's deepest hole be Gold's final redemption, or will it sound the death knell for his long-challenged theory?

illustration by James Jean

Thomas Gold, in 1986, at the Cornell Center for Radiophysics.

Gold's idea was at first simple. Scientists have envisioned the earth as a sterile chunk of molten rock with a surface civilized by a film of life that processed elements into complex molecules. Over time some of these products of living chemistry were rescrambled into molecules such as methane and octane and other hydrocarbons otherwise known as petroleum, which all rest within the first few kilometers of the earth's eggshell-like crust.

Along with astrophysicist Steven Soter, Gold proposed a modified scenario in 1980. After hydrocarbons—in particular methane, the main component of natural gas—had been found on Jupiter and the moons of Saturn, Gold and Soter hypothesized that the earth, too, might have been endowed with methane and other hydrocarbons long before life came around. Primordial abiotic hydrocarbons—i.e., molecules not created biologically—might bubble up to mingle with biologically generated hydrocarbons. If so, their serpentine movements through cracks and fissures in the crust would explain their mysterious presence at the bottom of certain lakes and steaming out of hydrothermal vents.

It was, they admitted, a relatively simple hypothesis. It would "doubtless turn out to be in places oversimplified and overstated," but they hoped it would at least spur research. They added a few throwaway lines—a half dozen in a five-page article—about the possibility of abiotic hydrocarbons furnishing a source of energy. It was interesting to ponder but not a practical concern. Nobody had ever drilled deeply into the crust, let alone the mantle underneath it. Why bother? The best oil fields in the world offer oil and gas from holes that are just three kilometers deep. Even a hole twice that depth would cost upwards of $4 million to drill.

The implications of Gold's theory are profound. According to the Department of Energy, the planet's natural-gas supply is fixed somewhere around a half trillion barrels of oil. If Gold is right, such estimates are off by several orders of magnitude. Instead "there would be an inexhaustible supply," says industry geologist Barry Katz. What that may mean for a civilization whose progress is defined by finite energy resources boggles the mind. "It's the golden fleece," says Katz.

It wasn't long before libertarian economists and conspiracy theorists latched onto Gold's hypothesis. "The world is running into oil, not out of it," claimed energy economist Peter Odell, who went on to say that the OPEC-induced energy crisis of the 1970s was driven by market forces. He felt there was no need to fear, because by 2060 "abiogenic oil will, if need be, enter the market."

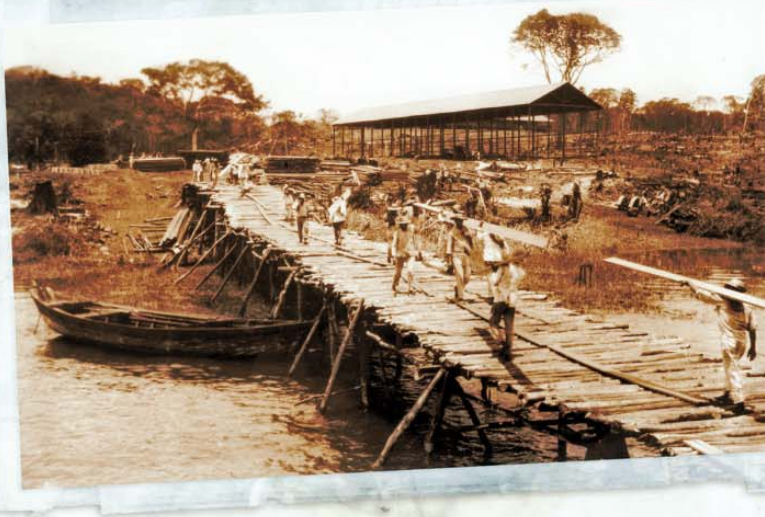
Gold wasn't particularly interested in the economic implications of his theory. "It was pretty clear that exploitable deposits are very different from an abundance of inaccessible material," says Gold's colleague astrophysicist Edwin Salpeter. "Gold usually stressed the scientific implications more than the economic ones," adds Soter. Then again, Gold had a tendency to exaggerate for effect.

From the beginning of his career, Gold was the sort of genius who irritated other scientists. Over and over he invaded new fields and challenged basic principles, offering little more than incisive logic and qualitative evidence done in broad strokes. Born in Vienna in 1920, Gold fit the part of the maverick. A few years after qualifying to ski professionally in Switzerland, he went to Cambridge, where (CONTINUED ON PAGE 150)

just when you think it's safe to get back in your car...

the end of rubber

About 500 miles from the mouth of the Amazon stands what may be the world's largest failed agricultural project. In the 1920s Henry Ford feared that the British and Dutch, who controlled the rubber market, would refuse to sell the U.S. enough rubber to make tires. Ford bought 2.5 million acres of land in Brazil, planted millions of rubber trees and built two large villages for the workers he imported to tend them. The project collapsed within 15 years. But Ford was right: The world was dependent on natural rubber—and this is just as true today. Natural rubber comes from the sap of *Hevea brasiliensis,* which, as its name suggests, is native to Brazil. But almost 90 percent of today's supply comes from Malaysia, Indonesia and Thailand. Malaysia alone is responsible for 40 percent of the world's production. During World War II only the timely invention of synthetic rubber allowed the U.S. to equip its military, but that didn't end the problem. In the 1960s tire companies introduced the radial, which performed better than the then-universal bias-ply tire. Synthetic rubber, however, can't match the performance of the stuff from trees. Radial tires experience higher pressures and temperatures—so high that tire makers were forced to go back to natural rubber. Today the average car tire is about 14 percent natural rubber. Airplane tires, which face extraordinary demands, are almost 100 percent natural. World rubber use went from 5 million tons in 1988 to 8.3 million tons in 2004, and the price of natural rubber has almost doubled since 2000. If the supply were interrupted, we all would learn how important rubber is. You can't drive a car very far without tires. Brazil is home to South American leaf blight, a rubber-tree disease with no known cure. When blight attacked Fordlândia, it swept through the plantation like a scythe. So far, blight has not appeared in Asia, but in an age of jet travel it would seem to be only a matter of time. Customs officials in rubber-producing countries supposedly give extra scrutiny to passengers coming from blight countries. But the blight will someday slip through. Are we prepared? According to Ismail Hashim, a scientist at the International Rubber Research and Development Board, the group researched blight for decades; now, however, "this research has been terminated." *—Charles C. Mann*



FORD'S PLAN FAILED: MOST RUBBER NOW COMES FROM ASIA.

"What did you do with that charming photo of your wife you always have on your desk?"

HIGH FASHION

FASHION BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS

WITH NEW COATS, KEEPING WARM NEVER LOOKED SO COOL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANTOINE VERGLAS
PRODUCED BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES

THIS PAGE: AT LEFT, HIS COAT ($1,000), SWEATER ($325) AND TROUSERS ($450) ARE ALL BY ALESSANDRO DELL'ACQUA. HIS BOOTS ARE BY DOLCE & GABBANA ($625). THE MAN IN THE MIDDLE IS IN A SWEATER ($370) AND PANTS ($360) BY ICEBERG. HIS JACKET IS BY BELSTAFF ($1,420); HIS BOOTS ARE BY JUSTIN ($300). SHE'S IN A TOP BY LINDA LOUDERMILK ($695), SKIRT BY DSQUARED ($435) AND BOOTS BY JUST CAVALLI ($830).

OPPOSITE: AT LEFT, HE'S IN A COAT BY DOLCE & GABBANA ($1,750), VEST BY PAUL SMITH PS ($1,940), SHIRT BY JEEP ($31), PANTS BY ICEBERG ($358) AND BOOTS BY JUSTIN ($300). AT RIGHT, HIS TURTLENECK ($315), T-SHIRT ($155), VEST ($1,400), TROUSERS ($490) AND BOOTS ($685) ARE ALL BY DIOR HOMME BY HEDI SLIMANE. HIS COAT ($4,700) AND BRAIDED-LEATHER ROPE BELTS ($250 EACH) ARE BY BOTTEGA VENETA.

BY MAKING USE OF TECH-FABRIC LININGS AND MIXING NATURAL AND SYNTHETIC FIBERS, NEW COATS HAVE SHED MUCH OF THE WEIGHT ASSOCIATED WITH TRADITIONAL OUTERWEAR. THIS PAGE: THE COAT WITH DETACHABLE COLLAR ($2,125), PINSTRIPED JACKET ($1,460) AND PANTS ($690), AND SHIRT WITH EMBROIDERED BACK ($1,195) ARE ALL BY **DSQUARED.** THE BELT IS BY **TORINO** ($75). OPPOSITE: AT LEFT, **ICEBERG** MAKES BOTH HIS COAT WITH PLAID ZIP-IN INTERIOR ($1,010) AND HIS TROUSERS ($360), WHICH FEATURE LEATHER TRIM. HIS SHIRT IS BY **DOLCE & GABBANA** ($250), HIS SWEATER BY **DSQUARED** ($385). THE POINTED-TOE BOOTS ARE BY **VERSACE** ($325). HER JACKET IS BY **ALESSANDRO DELL'ACQUA** ($2,200). SHE'S ALSO WEARING A SKIRT BY **DSQUARED** ($435) AND BOOTS BY **JUST CAVALLI** ($830). AT RIGHT, HE'S IN A HOODED COAT ($1,250), TROUSERS ($410) AND SWEATER ($365), ALL BY **CLOAK.** HIS SHIRT IS BY **DSQUARED** ($360), AND HIS BOOTS ARE BY **STEVE MADDEN** ($110).

ALL THE JARGONY DETAILS DESIGNERS PUT INTO THESE COATS—EPAULETS, TRIMMINGS, COLORFUL LININGS—BOIL DOWN TO ONE IMPORTANT THING FOR YOU: THE CHANCE TO SHOW YOUR INDIVIDUALITY. THE OLD BEIGE TRENCH AND THE UBIQUITOUS PUFFY SKI JACKET JUST CAN'T COMPETE WITH THAT. OPPOSITE: AT FAR LEFT, HE'S IN A CANVAS TRENCH COAT WITH REMOVABLE LINING ($3,775) AND TROUSERS ($450) BY **ALESSANDRO DELL'ACQUA** AND A BELT BY **DEAN** ($95). HIS SHIRT IS BY **GF FERRE** ($350). IN THE MIDDLE, **RICHMOND X** MAKES HIS PEACOAT ($940) AND BRUSHED-COTTON PANTS ($700) FEATURING A POCKET CHAIN. HIS SWEATER, WITH HOOK CLOSURE, IS BY **MICHAEL KORS** ($695), AND HIS OXFORDS ARE BY **STEVE MADDEN** ($95). AT RIGHT, **MICHAEL KORS** MAKES HIS COTTON TWILL COAT ($995) AND TROUSERS ($195), WHILE THE SWEATER WITH EMBROIDERED EMBLEM ON THE CHEST IS BY **ICEBERG** ($370). THIS PAGE: HER JACKET IS BY **ICEBERG** ($1,300). THE STUDDED DRESS IS BY **DSQUARED** ($1,740).

IN THE OFFICE, ON A DATE OR OUT AT THE RANCH, A LITTLE ATTITUDE IS GOOD ANYWHERE YOU GO. OPPOSITE: THE COAT AT FAR LEFT IS BY **GF FERRE** ($1,200). HIS VELVET BLAZER ($1,560), SHIRT ($610) AND PANTS ($820) ARE ALL BY **BOTTEGA VENETA.** HIS BOOTS ARE BY **JOHN VARVATOS** ($498). IN THE MIDDLE, HE'S IN A COAT ($900) AND SHIRT ($300) BY **PAUL SMITH PS.** HIS PANTS ARE BY **PAUL SMITH LONDON** ($300) AND HIS VEST BY **PAUL SMITH** ($250). **PAUL SMITH ACCESSORIES** MAKES THE TIE ($135) AND POCKET SQUARE ($55), WHILE **PAUL SMITH SHOES** OFFERS HIS OXFORDS ($320). AT RIGHT, HE'S IN A COAT ($2,395), SUIT ($1,595), VEST ($345) AND TIE ($135), ALL BY **JOHN VARVATOS.** HIS SHOES ARE BY **MEZLAN** ($215). THIS PAGE: HIS TOPCOAT IS BY **JOHN RICHMOND** ($1,680). **RICHMOND X** MAKES HIS BLAZER WITH ZIP VEST ($1,420), TROUSERS ($790) AND NECKLACE ($275). HIS LOAFERS ARE BY **VERSACE** ($285). SHE'S IN A DRESS ($860) AND BOOTS ($830) BY **JUST CAVALLI.**

WOMEN'S STYLING BY MERIEM ORLET
WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 148.

"Meet Jessie...she does all my stunt work!"

CENTERFOLDS ON SEX

F.O.B.

HANDLE WITH CARE

WHAT A CATCH!

I like to think of myself as the kind of woman who is nice enough to take home to the parents but is nasty in bed. If the thought of cheating ever crosses my man's mind, I want him to think, Why would I ever choose a hamburger when I have filet mignon at home? After all, I could have sex five times a day. When I first have sex with a man, I'm reserved, but I've got tricks up my sleeve. I love dressing in black or red lingerie, especially a fishnet bodysuit. I also like to switch positions, bring out some sex toys and try role-playing. Sometimes I'm dominant, other times submissive. I just want my man to say, "Whoa!"

Andra Lynn

Every woman loves massages. I recommend using eucalyptus oil. My man rubs my back every night before bed. He tries to work out all the knots in my muscles. He also stops every once in a while to kiss my body. When he massages my neck, I lie between his legs. He lifts my head and starts working his magic. After a massage we often take a bath together. Sometimes we have sex in the tub, too.

DOWN LINEMAN

BARRET ROBBINS HAD IT ALL: A SEVEN-FIGURE SALARY, A DEVOTED FAMILY AND A HARD-HITTING NFL CAREER. THEN HE LOST HIS MIND

BY PAT JORDAN

The night of January 15, 2005 was a typical Saturday at the Playwright Irish Pub on the corner of Washington Avenue and 13th Street in the South Beach section of Miami Beach. The bar was filled with rowdy Anglo-Irish rugby fans cheering on their favorite teams, whose games were being beamed via satellite to the bar's many televisions. The pub's owner, Eamon Guilfoyle, 31, a native of Kilkenny, Ireland, wandered through the bar glad-handing his compatriots, chatting in the Irish brogue he hadn't lost even after 11 years in the States. The bartenders were pouring pints of Guinness and shots of Jameson, and the waitresses were hustling orders of corned beef and cabbage to chef Adriano Visentin, a slightly built 27-year-old Italian, in the kitchen. The bar was so raucous that Visentin almost didn't hear the rear fire-exit door open at 8:23 P.M. Ordinarily that door would be locked from the outside, but on this busy night it was unlocked so the pub's busboys could throw out garbage in the alley trash bins. But Visentin *did* hear the door open, so he went to have a look. What he saw was frightening.

The man was monstrous—six-foot-three, 380 pounds. He wore a black T-shirt over his huge gut and baggy camouflage shorts. He was barefoot, and his thick biceps, forearms and massive legs were covered with tattoos. Even his neck was abnormally thick, wider than his small head. He had long, wild, sand-colored hair, a scraggly beard, an earring and small, blue-gray, unblinking eyes.

At first Visentin thought the intruder might have been a rugby fan who had ventured through the wrong door. But those fans were always animated and rowdy. This man's face was without emotion, without life, even, except for his crazed eyes. His demeanor was so scary that Visentin was afraid to approach him. The chef said to him, "You can't stay here." The man held up a cigarette and asked for a light. Visentin again told him to leave. The man made a move to enter the kitchen, but Visentin tried to stop him. For some reason, the huge man didn't barge past Visentin, who is barely five-foot-eight. Instead he went up the fire-exit stairway to the second-floor mezzanine and the pub's office.

Visentin hurried to the bar to get Guilfoyle, who at six-foot-one and 175 pounds is considerably taller than the chef. The pair rushed upstairs, where they found the intruder slamming his shoulder into the locked office door. "He was trying to break into my office," Guilfoyle says. "I told him to leave, and for some reason he did. He went up the fire-exit stairs. I went into my office and called the police."

While Guilfoyle dialed, the man climbed the concrete stairway to the flat roof of the two-story building. He stepped through the fire-exit door onto the roof on a warm south Florida night. The blue-gray sky was dotted with stars, and a faint breeze blew in from the ocean three blocks east. To his left was a door. He went through it, down another narrow concrete stairway to the ground floor and back outside to the alley where he had started. Before the door behind him shut and locked, he saw two plainclothes Miami Beach detectives, Michael Muley and Mark Schoenfeld, coming toward him. He turned, caught the door before it closed and hurried back up the stairway. The two detectives caught the door too and hurried after him. A uniformed officer, Colin Pfrogner, entered the building from the front and was coming up another stairway.

When the intruder reached the second floor, he went through an open door into a blue-carpeted hallway. He heard the detectives coming up behind him and the other officer approaching from the front, so he ducked into the ladies' room. When the three officers reached the hallway, no one was in sight. It was 8:28 P.M. Pfrogner went into the men's room to clear it, and

Schoenfeld and Muley went into the ladies' room. It was tiny, barely big enough for the two officers, neither of whom weighed more than 180 pounds. They searched the first of three bathroom stalls, then the second, then the third. The man was sitting on the third toilet, his head in his hands. The officers identified themselves and ordered the man out of the bathroom. He complied wordlessly, almost robotically. He was so huge they couldn't flank him as he moved through the bathroom into the hallway.

At the same moment, Pfrogner came out of the men's room. He ordered the man to put his hands on the wall so he could be searched for a weapon. When the man saw Pfrogner's uniform, he charged him like a football lineman, driving Pfrogner back against a wall. The man began to beat Pfrogner with his fists, laughing as he did so, until the officer fell to the floor.

"You add liquor and steroids to the mix, it's like pouring gasoline on a fire. A bipolar personality may think he's Superman and a cop's bullets can't penetrate him."

Robbins arrested: Former offensive lineman Barret Robbins, awaiting trial on attempted murder charges, was arrested on a marijuana possession charge in San Antonio, police said Sunday.

The former Pro Bowler with the Raiders was detained Saturday night after a bike patrol officer noticed the smell of marijuana coming from Robbins' car, Officer Joe Rios said. "We had probable cause, and the officer saw a marijuana pipe in plain view on the center console," Rios said. "He gave no resistance and was very passive, but officers were aware of his violent past."

USA TODAY

Robbins: Faces marijuana charges in Texas.

In January, Robbins was shot twice in the chest after allegedly fighting with Miami police, who were responding to a burglary call. Robbins, found hiding in a women's restroom, was accused of beating one police officer to the floor, slamming another into a wall and ramming a third officer's head into a wall. He has pleaded innocent to three counts of attempted felony murder and other charges.

Robbins, who has bipolar disorder, was released from a Florida hospital in April after posting a $51,000 bond. The arrangement sending him to a Houston hospital near his father's house for physical rehabilitation and bipolar treatment was approved by a judge.

Above left: Barret Robbins at Texas Christian University. Middle: Helpless Raiders quarterback Rich Gannon getting crushed during Super Bowl XXXVII; Robbins suffered a nervous breakdown before the game. Right: a newspaper clip of Robbins's latest arrest, back in August. As of press time he's still facing attempted murder charges in Miami.

The two detectives jumped on the man, kicking and punching him while shouting at him to stop resisting. Their blows glanced off the huge intruder like flies off an elephant. The man picked up Schoenfeld in both hands like a rag doll and slammed him into a wall, then into another one. Schoenfeld slipped to the floor, semiconscious.

By this time Pfrogner was standing again and reaching for his gun. The man slapped it out of his hand. Behind him Muley was screaming at him to stop resisting. When he didn't, Muley pulled out his gun, a .40 caliber semiautomatic P226 SIG Sauer. He threatened to shoot if the man didn't comply. The man grabbed Muley's face in one hand and shoved his head into a wall. Laughing like a man possessed, he then grabbed Muley's forearms in an attempt to get his gun. Muley fired five shots. One hit a door, two hit a wall, one entered the man's chest at his heart, and the other penetrated his lung. The man dropped to his knees, then uttered his first words since he'd entered the Playwright pub. He said, "Fuck you!" and sat on the floor like a bad child.

"I heard three loud bangs," says Ernie Ewert, a local businessman who was in the building at the time. "They didn't sound like the gunshots in the movies, but they were very loud. Then I heard a shout, 'Man down!'" The paramedics arrived and tended to the semiconscious Schoenfeld and the wounded man, who was still scuffling even as they began to address his injuries. Finally, as Ewert puts it, "they must have gotten him sedated."

The following morning the Miami Beach Police Department identified the assailant. A spokesman said that if the officers had known who he was, they might have called a crisis prevention team. But they didn't have time. A few days later Barret G. Robbins, then 31, of Englewood, Colorado was charged with three felony counts of attempted murder. His lawyer, Edward O'Donnell, immediately disputed the charges, saying, "It looks like blatant insanity to me." O'Donnell could only guess at what had motivated his client to attack three officers, since Robbins was still unconscious in intensive care at Jackson Memorial Medical Center's Ryder Trauma Center, where a corrections officer was guarding his door. The only thing anyone who had known Robbins during the past 31 years knew for certain was that the incident was sad and, more important, predictable.

Barret Robbins had been an all–Southwest Conference football player at Texas Christian University and, in 1995, a second-round draft choice for the then Los Angeles, now Oakland Raiders of the NFL. Robbins was the Raiders' starting center for seven of eight years; he was a Pro Bowl selection in 2002, and both Bill Parcells and John Madden, two of the greatest NFL coaches, called him the best offensive center in football. In January 2003, when he reached the peak of his career, Robbins was beloved by his coaches and teammates ("He was terrific, a real good guy, fun-loving," says Bruce Allen, a former senior assistant coach with the Raiders); well paid (he was making more than $3 million a year by 2003); the husband of a beautiful, loving wife, Marisa; and the father of two sweet daughters. He was about to play in the biggest game of his life, Super Bowl XXXVII, between Oakland and the Tampa Bay Buccaneers. His coaches and teammates credited him with getting the Raiders to that game. Bill Callahan, Oakland's head coach at the time, said, "He's our air traffic controller. He lands the plane and makes the right calls." *(continued on page 144)*

"The cards haven't been dealt yet and Cindy-Lou from Oklahoma already has a natural pair showing."

GIRLS NEXT DOOR

Borrow some sugar from Kendra, Bridget and Holly

BY STEVE POND

Since August, a new reality show has been running on E! called *The Girls Next Door.* It's about a distinguished gentleman who lives in a Holmby Hills mansion, wears pajamas all day, has three stunning girlfriends who never get jealous of one another and runs a media empire when he's not partying. Jaded reality viewers can be forgiven for figuring it's a setup—that either we're dealing with a typical bit of reality-show hyperbole or the whole season is leading up to the surprise twist when we learn it's all fake.

Except that we know the guy. You know him too: Hugh M. Hefner—Hef to me and you and everybody else—Editor-in-Chief of PLAYBOY and master of the Playboy Mansion. And when it comes to *The Girls Next Door,* Hef's got a lesson to teach us: One man's fantasy is another man's reality—or, in this case, another man's reality TV.

"Most reality shows aren't very much related to reality, and they're about people who don't have much of a life," says Hef. "But I know there is this ongoing fascination with the Playboy Mansion and with my life. And this show is really the world of Playboy and the Mansion, with the focus on Holly, Bridget and Kendra. It's kind of like *Alice in Wonderland* or *The Wizard of Oz,* and I'm the guy behind the curtain."

In front of the curtain, meanwhile, are the three gorgeous young women you see pictured on these pages: Holly Madison, Bridget Marquardt and Kendra Wilkinson, Hef's girlfriends and our tour guides through a world in which fantasy becomes reality.

Holly was born in Oregon, grew up in Alaska and then moved back to Oregon for high school. She studied theater and psychology in Portland, then headed to Los Angeles to get into the entertainment industry. A friend of Hef's spotted her in a Hawaiian Tropic contest and invited her to the Mansion. Soon she was a regular guest. Still, it was a year before she really spoke to Hef. "He was intimidating, and there were so many other girls around," she says, laughing. "But I knew we had a lot in common from what I'd read about him. Once we started talking, he asked me out, and two days after we went out, I moved in."

That was four years ago, and Holly and Hef have been together ever since. She's the *(text concluded on page 157)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

See more of these girls at cyber.playboy.com.

HARRY *(continued from page 88)*

She'd just won her third Smuttie for her role as the conflicted Nazi nurse in Schindler's Lust.

"I hate doing those lame compilations. They have you sit in a room with the other girls, and you have to say, 'That reminds me of my cousin Angel,' and then they cut to something they shot five years ago. And they shoot you while they're setting up for the sex scenes so they get you in, like, five movies and pay for one. I so, so, so have to get Kenny to change my contract next year." She started filing the films back on the shelf, taking care that they remain alphabetical.

Harry was almost bouncing in place. She was great. This was great. He thought about showing her something from *An Officer and a Well-Hung Man,* just so she could see how much better it was than anything else today. He hoped it wouldn't be an insult. He imagined sitting with her, remote in hand, telling her what to look for, and he remembered the flash of her bra, and then, unexpectedly, as if surprised by a traffic light, he was brought up short. He hadn't watched a movie with anyone since his divorce.

That Christmas he'd gone alone to a Chinese restaurant and read the want ads at the table, thinking about the dogs. He kept looking across the restaurant, and as he was leaving, he touched the dark yellow roses he'd seen in a vase by the cash register. They were made of silk. And yet the vase had water in it.

As the seconds passed in silence, Arlene still on the floor, beginning to draw lazy designs in the carpeting with her frosted, snub-nosed fingernails, he felt like apologizing. For what, he couldn't quite say.

By the far wall next to a vertical stack of unsorted new tapes was a sparse and wobbling four-foot Christmas tree that had been flocked but not decorated. Harry had bought the tree the night before. He'd wrapped a couple of empty boxes, addressing them to himself with his left hand, and put them under the tree.

Now he felt sad and confused, as if by talking about the things they had in common he and Arlene had pushed on opposite sides of an invisible wall.

"Harry?"

"Yeah?"

"You haven't opened your presents yet."

He looked at the empty boxes disguised in festive wrapping. A yearning began to well up in him. He had a pang as real as a sore throat, a longing to admit something to her, something that any two humans alone together on Christmas Day would always remember. He thrust his arms out, meaning to include the tree, the presents, the whole apartment. He said, in the tone he thought a reasonable man would use, "You know, Christmas just doesn't mean that much to me."

•

In August, Harry had received a flier from Stroke Productions. Glossy, four-color, with a photo of Laurie Partridge standing on a stepladder, reaching high to put a crystal angel atop a Christmas tree already ecstatic with lights and ornaments and tinsel. She was wearing a Santa hat and a Santa suit cut to a kind of high and low oblivion. A pair of elves were placed just so, necks craned so you knew the kind of view they were getting. Her expression was delight frosted with innocence, as if she were saying, "I don't know why the elves are making me climb this ladder, but if they're happy, I'm happy." It was a look that a lot of people wanted to see.

The flier said, "This Christmas, let Laurie Partridge trim your tree—and rock your world!" There was a contest open to the owners of all independent video stores. The winner got to spend Christmas with her. All you had to do was explain in 50 words or less why you wanted to meet her.

Harry wasn't so sure he should enter. He wasn't sure he could explain what the point of meeting her was, and he was positive he would lose the contest anyway. He was accustomed to bad luck or, more accurately, no luck. He was doomed already to lope around with rounded shoulders, a belly he had done nothing to earn, mild halitosis and unimpressive hazel eyes trapped behind glasses as thick and scratched as a postal clerk's window.

But he was nice. Honestly, legitimately nice. To his surprise, on his 35th birthday he had married a really nice woman. They even got along, briefly. He had no problem admitting when he was wrong. But if challenged, he didn't mind admitting he was wrong even when he was right. Which turned out to be a problem.

Now, he was still convinced that his beliefs, his wants, his opinions amounted to a house of cards that anyone could knock over. Except when it came to hard-core pornography.

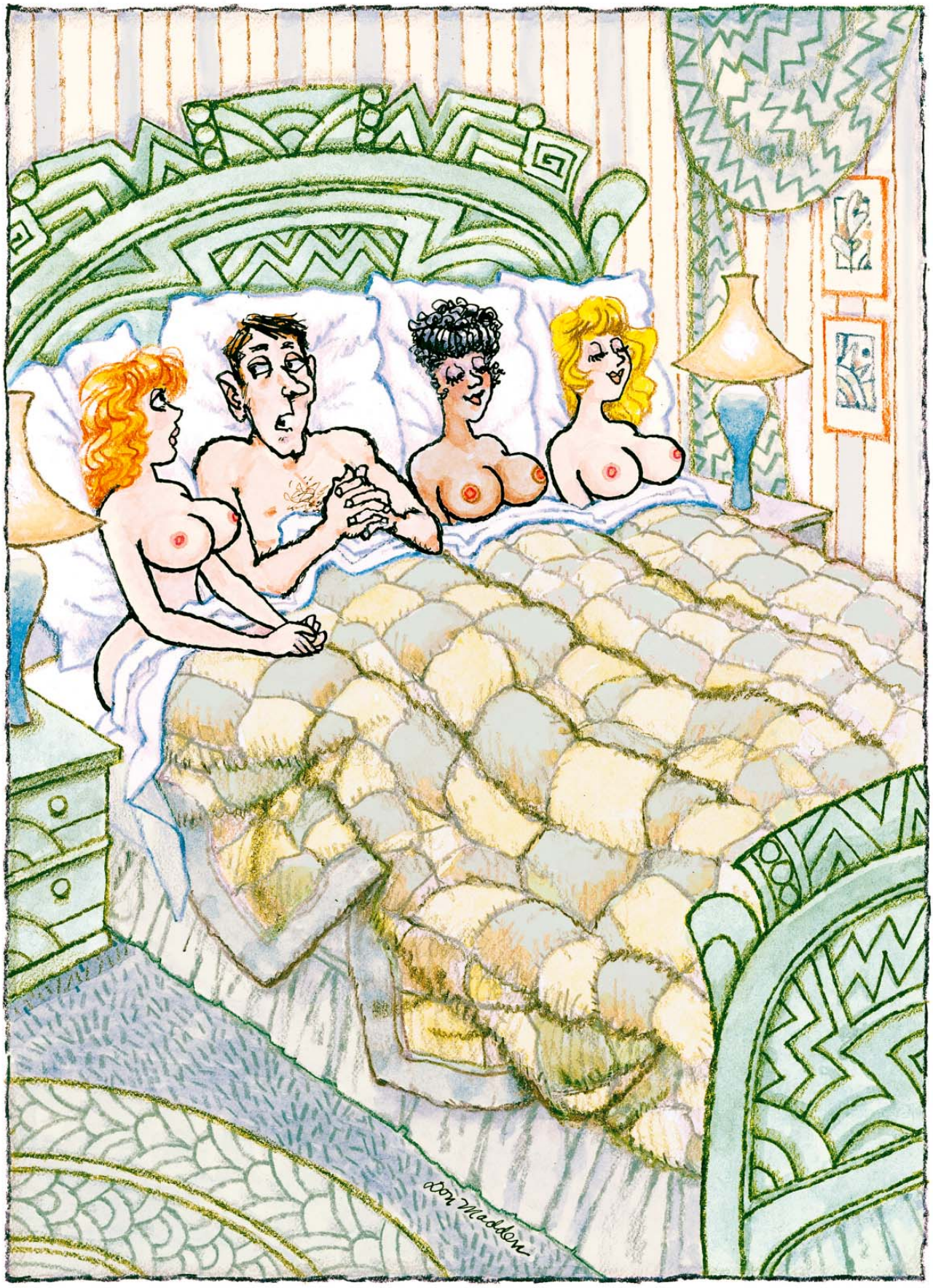
Harry knew the names of actors and all their pseudonyms and with whom they would and wouldn't work, what sex acts they performed in their own lives, what they had done for the first time on-set. He joined the girls' websites and expressed his opinions in guest books. ("No one, and I mean no one, ever surpassed Ravenna's cream-pie scenes.") He had a reputation, he thought, as someone who told it like it was but had a great deal of patience for people who knew no better. ("No, that was a sandwich scene, not a double penetration.")

He bid on eBay, winning oddities: cheerleader tapes shot in suburban backyards; hostage dramas staged, they said, in South America; husbands filming their wives seducing men at truck stops; debutantes French-inhaling cigarette smoke and rubbing their tired feet after the cotillion. He knew the difference between Japanese and Hong Kong pornography ("Japanese sapphofests are very rare and have mosaic censoring, which renders them disappointing. However, there are frequently excellent kissing scenes."), between Swedish and German, and the relentless quest for pornography shot in the Lesser Sunda chain of the Indonesian archipelago. He wasn't afraid of researching gay porn, and good for him: Films such as *Binding Nemo* and *The Little Spermaid* turned a strong profit.

He wrote up index cards suggesting tapes to rent or avoid, and he posted them in his store's porn section, which was behind saloon-style doors, separated like an outlaw from the rest of the stock. Twenty-five percent of his gross came from there, in part because of his suggestions. Protecting his customers, his critical eye was like a brotherly wink, a lighthouse beacon for those otherwise lost at sea.

He began to recognize repeat customers in the neighborhood, buying roast chickens or walking their dogs or picking up their kids after school. He felt a secret continuity between himself and the rest of the world. Though they would never speak of it, teachers, clerks, underwriters, doctors, even an alderman, they all came to Harry's store to rent porn and then watched it at home, in the dark. So did Harry.

In every performance it was obvious: Laurie Partridge was also a nice person. She'd just won her third Smuttie for best actress in a dramatic role for her part as the conflicted Nazi nurse in *Schindler's Lust*. Harry thought she deserved it. When she was trying to convince the commandant to let the Jews go and words failed her and she said she would use the only weapon she had left, Harry was stunned by the



"There's something you need to know about me, Dorothy. I'm a womanizer."

depth of feeling she put into the resulting eight-minute fellatio scene. He really believed she was doing it for the Jews.

He felt so much admiration for her, he had no idea how to explain it. He was lonely, and on many nights she had made him feel good. He felt tenderly toward her. Which he suspected was the wrong response to win the contest.

He watched a scene from her very first video, *Delta Sluts II: Sisters in Heat*. After the big invitational dance, the most popular girl in Sigma Epsilon Xi (veteran Polly Munchen) comforted Laurie, who played a shy girl who couldn't get a boy to dance with her. Polly slow-danced with Laurie to a sad ballad with quiet flute solos until, overcome, Polly kissed Laurie, who was shocked. "But I've never been with a woman before," she said.

Polly said, "Then, sister"—an affectionate thing to say, as Laurie was still a pledge—"I will have to teach you so much." For Harry the line was always ruined by the unmistakable fact that Polly had played college girls for two decades. But, as when other porn scenes let him down, he tried to empathize, to focus on the good intentions. Of course when he thought about it he knew the flute music was actually a loop from a Casio database, the acting was ridiculous, the scenario idiotic. Did lesbians really have fingernails like that? That kind of question ruined everything. Harry knew every film broke its covenant, the promised revelatory heat, that trip to the mountaintop nothing but a girl looking straight into the camera while receiving a facial, smiling and yowling and yet signaling only her delight at paying off her Porsche Boxster. There was a point when Harry began to feel foolish, tired and more lonely than when he'd started. It was a feeling he forgot until the next time he took a film home.

But then there was Laurie Partridge in *Delta Sluts II*. After the required opening elements (the cowgirl position, the rancho deluxe, the tribadism) Laurie writhed in the same ecstasy he'd seen a thousand actresses simulate equally well. Laurie started grabbing Polly's head and pushing it and, out of nowhere, Laurie was arching her back in a clearly unscripted orgasm. The scene had taken only four minutes; industry standard for the girl-girl was 10. They hadn't even used the dildo, and it was right there on the bed with them.

Laurie kissed Polly full on the mouth, a gesture both sweet and unprofessional, as the movement surprised the older woman and threw them briefly into shadow before the cut to cheerleading practice.

Harry watched this frame by frame—not the sex, just that last motion, Laurie sitting up, dazed and grateful. The packaging here was stripped away, and instead of seeing what they wanted him to see, Harry had seen the flushed, tender face of a girl who had just been lifted by a stranger's blessing into a lighter and friendlier world. He felt like he shared a secret with Laurie. It was the last scene he and his wife had ever watched together.

"Though I have seen Laurie Partridge on-screen many times," he wrote to the Stroke contest, "*Delta Sluts II* tells me that she calls her parents every Sunday afternoon. Who wouldn't want to spend Christmas with a girl like that?"

•

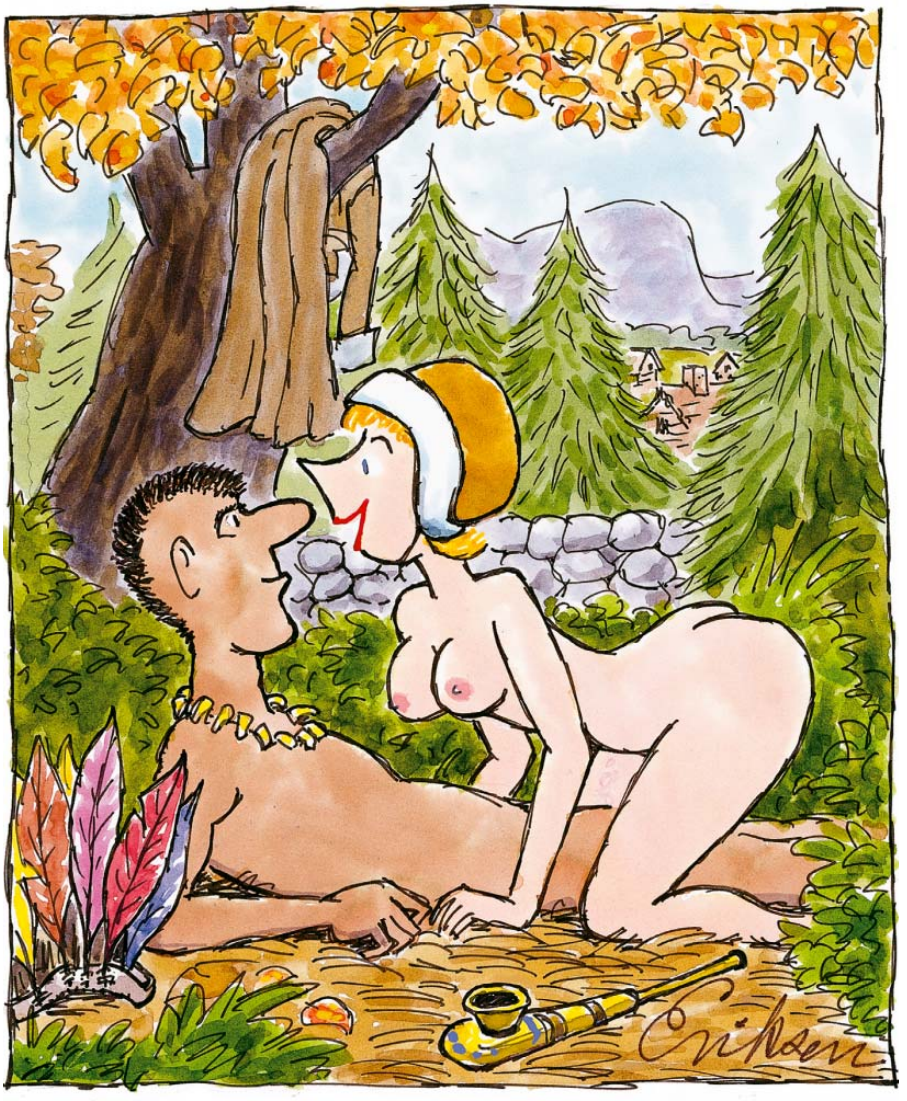
As Christmas approached, Harry had prepared his house with a mixture of casualness and grave import. Hopelessly, he knew the best part of him was the part that wrote the index cards for his customers. Maybe there was some way to help Laurie with her website or with solid opinions about her fan base. She, the actress, and he, the connoisseur, spending a quiet day together, two professionals sharing the respect. That was the best he could hope for, nothing more. They would never sit side by side on a porch in 40 years, rocking together—he had to be realistic. Also he cologned himself, washed it away and put on and took off his best underwear so many times he felt humiliated.

They were blue silk boxers, and they had crept up above his trousers in the back. He could feel them as he and Arlene sat on bar stools on either side of the kitchen table. She was still feeling sick and had decided to eat one of the deli sandwiches Harry had in the refrigerator.

"The snow stopped," she said.

He looked out the window. He nodded because it had indeed stopped.

Then the radiator pipes clanged. Arlene said, "When I was a kid I used to think there was a guy in the basement with a big hammer and he was banging on the pipes like that to make 'em



"Interesting how after we smoked the peace pipe one thing just led to another."

You really want to be ripped?

Tony Horton,
P90X Trainer
with P90X Graduate, Traci M.

90 Days. Guaranteed.

P90X IS THE IN-HOME EXTREME TRAINING SYSTEM FOR REAL BODY TRANSFORMATION IN JUST 90 DAYS.

Just take about an hour of your day. Put in a DVD or VHS tape of one of P90X's 12 workouts. Push play. And that's it. P90X will hit your body from every angle, featuring training techniques used by weight lifters, gymnasts, professional athletes, and martial artists. The program was designed by Tony Horton using the science of "muscle confusion" to completely transform your body in 90 days. There's even a 3-phase Nutrition Plan to help you shed the fat and build lean, hard muscle. Guaranteed. No machines. No gimmicks. No excuses. Try it for yourself, absolutely free!

A special FREE TRIAL offer for PLAYBOY readers!

JUST CALL 1 (800) 480-1700

OR GET IT ONLINE AT WWW.P90X.COM/PLAYBOY

P90X®
EXTREME HOME FITNESS™

THIS IS THE YEAR YOU MAKE IT HAPPEN

Results will vary and may be temporary, as exercise and proper diet are required to maintain long-term weight loss and muscle gain. The people featured may have used more than one Beachbody product or extended the program to achieve their results.

heat up." She took another sip of milk.

"Kids are funny." Harry drank eggnog. He'd bought too much food and alcohol, as if packing the refrigerator might ignite a party. "So," he said, "do you update your website yourself?"

"I don't really follow that. I love having such great fans who sign up for it and support me, but there's this kid over at the university. He does it."

Harry began to explain how she could select the best vidcaps, and while he did she checked her pager to see if the photographer had called back. She was supposed to give Harry a special certificate and T-shirt. But it was getting late. The light would be gone soon.

"I bet Kenny forgot to tell him," Arlene said. "I have my camera. We could do it ourselves." She wiped off her fingers with an antibacterial towelette from her purse and stalked around his apartment, camera in hand.

She opened the living room blinds so that the snowdrifts outside reflected the cold afternoon light. She told him to stand by his videotapes.

"First, let's take off your glasses. Throw back your shoulders like you're in the Army. Show off the T-shirt. We'll make your tummy go away—pretend you're bracing for a punch. No, like this. Cool." She put the camera on self-timer and ran in, holding Harry around the waist and putting her lips by his ear, one stiletto heel in the air. Then she remembered the mistletoe. "Do this quickly," she said. "My stomach hurts."

She dangled the mistletoe like it was a bunch of grapes and leaned toward him, lips puckering. Harry felt like he was at an amusement park and he'd been strapped in for a Tilt-A-Whirl. Her arm was surprisingly strong by his side, and there was her smell, some essential oil she wore. And the sense of her lips by his ear. He had never been held so perfectly. When the flash went off, Harry was beaming. She ran to the bathroom.

She was in there for a very long time. Harry lingered by the shelves, hoping they might take more photographs. As the dazzle in his eyes faded, he felt a faint but persuasive tide of courage in his veins. She had held him and posed him and seen how to make him look a little bit handsome.

When she returned, she carried a small box. It was wrapped in paper with angels on it. It was addressed "From Arlene to Harry Merry Christmas!"

"Oh! Thank you," Harry said, realizing in horror that he hadn't bought her anything.

"Open it if you want to."

It was a CD called *Autumn Leaves*. The front was a soft-focus photograph of Arlene in a blue-sequined cocktail dress. He stared at it, thrown from his earlier determination to be brave. He had bought her nothing. He was terrible.

"It's a demo," she explained. "See, it's my real name."

"Yeah! Great!"

"I've met some music-industry people, so, you know, when I get out of the business."

"Great." He pretended to examine the song list. Was there anything in the apartment he could wrap quickly and give to her? He had a couple of scarves, which, like his videos, were still in their original boxes.

"So do you want to listen to music or anything?"

"Sure," Harry replied. "What do you want to hear?"

"I don't know. What do you want to hear?"

"Well," he frowned, "we could play the radio. Some of the stations have pretty good music on Christmas."

Harry fiddled with the radio, finding a pop station. He began to realize that just automatically giving her a present in response wasn't quite right, so he didn't make excuses to go look for a scarf. They sat on the couch instead.

She looked at him once or twice as if on the verge of saying something, but she said nothing. When she put her head down on her arm and closed her eyes, he knew she wasn't sleeping. He didn't know what to do with himself. Could he just relax like she did? He reflected now that he spent a good part of his year writing reviews and helping save people who didn't know any better. It made him feel good. And now Arlene occasionally looked toward him with a wan, end-of-the-bus-ride expression. He wondered if somehow he was helping her now, just by being with her. Maybe this was the lesson of the day, then: This late afternoon, with its fading winter sky, was the kind of place for people who were fast friends, and this was how it was for people comfortable with the silence between them.

•

An hour later, Arlene took her temperature: 103 degrees. She was perspiring. Her stomachache had taken over; she couldn't take in deep breaths without groaning. After another call to Kenny went to his voice mail, Arlene asked if Harry wouldn't mind calling her a cab so she could go to the hospital.

He wouldn't do that, of course. He put on his parka, warmed up the car and drove her to the emergency room himself.

They waited for over an hour by the huge Douglas fir decorated with ornaments made by children in the burn ward.

"Maybe it's that stomach flu," Harry said.

"I wish I knew where Kenny is." She rocked back and forth in her seat. Arms folded over her lap, she hummed to the music coming from the overhead speakers, "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen." Then she said, "I really want Kenny to come." Then, "I'll make it up to you, Harry. Maybe on New Year's I'll come over. I could bring another couple girls and we'll drink champagne and watch—*ow*—TV and...." She rocked for a while.

"You don't have to...." Harry said. He didn't want other girls to come over, though the invitation was very sweet of her.

"You want to know something,

"Troubling news, chief. Someone's done an unauthorized biography of you, on the executive washroom wall."

2 FREE VIDEOS *plus* FREE 2-DAY Air Delivery!*

REV UP YOUR SEX LIFE!

Take your sexual skills to the next level in just one hour– thanks to the newest video series, ***Better Sex Erotic Pleasures.***

Each 60-minute video contains the latest, most complete information on sexual techniques and uncensored footage of couples illustrating each.

MAXIMIZE YOUR SEXUAL PLEASURE.

Special Offer!
FREE 2-Day Air Delivery!*

ULTIMATE AROUSAL.

Vol. 1, **Better Oral Sex Techniques** takes an in-depth look at the science behind this feel-good art. Real couples demonstrate techniques, (including deep throat, mutual oral sex and the butterfly flick), to ultimate arousal. Get answers to your questions and stimulate new ideas. Remember, practice makes perfect!

MAXIMUM INTENSITY.

Vol. 2, **The Big O: An Erotic Guide To Better Orgasms,** demonstrates the sensual power that is ignited when desire meets know-how. Leading sex expert shares facts about the Big O, how to trigger her most powerful orgasms, how to create multiple orgasms for both partners, and how to maximize your sexual pleasure.

UNCONTROLLABLE PLEASURE.

Vol. 3, **Toys for Better Sex,** shatters the myth that vibrators and dildos are just for solo sex. This A to Z guide includes stimulators for the clitoris, the penis, breasts, and for anal pleasure. Watch and learn how couples use them together to stimulate every erogenous zone.

2 FREE VIDEOS!

All orders will receive ***Advanced Oral Sex Techniques Part 2*** and ***Great Sex 7 Days A Week*** FREE! Discover even more ways to ignite intense sexual excitement.

- **Discover secrets to boost your sexual confidence**
- **Learn new, creative sexual positions**
- **Get tips & techniques to keep her coming back**

WARNING: The Better Sex Video Series is highly explicit and is intended for adults over the age of 18 only.

Better Sex EROTIC PLEASURES™ video series

FOR FAST SERVICE WITH CREDIT CARDS CALL: **1.800.955.0888** EXT.8PB155 24 HOURS

Order at BetterSex.com, click "AD QUICK ORDER" and enter ext: "8PB155"

or mail to: The Sinclair Intimacy Institute, ext. 8PB155, PO Box 8865, Chapel Hill, NC 27515

Plain Packaging Protects Your Privacy

Check Desired Format:	VHS/DVD		ITEM NO.		TOTAL
Advanced Oral Sex Techniques Part 2 (Free with Purchase)					FREE
Great Sex 7 Days A Week (Free with Purchase)			#2307		FREE
Vol. 1: Better Oral Sex Techniques			#1550	19.95	
Vol. 2: The Big O: An Erotic Guide to Better Orgasms			#1433	19.95	
Vol. 3: Toys for Better Sex			#2490	19.95	
Buy The 3-Volume Set and Save $20!			#2493	39.85	
			SPECIAL OFFER! 2-Day Air Delivery*		FREE
			P & H		6.00
			TOTAL		

☐ Bank Money Order ☐ Check ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ AMEX ☐ DISCOVER

Card# _____ Exp. date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

(I CERTIFY THAT I AM OVER AGE 18)

*$6 P&H required on all orders. 2-Day Air offer expires Nov. 30, 2005. Offer not valid on international orders, APO and FPO.

NC orders please add 7% sales tax. Canadian Orders add U.S. $7 shipping.
Sorry – no cash or C.O.D. 8PB155 ©S.I.I. 2005

Harry? I do call my parents every week."

"You do? That's what I said."

She bit down on a fingernail. Her rocking was more pronounced. "Stroke—*ow*—gave me 10 finalists to read, and I chose you because of that. I figured you'd be too nice to be whacked. It's like you knew a little secret about me. *Ow.*"

She looked at him, and the strain on her face eased. Her famous brown eyes almost twinkled, but no, that was a grimace. Still, Harry was entranced. "Well, speaking of secrets, funny you should say that——"

"*Ow!* Only, I don't call them Sundays. I call them Friday after temple."

Harry's eyebrows hinged up. "You're Jewish?"

"Not practicing, but my parents are."

Harry nodded. "So anyway, I just wanted to tell you one thing about a scene you did? With Polly Munchen?"

"Yeah?" Arlene gasped. "Is that the doctor?"

The doctor, a pale, black-haired woman in her late 40s, walked into view behind the nurse's station, then disappeared.

"Should I tell the nurse to get her?"

"I'm okay."

"So that scene, from *Delta Sluts*? I always thought it was real. You know?" He looked toward her, courteous and careful, to see if she understood. He felt like he had started out on a tightrope and would walk from now on without support. Arlene was rocking, and the sense of unburdening his soul made him—as if swaying with the slack of his imaginary tightrope—rock a little himself. "It's the moment right afterward when you sat up and kissed her. I felt that you were showing…well, showing a kind of, sort of side that——"

"I'm okay," she said again, and then she fainted.

•

She was in and out of consciousness while the orderlies moved her into a bed in the emergency room. Harry stood by the wall, sipping water from a paper cup while a nurse checked her vital signs. Harry couldn't answer any of the nurse's questions about medical history, which were personal and embarrassing.

When the doctor came in, the black-haired woman they'd seen across the room, Arlene was groggy but awake enough to smile.

"I'm Dr. Kilpatrick. Arlene, I have to ask you a few questions while I examine you. If you feel sick or if anything I do hurts, holler, okay?" She ran a stethoscope up and down Arlene's chest and stomach. She asked how long she'd been sick and if she'd been vomiting. "Any diarrhea?"

"No."

"Fever or chills?"

"Yeah. Both."

"Does it hurt when I press here?"

"Yes!"

"I'm sorry." Dr. Kilpatrick marked up the intake form. "Are you on any medications?"

Arlene closed her eyes. Harry reminded her, "You took aspirin at my house."

"Aspirin." She opened her eyes. "I did cocaine yesterday."

Harry's mouth gaped. He closed it.

"How much?" the doctor asked.

"A couple of lines.…"

"You did a couple of lines?" Dr. Kilpatrick encouraged.

"A couple every couple hours, all day. And the day before."

"Okay. Do you usually do that?"

"No," she replied, and then, as if realizing she might have helpful information, "Oh, I also put some on my groin area."

"For intercourse?"

"I did nitrous, too. And pot. What else? Speed. Well, they said it was speed."

Harry was a deepening red, his hands opening and clenching as if looking for solid rails. Where was that hesitation Arlene used when delivering bad news? He hoped she would at least shrug at him with some melancholy glimmer in her eye to show she did things on Fridays besides call her parents after temple.

Dr. Kilpatrick wrote it all down without comment. "Have you ever been tested for HIV?"

"I'm clean."

"But have you been tested?"

"Yes," her response a kind of outraged pounce. She looked to Harry, who tried feebly to share her annoyance.

"What kind of birth control do you use?"

"I'm on the pill. We also use condoms."

"Have you had any new sex partners recently?"

"Yes."

Dr. Kilpatrick held pen to clipboard. "How many?"

"About…350."

She wrote nothing down. She looked up at Arlene with new interest. "How many?"

"Three hundred fifty."

Dr. Kilpatrick turned her quiet gaze toward Harry, who shook his head in an involuntary declaration that he was not one of those 350. "Arlene, what's your line of work?"

She smiled. "Actress."

"In adult films?"

"Yes." It was a glorious Christmas-caroler smile.

"And these 350 men.…"

"It's for *Gangbangers,*" Arlene stated. The way she spoke now reminded Harry of the Stroke press releases. She was excited but also, until her voice devolved into a rasp, professional. "There's a world record," she explained, "and my manager, Kenneth Lambert, thinks it would advance my career to beat it. Only we realize there's no way to have so many guys in one day, right?" She swallowed. And her voice fast became rustier. "So we've been going day by day, a hundred guys a day, except yesterday we knocked off at noon, and we took today off, but we have 150 coming tomorrow——"

"Arlene——"

"And the day after." She was finished, the last words all out in a rush, and now she reclined, exhausted. She looked, to Harry, painfully sincere.

"Arlene, you have to cancel."

"But it's a world record," she explained.

"You're wasting your time there, Al—Maggie never lets me give her a hand in the kitchen!"

Get it instantly!

PLAYBOY Digital

☑ **YES.** Start my 12-issue subscription to PLAYBOY DIGITAL at our special low introductory rate of only $19.97.

Plus get a FREE GIFT, PLAYBOY's "Sexy Nude Coeds" digital pictorial!

ORDER NOW!

PLAYBOY Digital

CLICK HERE TO SUBSCRIBE

"I understand, but the odds are you've got pelvic inflammatory disease or something worse. Everything between your ribs and your pelvis is very soft and isn't built to take so many guys."

"No, yeah, I know, I know—we're taking precautions."

"They didn't work."

"But we took today off."

"You're done."

The fluorescent examination lights were something awful; Arlene looked like a relative of the undead, and her expression was one Harry had never seen before, not in her films, not in the interviews or commentaries or even the behind-the-scenes footage. It was a coarse, steely petulance. "I know what I'm doing," she croaked.

"If one of those guys had chlamydia, you didn't."

"I want Kenny."

Dr. Kilpatrick looked at Harry again. "Your name?"

"I'm Harry."

"Are you the boyfriend?"

"No."

"Could you go to the waiting room? We need to do a physical. Arlene, can Harry call family for you?"

She fought back tears and lost, a wet sob escaping from far back in her throat. She handed her phone and pager to Harry. "When Kenny calls, tell him to come, okay?"

Harry had to swallow before the word *sure* came out.

•

He paced around the waiting room, shaking his head. He forgot himself and jammed his hands into his pockets. When his fingers collided against the pager he exclaimed like he'd touched a snake.

He paused by the doctors' in-boxes. Each was decorated. One had a scroll from a fortune cookie. "In your line of work, you attract interesting and cultured people." A Hello Kitty sticker was on Dr. Frances Kilpatrick's box.

He began to have a nagging thought. It made no sense. He put it away and thought instead about how calm the doctor had seemed as Arlene told her she used drugs and had sex with 350 men. An emergency room doctor has seen it all, but he was also led back to that other impossible thought: Dr. Frances Kilpatrick was Felicia Katt.

She was the right age. She looked like Felicia, but it had always been hard to tell under the makeup and the teased hair what Felicia's face had actually looked like. She had been a nurse in several films and even a doctor once in one of those films feminists made for the couples' market. He and his wife had watched it together. He couldn't remember its name, only that she hadn't liked it.

Maybe Felicia had taken all the money she'd made and put herself through medical school. And she'd left Los Angeles. And she never talked about her past but wasn't exactly ashamed. So she left little reminders, like the Hello Kitty sticker. Anyone who understood her would know enough not to say anything.

PLAYBOY'S BOOK-SMART BEAUTIES ARE BACK ON CAMPUS!
REAL COLLEGE GIRLS FROM FSU, TULANE, MARYLAND, TEXAS AND MORE!
PLAYBOY'S
NOV/DEC 2005
STUDY HARD PARTY HARDER
KATE BRENNER
WWW.PLAYBOYSE.COM
©2005 Playboy
FT0517 $8.99
BUY THIS ISSUE!
Send check or money order to:
Playboy, P.O. Box 809
Itasca, IL 60143-0809
(MG581)
Add $3.50 for shipping and handling per total order. IL residents add 6.75% sales tax.
CALL TOLL FREE TO PLACE YOUR ORDER:
800-423-9494 or visit
www.Playboystore.com
Most major credit cards accepted.
AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

If anyone could improve herself, it was Felicia Katt, Harry thought.

Orderlies were wheeling Arlene down the hall. She was in a paper gown. Harry waved at her meekly. She didn't seem to see. He was thinking about how he'd seen her face so many times showing more satisfaction and gratitude than he'd seen from any other woman. He wanted to thank her for giving him that. When he and his wife were having problems but were still working on them, he brought home *Delta Sluts II;* he wanted to show her what he'd seen.

"You always like the girl-girl scenes," she said. It was a feigned complaint. Because later, in their bedroom, propped up under blankets, bodies angled so she and he could watch at the same time, light splashing across their faces like breaking waves, Harry and his wife made love for the last time. Harry's eyes stole from the screen to her face and he thought from her expression, a panicked surrender, that she understood what was happening on-screen, and Harry thought he'd saved his marriage as he too let go, closed his eyes, joined in.

After the divorce he thought there had to be some way to restore the beauty and purity of Arlene's first girl-girl, and all the sour feelings would be wiped away like tarnish off a silver plate. But now he knew that wouldn't happen. He felt sorry for Laurie. Her life was too complicated. He would continue to buy her movies, support her as an artist, but even if she insisted, even on New Year's Eve, he wouldn't let her back into his house.

Harry looked through the observation window. It was tinted light green. There was safety glass. Here's what he saw:

Dr. Kilpatrick was standing next to Arlene, talking to her, giving her shoulder a quick squeeze. Arlene took both the doctor's hands in her own and held on, mouth smiling but eyes wide in fear. It was the look a little girl might give her mother while being left for her second day of school, after all the bullies had discovered her the day before. The doctor said something to reassure her, and Arlene was wheeled off down the hall, away, somewhere else.

Harry went back to his seat. He checked his watch, thinking even before he saw the time that it was getting late.

As the emergency room began to fill with all the late Christmas tragedies, mostly domestic situations taken to a level of violence he could never imagine inflicting himself, Harry put the pager and the phone in Dr. Kilpatrick's box. He left the hospital, but he also left Arlene a note saying he wished her the best of health, because he believed that we were put on this earth, first and foremost, to help each other.

ELVIS

(continued from page 76)

was ultimately that of a sad man-child who wore lifts in his shoes and left melancholy poems on women's pillows when he failed to perform. "He kissed like a god," Lipton wrote in her 2005 memoir, *Breathing Out,* "but that was about it. He didn't feel like a man next to me—more like a boy who'd never matured."

Virtually impotent, Elvis stopped even trying to score by 1976, explaining to his girls du jour, "I have to save my bodily fluids for my performances." On August 16, 1977 he died at the age of 42. His new girlfriend, 20-year-old Ginger Alden, who preferred partying with friends to sleeping with him, had nodded off nearby.

The news broke me in half. I hadn't seen Elvis in seven years, since the filming of the live-show documentary *Elvis: That's the Way It Is.* Backstage, Elvis had flashed me a nostalgic smile. "You got a girl these days, Byron the Siren?" The truth was, I'd had three ex-wives, with three more to come—six broken marriages in all. As heady as my days with Elvis had been, they left me certain that we had both been selfish and immature, separating sex and love, mostly because we had never taken the time to figure out who we were. That was Elvis's real tragedy.

His sensible cousin Billy Smith, more a brother than anything else, tried to act as Elvis's moral compass in his last days. Knowing that Elvis could never be happy with a girl who was too young to share his cultural touch points, Smith pleaded for sanity where Alden was concerned.

"There are a lot of nice women your age," he told Elvis. "Why don't you find somebody like that, somebody you can talk to and have a real relationship with?"

"What in the hell could a 42-year-old woman do for me?" Elvis retorted. But young girls, he had to admit, had finally become a problem. "I'm just getting too old and tired," he said, "to train another one."

"Actually, when I asked you to take a little off the top, I meant my hair."

STEVE CARELL

(continued from page 85)

that very instant that I wanted to be a professional canoeist.

Q5

PLAYBOY: You briefly contemplated a career as an attorney. What did your law studies teach you about comedy?

CARELL: Not a damn thing. Being a lawyer just sounded good to me. Kind of like how being a doctor or being an astrophysicist or a microbiologist sounds good. But it took a complete turn when I was filling out my law-school application. I couldn't answer the essay question, which was, Why do you want to be an attorney? I had absolutely no idea. Uh, to make a lot of money and sue people? To be hated based solely on my job title? I couldn't come up with one good reason. That ended my law career rather quickly.

Q6

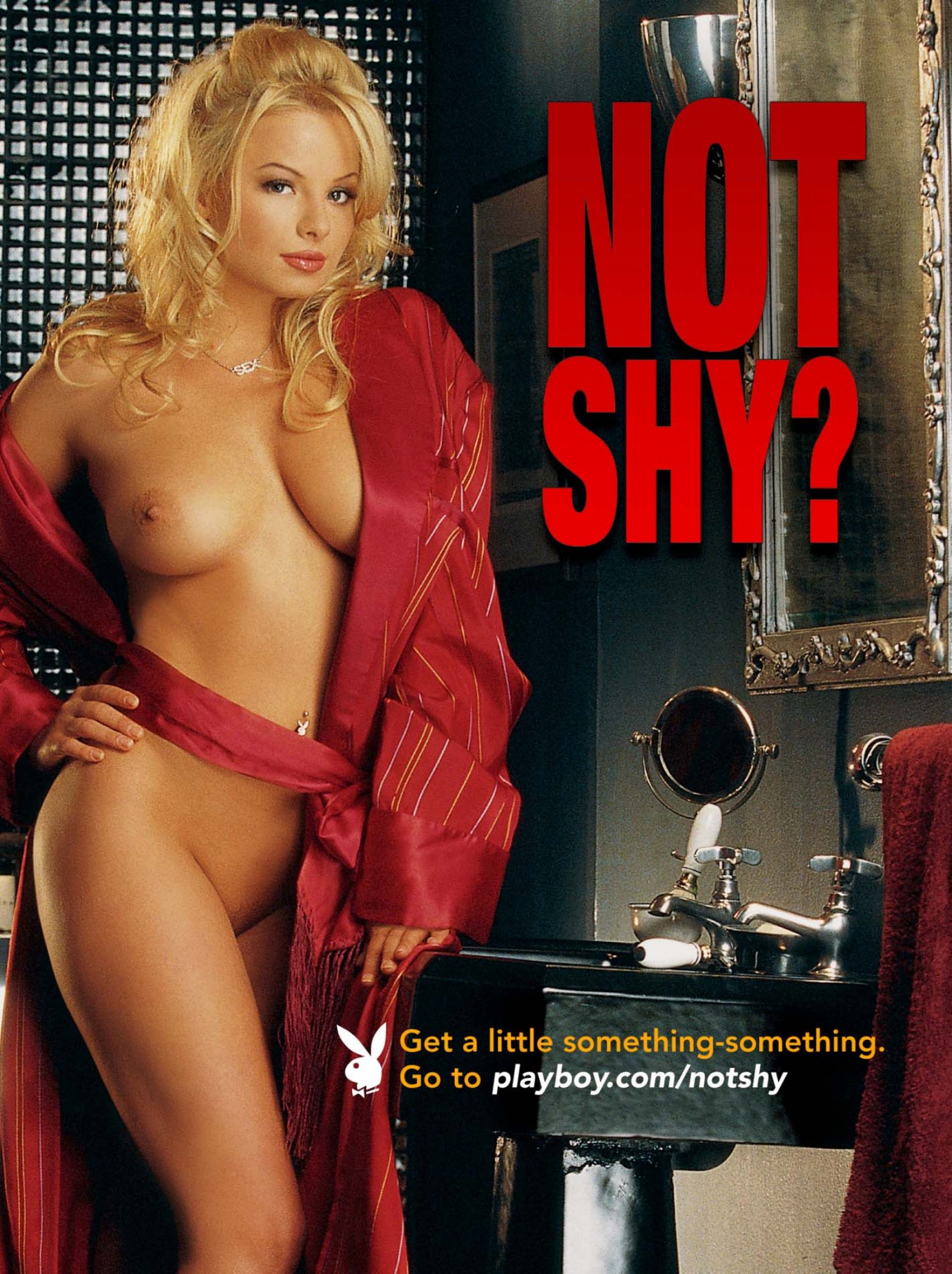
PLAYBOY: You've appeared in a string of failed sitcoms over the years, from *Over the Top* to *Watching Ellie.* Does the cancellation of a bad show hurt as much as the cancellation of a good one?

CARELL: Losing the good ones hurts much more. There have been a few shows that I was thankful the country never got to see. I'd prefer to do good work, obviously, but sometimes you have to take what's offered to you. You just hope you get a few good ones along the way. What I think is funny and what millions of Americans think is funny isn't necessarily the same thing. Television is tough. Quality doesn't necessarily ensure success. Many great shows have been canceled because nobody watched them. Take *Over the Top,* for instance. It premiered during game three of the World Series, which was probably a mistake.

Q7

PLAYBOY: Speaking of television failures, in 1996 you were a cast member on *The Dana Carvey Show,* a sketch-comedy program ABC yanked off the air after only seven episodes because it was deemed too offensive. Did you know at the time that you were creating comedy that was literally too dangerous for prime-time TV?

CARELL: We didn't think it was dangerous at all. We just thought it was funny. The very first sketch, if you recall, was Dana doing President Clinton. He pulled his shirt open, and he had eight or 10 nipples that lactated. They brought out several golden retriever puppies that suckled on his teats, and he declared himself the nurturing president. The network was charting the viewership, and at that exact moment our ratings plummeted. Clinton was still fairly revered at the time, and people did not want to see him mocked like that. ABC decided that the show was not a perfect companion for *Home*


NOT
SHY?
Get a little something-something.
Go to playboy.com/notshy

Improvement, even though Richard Karn was always lactating on that show.

Q8

PLAYBOY: You joined *The Daily Show* as a correspondent in 1999. Two years later the show won a Peabody Award for broadcast excellence. Was that a compliment or an indication that not everybody was getting the joke?

CARELL: Any sort of acclaim was surprising. When I was a regular on the show, it felt as if we were doing it in a bubble. I never got the sense that anyone was watching, outside of the studio audience. So when we started winning awards and getting nominated for Emmys, it was astounding. I guess it was only a matter of time before people started to notice *The Daily Show.* The writing is as insightful as anything on TV. The only fear is that once a show becomes a critical darling, a certain backlash is inevitable. How can something remain cool when everybody likes it? I personally have never had that problem.

Q9

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you're a longtime amateur hockey player?

CARELL: Yeah. A few years back I joined a men's league in Burbank. We're the Sharks. We're very bad, but we have a good time with it. What I lack in physical ability I make up for in poor coordination. Surprisingly, for an amateur hockey league, people get hurt all the time. It's a combination of the pure lack of skill and all those sharp skates and sticks. It's a bunch of middle-aged guys of varying degrees of being out of shape trying to recapture their youth. It's a recipe for disaster. I've chipped my two front teeth and dislocated and broken and strained and pulled all sorts of things. And that's playing just once a week. You can pack a lot of pain into a one-hour hockey game.

Q10

PLAYBOY: You were one of the first *Daily Show* correspondents to interview an actual politician. How did you convince John McCain to talk to you?

CARELL: We promised him New York and Rhode Island. Actually we just asked and he said yes. McCain was a good sport about it. He knew we were a comedy show, and I think he let his guard down. He was expecting softball questions and silliness and frivolity. At the end of the interview, I asked him a tougher question about his dealings with the Senate Finance Committee. For a moment he just froze. He didn't know how to respond. He was like a deer caught in headlights. The rest of it was funny, but I knew we had something good when we got McCain to blanch on camera. In my heart I know that I am single-handedly responsible for costing John McCain the presidency.

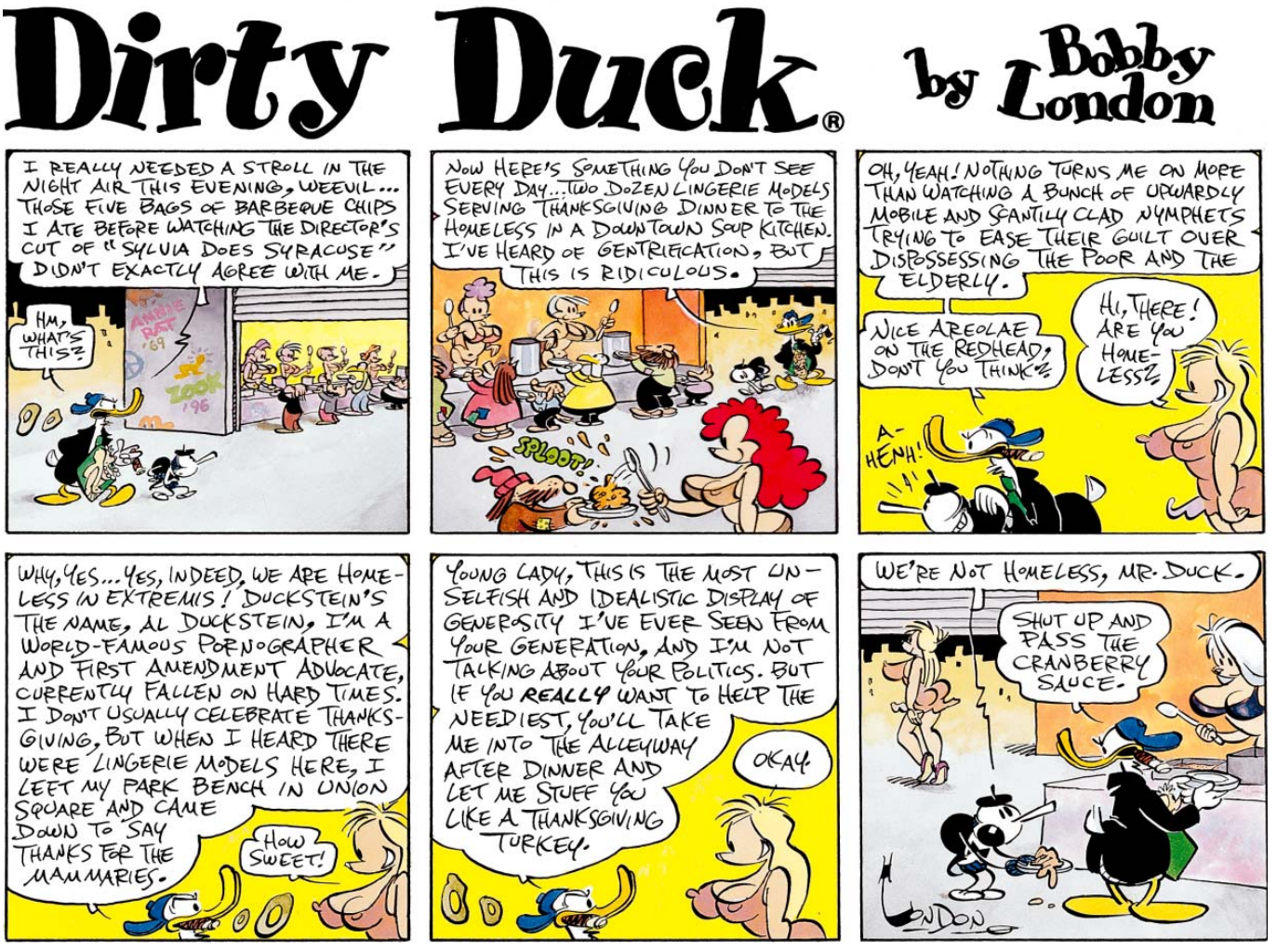
Q11

PLAYBOY: What was your most difficult interview?

CARELL: It was probably the guy in Colorado who thought Donny Osmond was an alien. It was hard for me mostly because he was so sincere and earnest. I felt dirty for making fun of him. He was clearly not in his right mind. There's that fine line between people who are quirky and deserve to have the piss taken out of them and people who are full-on crazy. It was one of those moments when I thought, I shouldn't be here. This guy doesn't know what he's saying; this is awful. It was a defining moment for me. After that I didn't want to do anything mean-spirited anymore. I wanted to put the onus on me to be the idiot as opposed to making other people look like idiots. I think it's always the better choice. I'd rather ask a lot of ridiculous questions and let the comedy come from people's reactions, which are genuine and real.

Q12

PLAYBOY: You've played a lot of newscasters, first on *The Daily Show,* then in


Dirty Duck®
by Bobby London
I REALLY NEEDED A STROLL IN THE NIGHT AIR THIS EVENING, WEEVIL... THOSE FIVE BAGS OF BARBEQUE CHIPS I ATE BEFORE WATCHING THE DIRECTOR'S CUT OF "SYLVIA DOES SYRACUSE" DIDN'T EXACTLY AGREE WITH ME.
HM, WHAT'S THIS?
NOW HERE'S SOMETHING YOU DON'T SEE EVERY DAY...TWO DOZEN LINGERIE MODELS SERVING THANKSGIVING DINNER TO THE HOMELESS IN A DOWNTOWN SOUP KITCHEN. I'VE HEARD OF GENTRIFICATION, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS.
SPLOOT!
OH, YEAH! NOTHING TURNS ME ON MORE THAN WATCHING A BUNCH OF UPWARDLY MOBILE AND SCANTILY CLAD NYMPHETS TRYING TO EASE THEIR GUILT OVER DISPOSSESSING THE POOR AND THE ELDERLY.
NICE AREOLAE ON THE REDHEAD, DON'T YOU THINK?
HI, THERE! ARE YOU HOMELESS?
A-HEM!
WHY, YES...YES, INDEED, WE ARE HOMELESS IN EXTREMIS! DUCKSTEIN'S THE NAME, AL DUCKSTEIN, I'M A WORLD-FAMOUS PORNOGRAPHER AND FIRST AMENDMENT ADVOCATE, CURRENTLY FALLEN ON HARD TIMES. I DON'T USUALLY CELEBRATE THANKSGIVING, BUT WHEN I HEARD THERE WERE LINGERIE MODELS HERE, I LEFT MY PARK BENCH IN UNION SQUARE AND CAME DOWN TO SAY THANKS FOR THE MAMMARIES.
HOW SWEET!
YOUNG LADY, THIS IS THE MOST UNSELFISH AND IDEALISTIC DISPLAY OF GENEROSITY I'VE EVER SEEN FROM YOUR GENERATION, AND I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT YOUR POLITICS. BUT IF YOU REALLY WANT TO HELP THE NEEDIEST, YOU'LL TAKE ME INTO THE ALLEYWAY AFTER DINNER AND LET ME STUFF YOU LIKE A THANKSGIVING TURKEY.
OKAY
WE'RE NOT HOMELESS, MR. DUCK.
SHUT UP AND PASS THE CRANBERRY SAUCE.

Bruce Almighty and again in last summer's *Anchorman*. Do you feel Hollywood might be typecasting you as the reporter guy?
CARELL: I hope so, because I want to play only reporters for the rest of my career. I've been an anchor, a roving reporter *and* a weatherman. I'm hoping I'll be able to land a movie in which I get to play a sportscaster. That would really show off my range as a performer.

Q13

PLAYBOY: You've also played some spectacular morons. What's your technique for creating a stupid character? Does it require more acting or less?
CARELL: My technique is as follows: I sit on a wooden chair in my underpants and stare at a bare lightbulb for three to five hours. I then turn on the QVC shopping channel and purchase any items made of a poly-cotton blend. I complete the transformation by eating out of aluminum pans. It all sounds very complicated, but believe me, it works. Some say that it takes a high level of intelligence to play such dumb characters. I've found just the opposite to be true. I am truly an idiot in most matters. I just go to my highest level of functioning and work from there. I don't think it's much of a stretch for me to play an idiot, frankly. It's maybe a notch or two beneath where I function normally.

Q14

PLAYBOY: This August you had your first starring role with *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*. And next you'll be playing Maxwell Smart in the *Get Smart* remake. How has your life changed since being promoted to leading man?
CARELL: My life hasn't changed at all. I keep expecting people to carry me about on a jewel-encrusted throne or to draw me a bath with exotic oils and rose petals, but so far, no go. Though recently I did purchase a new vacuum cleaner. It is superpowerful and lightweight, so I am living the good life.

Q15

PLAYBOY: How did you prepare for your role in *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*? Did you abstain from sex before the shoot?
CARELL: I had 17 years of preparation to play a virgin. I didn't feel I needed any more than that.

Q16

PLAYBOY: So how did you lose your virginity? Was it as personally embarrassing as it was for your character in the movie?
CARELL: It's funny; when I first started working on the movie, it dawned on me that I would eventually be asked that question. My wife's advice was simple: "Don't tell them." Let it suffice to say that my first time was a tremendous, earth-shattering experience. Two souls became one in a torrent of passion. I was an artistic lover, full of a powerful grace. She was shy yet willing and grew increasingly bold to my touch. And I am a liar.

Q17

PLAYBOY: The original Maxwell Smart had a phone hidden in his shoe. For the *Get Smart* movie, will you get your own shoe phone? Is such a clunky spy gadget necessary in this age of cell phones?
CARELL: Probably not, but I'm going to insist on it anyway. There's just something about talking into your shoe that appeals to me. I've been doing it for years. I did that even before I knew I was going to get the part. I just love the smell of my own feet. Believe me, the gunk that collects in my shoes is like the nectar of the gods.

Q18

PLAYBOY: You've worked with Will Ferrell quite a bit recently, first in *Anchorman,* then in *Melinda and Melinda* and most recently in *Bewitched*. What's the story here? Does he owe you money or something?
CARELL: The reason I continue to work with Will is because I'm a very good kisser. He's compared me to Nicole Kidman and Zooey Deschanel—favorably, I might add. When I have to do a love scene now, I imagine Will's face on my co-star's head. I use emotional recall and go to that special place again. It helps make the scene more passionate, more real.

Q19

PLAYBOY: You perform announcing duties for two wildly popular video games, *Outlaw Golf* and *Outlaw Volleyball*. Are you considering a side career in video games?
CARELL: I'd love to. Who wouldn't want to get paid for spending a couple of hours in a sound booth? I went in thinking, Yeah, free money! But it was so much harder than I thought it'd be. There are thousands of possible scenarios in a video game, and you have to do lines for all of them. It was pretty taxing. Then again, it's not like I was chopping down trees or anything. That sounds pretty whiny, doesn't it? "I had to say so many words. It was haaaard! *Waaaah!*"

Q20

PLAYBOY: To paraphrase the rhetorical question posed in the closing song of your Comedy Central special, *Steve Carell Salutes Steve Carell,* how do you do it? How do you do those things you do to us? What are the processes by which you accomplish these things of which we are speaking just now?
CARELL: Those lyrics still make me cry. That is a question for the ages, and I don't think it can ever truly be answered. There is no response because, frankly, there is no question. It's very philosophical. It's so philosophical, in fact, that some people could interpret it as inane. It's the celebration of myself and everything I represent. I call it Sten, which is the Zen of Steve. Or perhaps Caren. I haven't decided yet, but I will.

2-piece Strappy Set
Sheer and strappy bustier complete with G-string! Berry or white. S,M,L.
Item 238. *Only $37!*
Halloween costumes also available!
www.panties.com
800-726-7035

ROBBINS

(continued from page 120)

A few days before the Super Bowl Robbins talked about how important the game was in his life. "It's awesome," he said, "an unbelievable feeling to get to that game. I strived and worked hard to achieve this. I'm anxious to find out what it's going to be like on Sunday." But he never did find out what it would be like to play in the biggest game of his career. Two days before Super Bowl XXXVII Barret Robbins suffered the most famous mental meltdown in sports history.

•

Robbins was raised in Sharpstown, an inner-city area in southwest Houston. Friends describe the place as "not the nicest part of town. Not River Oaks." Furthermore, they say the Robbins family did not have a lot, although Robbins's mother, Kaye, always made sure her son's clothes were neat and clean. His high school football coach, Bobby Plummer, says, "His mama babied him. Whatever she said, he did."

As an only child, Robbins liked to go to his parents' bedroom at night and beg them to let him sleep with them. Often they let him, and he thanked them with glee. His father, Dean "Rob" Robbins, is described by a family friend as "an east Texas drinker, a big guy, six-foot-two, 220 pounds, laid-back." When Robbins was a child his father used to give him sips of beer. Robbins's half brother Scott has been quoted as saying, "All the men on our side of the family love to drink."

When Robbins was in elementary school his parents split up. His mother never remarried. "Barret became a mama's boy," says Max Knake, his TCU roommate, "but she was the sweetest little lady and such a hard worker." But like her husband, Kaye was a drinker. "She was probably an alcoholic," says a family friend, "but she was sweet and always flustered. She spoiled Barret because his daddy wasn't around."

When Robbins entered high school, Plummer remembers, "he fit in with all the kids. He was smart, and his teachers loved him. He was just a big old teddy bear." He was also a very talented teddy bear. Despite his size—six-foot-three, 297 pounds in his senior year—he could run the 40-yard dash in five seconds. He was his baseball team's starting catcher, and his coach, Dick Janse, remembers a time when the huge Robbins beat out a bunt for a single and then stole second base. "Oh, he was so happy and good-natured," Janse tells me. "His mama came to all his games, but I never saw his daddy."

Both Janse and Plummer claim they never saw any signs of mental problems in Robbins. Janse says he never knew Robbins to drink, but Plummer tells me he assumed Robbins drank in high school in a normal way, "like all the other kids." A friend of Robbins's tells me that Robbins and a high school buddy, Jimmy Newell, got in the habit of drinking together because "they both had the same family situations. But that Newell, he was a punk, a leech and a bad influence on Barret."

During his last years in Sharpstown, Robbins volunteered for a special-education program for children with physical and mental disabilities. One of the special-education teachers, Nan Grawe, remembers that "the children were drawn to him by his personality, not his size or his sports achievements. I remember two little boys running to him and hugging him. They loved him. They called him Big Bear."

As graduation approached, Robbins had difficulty getting a college football scholarship. Plummer called coaches at TCU and told them, "I've got the best football player I've ever had here." After one of the school's scholarship players left the program, TCU offered Robbins the spot. Despite his size, which was huge for high school, he was not a particularly big or strong college player in his early years. To make up for his lack of strength, a relative says, Robbins began taking steroids at TCU. "It affected him," the relative says. There were also rumors about his drinking and what Jack Hesselbrock, the associate athletic director, called rowdy behavior, though it was not a concern. All he had to do was mention his mother. Said Hesselbrock, "He didn't want to let her down."

•

Shortly after the shooting in Miami, I call Knake, who was also the team's quarterback. He's 32 now, married and an executive in a consulting firm.

"My first impression of Barret was he was a stand-up guy," Knake says. "We became friends because we had the same interests. I'm from Chicago; he's from Houston. We weren't small-town Texas guys. We liked jazz and blues. We were city guys with different interests than most of the players."

Knake attributed a lot of Robbins's success to his intelligence. "He was a very sharp guy, street-smart. He could see the whole picture. We'd get to the sidelines after a play, and he'd say, 'We can run this play because I own this guy.' He knew which players he could take advantage of both mentally and physically. Nobody on the team ever questioned him." Knake tells me the other reason Robbins was so talented: For a big man, he was unbelievably agile, "with quick feet and the ability to move laterally. He could even play Ping-Pong gracefully. The man had some rhythm. We'd go to clubs, and he could dance. He had more rhythm even than a lot of brothers. But most of all the man had heart. He wouldn't quit."

They became roommates in 1993, and Knake learned a lot more about his teammate. Knake says, "We'd go out to dinner with his mama after a game, and you could tell when he was around her he felt protected. At the time I didn't notice any mental problems or his taking steroids or having a drinking problem."

By the time Robbins was a senior and Knake a junior, Knake tells me, he began hearing rumors about episodes—about police finding Robbins unconscious in a car. His personality began to change, Knake says, but he attributed that to Robbins's realization that he was on the verge of being a high NFL draft pick. "You know, money can change your outlook," Knake explains. "We stopped talking after he left for the NFL."

As a rookie with the Raiders, Robbins was described as a good guy and a regular drinker who at times became surly, which was why his teammates would nickname him the Asshole. Throughout his career, when people talked about Robbins they seemed to be talking about two different people: Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, a good guy and the Asshole. "There were red flags all over the place," a close friend of his tells me. "Psychotic episodes. He was self-medicating with alcohol."

Robbins's first public episode with the Raiders (which the team tried to cover up by calling it a case of influenza syndrome) occurred on December 14, 1996 in a Denver hotel. Bob Padecky, a sportswriter for the Santa Rosa *Press Democrat,* was checking into his room when he noticed Robbins following him down the hallway. In a column he wrote for the *Democrat* on January 29, 2003, Padecky claims the look on Robbins's face "confused me. He was awake. His eyes were open. Otherwise there was no sign of life. His arms, legs, torso, nothing moved. His eyes were distant, like he was having an out-of-body experience." When Padecky entered his room, he turned to see Robbins standing in front of him, wearing a goofy grin. "He appeared to be a little boy, lost."

Padecky got Robbins to follow him down to the lobby. He told Robbins to stand there and someone would pick him up. "I figured someone would have to notice a six-foot-three, 320-pound guy in the lobby," Padecky tells me. "He wasn't threatening. The lights were on, but no one was home."

(Even more strange was that Padecky kept news of his encounter with Robbins to himself. He did not tell the Raiders nor did he write about it until six years later, three days after the January 26, 2003 Super Bowl.)

When the Raiders finally reached Robbins in that Denver hotel, he was so confused he didn't know what city he was in. The team sent him home on the day of its game with Denver and reported to the press that Robbins had the flu. Marisa, at this time his girlfriend, had to meet him at his connecting flight in Salt Lake City because he had lost his wallet. She says of that meeting, "He had peas in his ears from the meal the night before. He was saving them for me. He recognized me for an instant and said, 'I knew you would come to save me.' The next moment he was talking to me like I was one of his college teachers. 'How about that test today?' Then it was like I was his friend Jimmy Newell. 'What are we going to do today, Jimbo?'" Marisa says that when they reached Oakland and she was driving

Robbins home, "each time we'd get to a stoplight he'd open the door and say, 'Thanks for the ride,' and try to get out."

Barret Robbins on that day was nothing like the man she first met, Marisa tells me when I call her a few months after her husband was shot. She answers the phone with her daughters, Madison, seven, and Marley, four, screeching in the background. She is pleasant, almost happy, and very direct about her life with Robbins. "I met Barret in L.A. in 1995," she says. "He helped me and my girlfriends get a table at a restaurant. Oh, he had wonderful manners—very gentlemanly—a beautiful smile and a happy, jolly laugh." She laughs. "And his Texas drawl, I just loved it."

Shortly after the Denver episode Robbins was admitted to a Berkeley psychiatric facility, where he stayed for two weeks, missing his team's last two games. By the time he was released he had been diagnosed as clinically depressed and given his first medication.

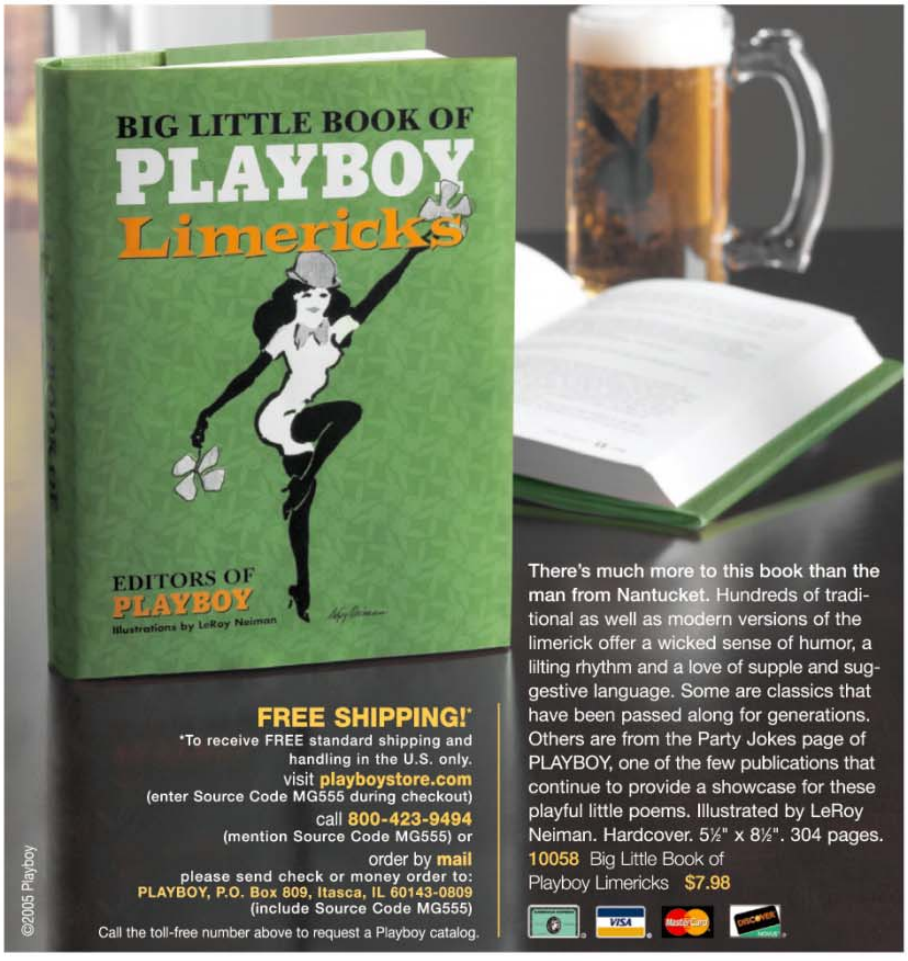
Robbins's mother had warned Marisa about his episodes at TCU. "She prepared me for what happened in Denver," Marisa says. "Something was happening in his brain." After the Denver hotel incident Robbins was given medication "through his team doctors," she says. "But he wasn't told to take it every day, just when he felt bad, like an aspirin for a headache. That's what led to his self-medicating. He'd smoke marijuana and medicate himself with alcohol. I told him marijuana wasn't good for him, but he loved it. He said it eased the pain from his bad knees."

Not until July 1997, a month after he and Marisa were married, did Robbins announce to the media that he suffered from clinical depression. "It's a battle within your head," he said. He claimed he was winning that battle thanks to his medication. Joe Bugel, then the offensive-line coach for the Raiders, said he could see Robbins was "so much better now. He has that gleam in his eyes."

Robbins had good reason to have that gleam in his eyes. In 1998 he was making a million dollars a year, and his personal life was stable with Marisa. Then, in 1999, his mother died at the age of 52. "He squalled like a baby," said his half brother Scott. Robbins said, "A big part of me went with her."

"She died in a botched cosmetic-surgery operation," a friend of Robbins's tells me. "There was a deep wound there that wasn't going to heal. You know, Barret loved only two things in his life, football and his mother, and he lost both."

Robbins began drinking more, Marisa says. He had long periods of depression that were alleviated by the arrival of his daughters. Robbins loved children, and even as a grown man there was something of the child about him. Marisa tells me, "Our daughters were a comfort to him. He'd shoot hoops with the girls and put Marley on his shoulders so she could make a basket. He loved to watch animal videos with them and take them to Chuck E. Cheese's for pizza. They were a big part of his life."


BIG LITTLE BOOK OF
PLAYBOY
Limericks
EDITORS OF
PLAYBOY
Illustrations by LeRoy Neiman
FREE SHIPPING!*
*To receive FREE standard shipping and handling in the U.S. only.
visit playboystore.com
(enter Source Code MG555 during checkout)
call 800-423-9494
(mention Source Code MG555) or
order by mail
please send check or money order to:
PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 809, Itasca, IL 60143-0809
(include Source Code MG555)
Call the toll-free number above to request a Playboy catalog.
©2005 Playboy
There's much more to this book than the man from Nantucket. Hundreds of traditional as well as modern versions of the limerick offer a wicked sense of humor, a lilting rhythm and a love of supple and suggestive language. Some are classics that have been passed along for generations. Others are from the Party Jokes page of PLAYBOY, one of the few publications that continue to provide a showcase for these playful little poems. Illustrated by LeRoy Neiman. Hardcover. 5½" x 8½". 304 pages.
10058 Big Little Book of Playboy Limericks $7.98

A friend who frequently stayed with the Robbins family remembers, "After dinner he'd often get on the floor, this big mountain of a man, and his little daughters would climb over him like monkeys." Robbins also exhibited his love for children through the charities he supported, such as the Boys & Girls Clubs of Oakland. He often showed up at those clubs to play basketball with the kids. "But that got lost when he started to have problems again," his friend says.

His behavior before Oakland's AFC Championship game in January 2001 was so erratic that Jon Gruden, the Raiders' head coach at the time, had to pay him a home visit to straighten him out. But it wasn't until 2003—two days before Super Bowl XXXVII in San Diego—that Barret Robbins began to unravel.

He had been having problems all season. He came to team meetings late and often made a spectacle of himself with inappropriate comments. "He was struggling with something," said Sam Adams, a defensive tackle and friend of Robbins's.

Marisa tells me her husband stopped taking his medication long before the Super Bowl. "He was worried he wouldn't be able to play," she says. "He said he felt antsy on his medication and that he'd fix himself. 'I got this, babe,' he told me. 'I'll be fine.' He was also shooting up his knees with painkillers every day before the Super Bowl because he was worried he would let his teammates down if his knees didn't hold up."

The week before the Super Bowl, Robbins seemed distant and withdrawn during practices and meetings. On media day, the Tuesday before the game, he appeared dazed, his baseball cap pulled low over his eyes so he could avoid eye contact with reporters.

On Friday, January 24, two days before Super Bowl Sunday, Robbins made the team's 11 P.M. bed check at its hotel in La Jolla and then slipped out to a bar, where he met a Raiders fan named Cartier "Network" Dise, the owner of Down Low Customs in San Leandro. Dise knew Robbins and a lot of other Raiders players because he customized their fancy cars. Robbins bought Dise a drink, and then, according to Dise, "he began buying rounds for everybody, shots of tequila, and it was pretty crazy." During that night, Dise said, Robbins's moods alternated between depression and euphoria. He was happy "one minute, and the next he was crying." He told Dise the Super Bowl pressure was getting to him. "He said he was letting everyone down," Dise said days later. "He was crying and totally depressed about his life and the pressure he was under. The guy was messed up." At one point Robbins told Dise he was thinking of killing himself. Finally Dise left the bar. Robbins ended his binge in Tijuana. He didn't return to San Diego until after he had missed his team's final practice on Saturday. By the time he made the team's final eight P.M. meeting

that night, Raiders head coach Bill Callahan described him as incoherent and "not capable of knowing where he was." Callahan was so furious with his Pro Bowl center that he dismissed him from the meeting and announced to the team that Robbins's backup, Adam Treu, would start on Sunday. The following morning Callahan announced that Robbins wouldn't be allowed to suit up for the game and then ordered him to leave the team hotel, but he had trouble catching a flight back to Oakland because he couldn't find his wallet. On the day of the Super Bowl Robbins checked into a San Diego hospital for psychiatric evaluation. He was on suicide watch as the Raiders were routed by the Buccaneers, 48 to 21. Two days later he was released from the hospital.

•

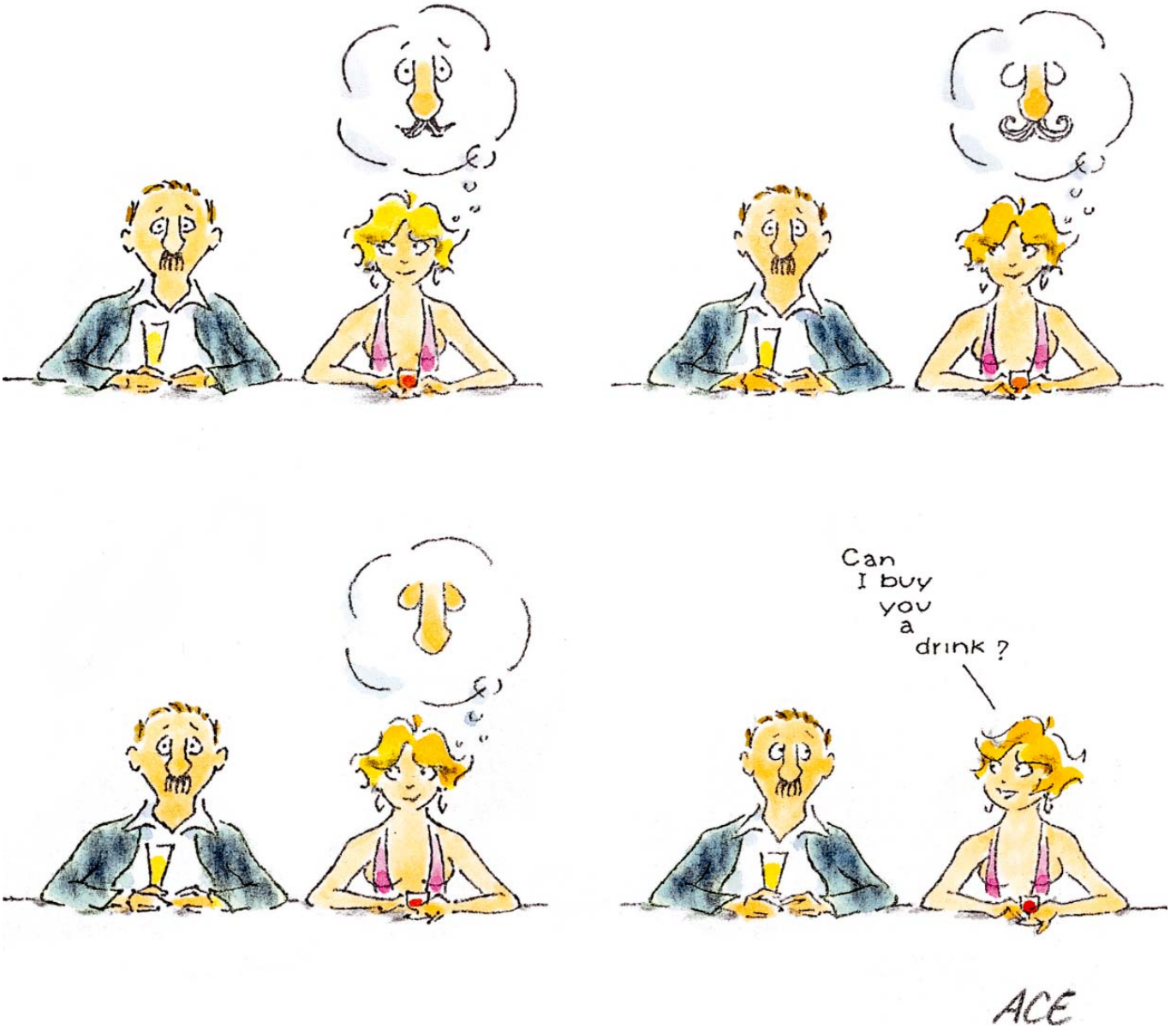
Three days after the 2003 Super Bowl, Padecky wrote a column about his bizarre Denver hotel encounter with Robbins in 1996. When I ask Padecky why it took him so long to write that column, he tells me, "I gave the players latitude for being flaky. This is the NFL. It's not a sane sport. You know, the Raiders didn't give out a lot of information about Robbins being in a psychiatric facility. For the most part the Raiders kept it quiet."

Another reporter who covered the team during those years tells me, "The Raiders must have been working overtime to keep Robbins on the field. I heard Jon Gruden spent a lot of time keeping Barret on the straight and narrow."

Gruden, now head coach of the Tampa Bay Buccaneers, didn't respond to repeated requests for an interview, and Callahan, now head coach at the University of Nebraska, refused to speak about Robbins. It is strange that Robbins's coaches now refuse to talk about a man who helped advance their careers. Of all the Raiders personnel during Robbins's time with the team, the only one who would speak about Robbins on the record is Bruce Allen, now general manager of the Buccaneers. Allen tells me that during his days with Oakland he saw no hint of the mental problems that foreshadowed Robbins's Super Bowl behavior. However, Allen also told *USA Today* in a February 2005 article that the Raiders were "aware of everything. In this era it's almost impossible to get away with running a stop sign."

After the Raiders were blown out by the Buccaneers, Robbins's teammates laid the blame at his doorstep. Guard Frank Middleton said what Robbins did to his teammates "was like spitting in our faces." Guard Mo Collins said, "Whatever fucking rock he came out from under, he can stay there."

When Robbins left San Diego he checked into the Betty Ford Center, where he remained for 31 days. While he was being evaluated, the *San Francisco Chronicle* revealed that the Raiders had been aware of Robbins's mental problems since the 1996 episode in Denver. Reportedly the team knew he had been on medication, but in that article Allen claimed that because of psychiatrist-patient confidentiality laws, the Raiders were not allowed to know what medication he was taking. However, Marisa Robbins says the Raiders' medical staff had been prescribing medication for clinical depression since the Denver episode, and



according to the *Chronicle* the team had been monitoring him through Super Bowl week, when it became obvious that Robbins had stopped taking it.

But what made him stop? A close friend tells me, "Barret didn't like the effects of the medication. It made him feel dull. He said he didn't want to feel like he was barely alive." The fact that he might be feeling dull on the eve of the most significant day of his life might have motivated him to go off his medication. How could he muster the aggression he needed if he was taking medication that muted that very impulse? But there was another reason Robbins might have stopped taking his pills. During his 31 days at the Betty Ford Center, Robbins was diagnosed not with clinical depression but with bipolar disorder. For six years he had been taking the wrong medicine.

•

Ely Pelta is a clinical psychiatrist practicing in Coral Springs, Florida. There is no couch in his office. The days of Freudian psychoanalysis are gone, he says. No more long sessions with a patient lying on a couch, dragging up painful memories.

"We just prescribe medicines now," says Pelta. He's a tall, wiry man in his 50s, casually dressed in a T-shirt, jeans and a baseball cap. "Clinical depression," he says, "is a pervasive sadness that lingers for longer than two weeks. It doesn't have to have a trigger—a failed marriage, a lost job—although a loss of some kind can trigger it. We call it a state of anhedonia, a lack of pleasure. It's accompanied by crying, loss of energy, a sense of hopelessness and even thoughts of suicide."

Pelta says the cure for depression is medication such as Prozac that can elevate a patient's energy level and motivation, but, he admits, "It may make a person agitated." The problem with most clinical-depression diagnoses, he explains, is that they are often misdiagnoses of bipolar disorder. Bipolar patients fluctuate between pervasive sadness and heightened euphoria. However, since the euphoria is often pleasing, patients don't consult psychiatrists when euphoric, which is why they're often diagnosed as clinically depressed.

"When bipolar patients are euphoric," Pelta says, "they have boundless energy. Their minds are racing, thoughts flying. They go on shopping binges, become promiscuous, exhibit inappropriate behavior in public. They can be the life of the party. They have delusions of grandeur, which can be a pleasant sensation for rookies with the disease. It's like being high. Their perceptions are heightened, and their ranting monologues are brilliant. But it's a roller coaster to hell. Veterans of the disease know the crash to depression is coming."

Pelta tells me bipolar disorder can be inherited from one's parents, but it's not always so. (Robbins claimed in 1997 that both his parents suffered from depression.) It can also be brought on by psychological stress—separation from a spouse, a lost job—or a stressful event, such as the Super Bowl.

"Bipolars need two kinds of medication," Pelta says. "A mood stabilizer, such as lithium, to bring them down from their mania, and an antidepressant, such as Prozac, to bring them up out of depression." He says even antidepressants would put a football player like Robbins, on the eve of the Super Bowl, into "a mellow, indifferent, nonaggressive state that might impair his ability to perform. They would make him apathetic."

Before I leave Pelta's office, I ask him what would happen if a bipolar athlete were taking steroids and drinking, on or off his medication. Pelta says, "You add liquor and steroids to the mix, it's like pouring gasoline on a fire. A bipolar personality may think he's Superman and a cop's bullets can't penetrate him. That might explain why Robbins was laughing during the altercation. Either he felt impervious to the cops' blows and bullets, or he was trying to commit suicide by cop."

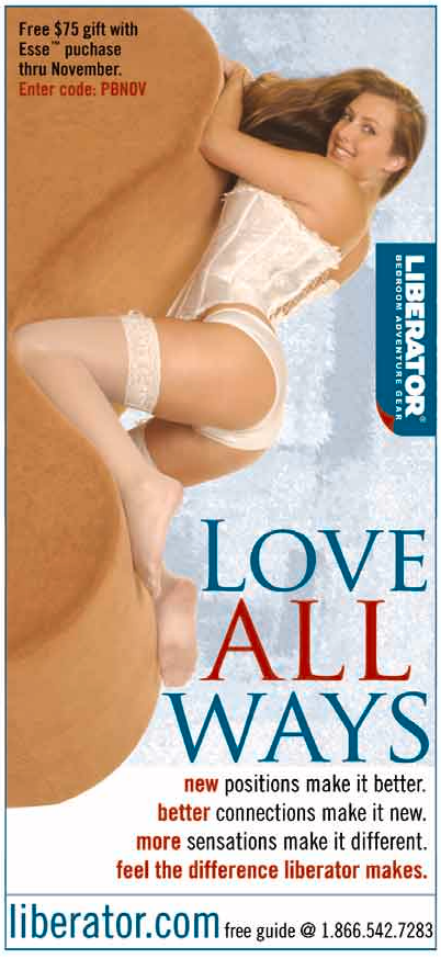
•

In spring 2003 Robbins's teammates were still ambivalent about his Super Bowl meltdown. "He always seemed fine to us," said teammate Frank Middleton. "Is it true he had mental problems, or is his agent doing some covering up?" Nevertheless, Robbins announced his intention to return to the team. He thanked the organization for giving him a second chance (the Raiders cut his salary from $3.2 million to $1 million) and then went on ESPN to explain what had happened to him during Super Bowl week. He said that during his episode he felt as if he "could read people's minds. I didn't know what to do. What I did was start drinking, to medicate. Drinking was going to make it go away." After that, he said, the next two days were a blur of drinking and wandering around with his "brain shut down." He also said that after his stay at Betty Ford, when he was diagnosed as bipolar, he felt as if he'd "gone to the bottom" and now was sober for the first time in 15 years.

In June 2003 Robbins reported to the Raiders' minicamp. He spoke to his teammates in a closed-door locker room meeting that, Allen tells me, "was apologetic and tearful. It was hard for him to come back." After that meeting Rich Gannon, the team's quarterback, said, "He shared some very personal things, and the players were receptive to it."

Robbins arrived at minicamp overweight, and he was put at the bottom of the team's depth chart. He worked his way up until he took his starting position in the Raiders' fourth game that year. He started nine games, then missed the last four with a knee injury. But everyone who knew him was hopeful because he had not suffered any episodes.

"After the Super Bowl," a close friend


Free $75 gift with Esse™ puchase thru November.
Enter code: PBNOV
LIBERATOR
BEDROOM ADVENTURE GEAR
LOVE ALL WAYS
new positions make it better.
better connections make it new.
more sensations make it different.
feel the difference liberator makes.
liberator.com free guide @ 1.866.542.7283

Playboy's Privacy Notice

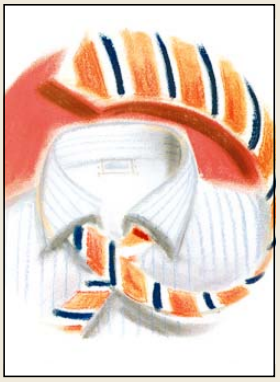
We occasionally make portions of our customer list available to carefully screened companies that offer products or services that we believe you may enjoy. If you do not want to receive these offers or information, please let us know by writing to us at:

Playboy Enterprises International, Inc.
c/o CDS
P.O. Box 2007
Harlan, IA 51593-0222
e-mail PLYcustserv@cdsfulfillment.com
tel 800.999.4438 or 515.243.1200

It generally requires eight to ten weeks for your request to become effective.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 32, 35–38, 108–115 and 162–163, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



GAMES

Page 32: *EA Sports,* easports.com. *EA Sports Big,* easportsbig.com. *Electronic Arts,* eagames.com. *Midway,* midway.com. *Sony Computer Entertainment,* scea.com. *Vivendi Universal Games,* vugames.com.

MANTRACK

Pages 35–38: *All-Clad,* allclad.com. *Aston Martin,* astonmartin.com. *Casio,* casio.com. *Cavalli vodka,* available at fine liquor stores. *Mandarin Oriental,* mandarinoriental.com. *Molto Italiano,* available at better bookstores. *Montblanc,* montblanc.com. *Schedoni,* schedoni.com.

HIGH FASHION

Pages 108–115: *Alessandro Dell'Acqua,* 212-253-6861. *Belstaff,* available at L'Uomo in NYC. *Bottega Veneta,* available at Bottega Veneta boutiques. *Cloak,* available at the Cloak flagship boutique in NYC. *Dean,* deanaccessories.com. *Dior Homme by Hedi Slimane,* dior.com. *Dolce & Gabbana,* 877-70-DGUSA. *Dsquared,* available at Aloha Rag in Honolulu. *GF Ferre,* 305-866-1460. *Iceberg,* available at Macy's West. *Jeep,* jeep.com. *John Richmond,* available at Riccardi in Boston. *John Varvatos,* johnvarvatos.com. *Just Cavalli,* available at the Shoe Box in NYC. *Justin,* justinboots.com. *Linda Loudermilk,* nexusshowroom.com. *Mezlan,* available at Nordstrom. *Michael Kors,* available at Bloomingdale's and Saks Fifth Avenue. *Paul Smith,* 212-627-9770. *Richmond X,* available at Theodore in Beverly Hills. *Steve Madden,* stevemadden.com. *Torino,* available at Rubenstein Bros. in New Orleans. *Versace,* 888-3-VERSACE.

POTPOURRI

Pages 162–163: *BMW,* bmw-online.com. *Jameson 12 and 18,* available at fine liquor stores. *Kama Sutra,* kamasutra.com. *Logitech,* logitech.com. *Masterbuilt,* masterbuilt.com. *MobiBLU,* mobibluamerica.com. *Norelco,* norelco.com. *Rivet,* rivetnow.com. *Shunga,* lovehoney.co.uk. *Simplicitas,* simplicitas.se. *Zarvis,* brownesbeauty.com.

CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: P. 3 BRENNAN CAVANAUGH, GEORGE GEORGIOU, GREG MARTIN, ©NEW LINE/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., CJ WALKER; P. 5 STEPHEN WAYDA; P. 6 RICHARD FEGLEY, ARNY FREYTAG; P. 11 COURTESY OF CAVALLI, ARNY FREYTAG, ELAYNE LODGE (4), GREG PRESTON/SAMPSEL & PRESTON PHOTOGRAPHY, LAS VEGAS, NEVADA, TOM PRESTON (2), IAN TAYLOR; P. 12 LODGE/JOHANSSON (13); P. 15 CORBIS, ODETTE SUGERMAN; P. 16 DAVID ROSE; P. 21 CORBIS; P. 22 GEORGE GEORGIOU, GEN NISHINO; P. 23 ©IMAGES.COM/CORBIS, MAURICIO NAHAS, ©NASA/ROGER RESSMEYER/CORBIS, ©ROYALTY-FREE/CORBIS; P. 25 KEITH HAMSHERE/UNIVERSAL PICTURES, ©2005COLUMBIA PICTURES/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., ©2005 MIRAMAX/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., ©2005 NEW LINE/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., ©2005 UNIVERSAL PICTURES; P. 26 COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC. (2), ©2005 THINK FILM/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., ©2005 TM & COPYRIGHT 20TH CENTURY FOX FILM CORP. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED., ©2005 PARAMOUNT/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., ©2005 WARNER BROS./COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC.; P. 28 COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC. (6), ©1999 TM AND COPYRIGHT 20TH CENTURY FOX FILM CORP. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC.; P. 33 MARIO CASILLI; P. 36 GEORGE GEORGIOU (2); DAVID GOODMAN, TODD HUFFMAN; P. 45 ©ABBAS/MAGNUM PHOTOS; P. 47 ©AFP/GETTY IMAGES, ©GETTY IMAGES, WARNER BROS./COURTESY OF FOTO FANTASIES; P. 48 ©GETTY IMAGES; P. 49 ©ANDY ROGERS/KRT/NEWSCOM, ©PRNEWSFOTO/NEWSCOM; P. 50 ©BETTMAN/CORBIS, ©CORBIS (2), ©THE GRANGER COLLECTION, NEW YORK, ©JASON REED/REUTERS/CORBIS, ©OSCAR WHITE/CORBIS; P. 54 MICHELE LAURITA/CORBIS OUTLINE; P. 55 ©TM AND COPYRIGHT 20TH CENTURY FOX FILM CORP. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC. (4), ©WARNER BROS./COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., TIM WHITE/MPTV.NET; P. 64 EVERETT COLLECTION, INC. (2), GLOBE PHOTOS; P. 65 EVERETT COLLECTION, INC.; P. 66 GLOBE PHOTOS; P. 67 GLOBE PHOTOS (2), MGM/COURTESY NEAL PETERS COLLECTION, PHOTOFEST; P. 68 CORBIS, EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., GLOBE PHOTOS, ©1978 GUNTHER/MPTV.NET; P. 71 ABC/ADAM LARKEY; P. 92 JARMO POHJANIEMI; P. 106 COURTESY OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY, COURTESY OF WALTER P. REUTHER LIBRARY, WAYNE STATE UNIVERSITY; P. 117 ARNY FREYTAG, JOHN R. MOURGOS; P. 118 ZUMA PRESS; P. 120 GETTY IMAGES, NEWSCOM/ZUMA PRESS; P. 155 CBS/LANDOV, COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC. (2), RICHARD FEGLEY, ARNY FREYTAG (2), POMPEO POSAR (4), STEPHEN WAYDA, ©1984 TM & COPYRIGHT ©20TH CENTURY FOX FILM CORP. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., ©2000 DIMENSION FILMS/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., ©2004 WARNER BROS./COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC.; P. 156 ARNY FREYTAG, EARL MORAN, WIREIMAGE.COM (2), ©WALTER MCBRIDE/RETNA USA; P. 159 ISABEL SNYDER/CORBIS OUTLINE; P. 162 GEORGE GEORGIOU (3); P. 163 GEORGE GEORGIOU (4); P. 164 COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., LAWRENCE SCHILLER/WILLIAM READ WOODFIELD, WARNER BROS. ILLUSTRATIONS BY: P. 5 ROBERTO PARADA; P. 6 JAMES JEAN; P. 46 BILL BENWAY; P. 164 PHIL HALE. P. 19 HAIR BY RICHARD KEOGH FOR JUMP MANAGEMENT, MAKEUP BY NANCY MCNAMARA, STYLING BY ANGELINA JOLIN; P. 53 HAIR BY DEIDRA DIXON, MAKEUP BY LALETTE LITTLEJOHN, STYLING BY LIZ COWAN, PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE BENTLEY BEACH HOTEL, MIAMI BEACH; P. 84 HAIR BY SACHI WORRALL, MAKEUP BY RICK SHARP, STYLING BY DEANA ANAIS FOR FACTORYARTISTS.COM; PP. 108–115 FASHION ASSISTANT KORIN DE ACETIS, HAIR BY GINO COLOMBO, MAKEUP BY HIROMI FOR CLINIQUE AT LUXEMGMT.COM, ON-SITE PRODUCTION BY MATTHEW BOGOSIAN, PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE END OF THE ROAD RANCH, COLORADO; PP. 122–131 HAIR STYLING BY LAURENT SAINT-CRICQ FOR JOSE EBER, HAIR ASSISTANCE BY ANDREA RIZARD, MAKEUP BY KIMBERLY EX AND SARA CRANHAM, STYLING BY LANE W. COVER: MODELS: BRIDGET MARQUARDT, HOLLY MADISON AND KENDRA WILKINSON, PHOTOGRAPHER: ARNY FREYTAG, HAIR AND MAKEUP: KIMBERLY EX AND SARA CRANHAM, STYLIST: LANE W., PRODUCER: MARILYN GRABOWSKI

says, "Barret told me, 'This will never happen again.' He meant it. But the disease is a liar. It tells patients they're okay, and they go off their meds."

•

During 2003 and 2004 a series of stressful events occurred in Robbins's life that would lead him to that building in South Beach. In the fall of 2003 he tested positive for the steroid tetrahydrogestrinone, or THG. His name, along with those of about a dozen other athletes, including baseball players such as Barry Bonds, was found in the records of BALCO, the steroid company run by Victor Conte in the San Francisco Bay area; the revelation inspired an upheaval that led to congressional hearings. In October 2003 Robbins was subpoenaed to testify before a federal grand jury about his possible steroid use.

Shortly after that subpoena, in February 2004, Robbins underwent a graft operation for cartilage in his knee. In July of that year the Raiders released him.

Without football for the first time in about 20 years, Robbins no longer had "a real purpose and passion for his life," said Robbins's former teammate Steve Wisniewski. A friend of Robbins's tells me, "He had trouble adjusting to life after football. He began drinking, gained weight and went off his meds," which, at the time, included Depakote for mood stabilization, Risperdal for manic episodes and Wellbutrin for depression. Also around this time, his marriage began to fall apart.

The THG incident crushed him, says Marisa. "He started talking a little faster, driving faster," she says, "listening to his louder hard-core rap music, spending more—$7,000 on a sound system and TV in his Mercedes."

•

Although he tried to start businesses—a home-building firm and a recording studio—Robbins couldn't make anything stick. He began to argue with his wife, loud arguments that terrorized his daughters. At one point, one of his daughters told her father, "Don't yell at my mama." That must have devastated Robbins, who lived for his daughters. In some ways, they were his only link to sanity and the innocence of his past.

His behavior worsened to a point at which "a few times I was afraid for my well-being," Marisa tells me. "It wasn't like he came at me, but it was physical contact brought on by his manic moods. He'd be asleep, dreaming, and he'd wake in bed mad at me and confused. Sometimes he'd be dreaming that he was playing a game, and he'd wake and start pummeling me like he was fighting a defensive lineman. I'd try to block his blows and calm him down and sometimes just leave the room. The next day he'd say he was sorry, but it was hard for him. He was devastated, ashamed."

Finally Robbins couldn't bear the pain he

was putting himself and his family through. He asked Marisa for a divorce. She describes it as a moment of clarity for her. Shortly afterward she fled to southern California. Robbins began to call and argue with her over the phone. If she didn't answer, he spewed obscenities into her answering machine. Yet sometimes when he called, he was pitiful. "He'd call," Marisa says, "and say, 'I can't keep going on. Tell my girls good-bye.' One night he sounded like a little kid. 'I'm scared, Marisa. I'm scared of my thoughts.'" Marisa asked if he was going to hurt himself. He began to cry, then said, "Yes, I am."

Then, on December 24, in the early hours of the morning, Robbins was arrested for punching a security guard at the Sir Francis Drake Hotel in San Francisco. He was released from jail on Christmas Day, and three days later he was found wandering the parking lot of a psychiatric clinic. He was admitted to the Mt. Diablo Medical Center, and shortly thereafter Marisa got a restraining order against her husband. He was furious and fled Mt. Diablo. Marisa was so terrified that she left her new home and went to stay with girlfriends.

In early January Jimmy Newell called Robbins from Miami Beach and told him the weather was great, that he should come down and party with him. Robbins flew to Miami. He arrived with only a few changes of clothes in his backpack and checked into the Loews hotel. Then he and Newell started barhopping and not sleeping. After a few days Robbins must have been getting scary even to his good friend Jimbo, because on January 8 Newell flew back to California. He left Robbins on his own because, he said, "I had no idea he didn't have his medications until the last day." Newell added defensively, "I don't feel responsible, because everyone's his own person." Then he said a strange thing—when Robbins was fighting with the cops in the hallway of that South Beach building, "the trigger might have been that he was looking for his daughters."

Without Newell, Robbins continued barhopping. An aunt flew out to try to get him to come home, and she found him in a club full of scantily clad women. When she asked if he was on his medications, he said he was, but she "knew he was lying through his teeth." (Teammate Robert Jenkins was quoted as saying, "He'd tell you everything you wanted to hear.") His aunt left without him. She was the last person who knew Robbins to see him before he was taken to Jackson Memorial Hospital with two gunshot wounds.

The first person to see him afterward was Marisa. She flew to Miami and went to the hospital. An armed corrections officer was outside her husband's room. Inside, Robbins was lying unconscious on a bed. His huge stomach protruded between his head and legs, and his limbs were strapped down. There were tubes in his arms and a breathing ventilator over his face. There they were: beauty and the beast. He did not look as if he were going to live. For that matter, she thought, she wasn't sure he wanted to live. But she wasn't surprised. "I've been dreading it," she said soon afterward. "Getting phone calls that something drastic like that has happened." She just didn't know how to stop it.

Everyone who knew Robbins dreaded that phone call—everyone, that is, who cared about him. His Raiders teammates and coaches seemed indifferent to what was happening to him, especially after he ceased to be a valuable player.

When I tell Max Knake that none of the Raiders' players or coaches would talk about this last episode, he becomes furious. "There wasn't much accountability with the people around him," he says. "The Raiders didn't monitor him. They owed it to him to take care of him. All the contributions he made far outweighed what they gave him. I'm sure the Raiders did their homework before the draft. I think they knew about his problems when they drafted him."

Knake today is bitter about his own NFL experiences. He played briefly in the Canadian Football League, then signed as a free agent with the Dallas Cowboys. He calls his brief NFL career "a bad experience. I'd never been in a situation where people were more selfish. In college I made friends like Barret; in the NFL I didn't. I couldn't relate to people in the NFL. I didn't have it in me to dumb down. It must have been a struggle for Barret, too. He was so smart. Now the Raiders want to distance themselves from him, and I don't understand it."

Marisa also tells me she found it ironic that Robbins's teammates never defended him for his Super Bowl meltdown, despite the fact that he may have gone off his medication in part because he didn't want to let them down. She attributes their lack of compassion to football players being "not very educated."

Before I get off the phone with her, I ask if she would ever reconcile with her husband. "I spent our whole relationship going back and forth with it," she says. "Now I don't see us getting back together. But I still love him dearly. I need him to be strong and on his own. I stayed up to this point for the children. The kids love him. He's the best daddy in the world. He needs to have them because without them he doesn't have much."

Marisa chooses to remember the good times. "You know," she tells me over the phone, "we had wonderful times together. The kids. Our pets. I'll never forget our days at the park with the girls on the slides." Then she hangs up.

•

By early spring Robbins was out of intensive care, and he transferred to a Houston hospital near his father's house for further treatment. But in August he was arrested in San Antonio for marijuana possession. ("We don't know why he was in San Antonio," the arresting officer said.) Robbins has pleaded not guilty to attempted murder in Miami. As of press time, a trial date is still pending.

CIGARS INTERNATIONAL
Intro Offer for New Customers
8 TOP CIGARS
for an UNBEATABLE $10!
If you like handmade cigars, you're gonna love Cigars International! To prove it, I've compiled a sampler with 8 of the finest cigars in the world for one super-low introductory price: instead of the normal retail of $43.57, my offer to you is just $10!* I'm betting once you receive these outstanding cigars, together with our free 52-page cigar catalog, you'll become a lifetime customer. Now that's an offer you can't refuse!
One per customer please.
only $10! ($43 value)
Guaranteed Fresh!
Sampler includes 1 each of: Gurkha • Perdomo Reserve • Puros Indios • La Perla Habana • 5 Vegas • Fonseca • Indian Tabac • CAO Black
(From time to time a substitution may occur based on availability.)
1-888-244-2790 mention code SA54A
www.CigarsIntl.com/SA54A
Code: SA54A Item# SP-CA03
You must enter complete web address for special offer
CIGARS INTERNATIONAL
6771 Chrisphalt Drive, Bath PA 18014
LIMITED TIME OFFER !
Offer expires 12-31-05
*8 top brands for $10 + $5 s/h (Pennsylvania residents add 6% tax - remittance of any taxes on orders shipped outside of PA is the responsibility of the purchaser). Must be 21 to order.

Thomas Gold

(continued from page 106)

as a master's student at Trinity College he shocked the medical establishment with a theory of hearing that challenged Hermann von Helmholtz's accepted theory. The inner ear, Gold claimed, generated its own tone. He was laughed out of medicine. By the age of 28, he had moved on to astronomy. In 1948 he and two fellow graduate students, Fred Hoyle and Hermann Bondi, presented a new theory of the nature of the universe. Their steady-state theory reigned for years before being supplanted by the big bang.

In 1959 Gold was appointed John L. Wetherill Professor of Astronomy at Cornell. His bold ideas continued to earn him enemies. By the late 1960s conference organizers had become so enraged with Gold's contrarianism—this time his theory was that recently discovered pulsars were actually rotating neutron stars—that they refused to allow him five minutes to speak from the floor.

The rub was that, more often than not, Gold was right. His theories on hearing and pulsars are now accepted wisdom. Sure, he didn't bother much with details, but "he was undeniably brilliant," says geologist Barbara Sherwood Lollar. "He always advocated theories that were unorthodox," says Salpeter, "and many turned out to be right."

By the time he turned his attention to geology, Gold was a towering figure. Along with being chairman of astronomy at Cornell, where he had hired Carl Sagan, Gold was a member of the National Academy of Sciences and director of Cornell's Center for Radiophysics and Space Research. "In person he was a polite European fellow," remembers former Cornell grad student Thomas Zemanian. He charmed acolytes with his Viennese accent and his mad-scientist enthusiasm. He skied the Aspen slalom course every year—and in gold-medal times. "He didn't suffer fools," says U.S. Geological Survey geologist emeritus David G. Howell, "and he didn't worry if people disagreed with him."

In 1966, as NASA prepared to send astronauts to the moon, Gold calculated that contrary to geologists' prediction of a rocky lunar surface—the condition astronauts trained for—the moon would be covered in a fine powder. "Most geologists said, 'Absolutely not. There's no moon dust, not even a hundred-millionth of an inch of dust,'" says Salpeter. "Tommy would exaggerate a little and say, 'Look, the astronauts will sink in to their navels.'" Geologists complain that NASA spent six of seven surveyor missions attempting to find out if its manned mission might sink in dust. Kenneth Deffeyes, a petroleum geologist at Princeton, was appalled. "That was a big, multibillion-dollar program," he says, "and most of it was spent refuting Gold's idea." In the end, as was often the case, Gold was both right and wrong. The astronauts sank in dust up to their ankles. "So the geologists said, 'He was wrong!'" says Salpeter. "But the geologists were completely wrong by a factor of 100 million. Gold was wrong by a factor of three."

•

Then Gold came up with another outrageous theory: that petroleum resided not just in the crust, where oil explorers spent their time hunting for it, but at far greater depths, in the mantle. When energy analyst Gregg Marland gathered geologists in Oak Ridge, Tennessee in 1983 to discuss the abiotic-gas theory with Gold, tensions were running high. Astronomers and physicists might have found Gold's theory reasonable enough, but most petroleum geologists thought it was ridiculous. There were obvious scientific objections: Hydrocarbons would be destroyed at the high temperatures and pressures of the mantle, for one thing. Geochemists, furthermore, had their reputation to consider; energy agencies and oil and gas companies funded their research because it was supposed to help find oil and gas, yet according to a 1975 study, just as much oil and gas would have been found if the holes had been drilled at random. Since then they had worked to build a solid theory of hydrocarbon formation, and they weren't about to let Gold shoot holes in it.

The three-day meeting quickly devolved into confrontation. Gold was unhappy during much of it. "He felt he was outnumbered and picked on," said Marland. Amoco's John Winters left the meeting saying he would never again speak publicly with Gold because the esteemed astronomer was "out of the realm of rational science." "I've never been at a meeting quite of this character," said the moderator, Alvin Weinberg.

"People shake their fists at me," Gold told one magazine. "If they could, they would burn me at the stake." Despite all the rancor, no one disputed that Gold's deep abiotic gas existed.

•

Geochemist Michael Lewan worked with Winters at Amoco in the 1980s, analyzing organic-rich rock and running lab experiments on how to turn it into oil. "I don't think anybody has ever doubted there is an inorganic source of gaseous

"Gee, Doctor—this is a surprise. All I expected was drops in my eyes."

hydrocarbons," he says. Another geologist acknowledges, "I have no problem with the idea that there is abiogenic methane." Gold's theory had exceeded the boundaries of petroleum geology. If the stuff was down there, it was probably dispersed and certainly deeply buried. Nobody could see how to make a buck finding and selling such gas, so it was irrelevant, no matter how enlightening.

But Gold kept pushing. Hadn't geologists similarly excoriated meteorologist Alfred Wegener's 1915 theory of continental drift, mocking it for 50 years before it was accepted? "I don't think I have anything to apologize for," he said to *The Vancouver Sun*. "I am almost always right." As geologists' resistance grew, so did Gold's claims about abiotic gas. In 1980 Gold and Soter wrote that "much of the petroleum that has been recovered" originated from the burial of biological debris. By 1986 he was telling reporters that only some oil and gas originated from biological materials. By 1999, in his second book on the topic, Gold claimed that no oil came from biological debris, although he allowed that some gas did.

As a science, geology lacks both a consistent experimental method and a vigorous theoretical wing. This has led some physicists, as one academic geologist notes, to "sometimes think we're dumb." But petroleum geology is perhaps the most advanced subdiscipline within the field. And the story of hydrocarbons has been told many times. According to petroleum geologists, hydrocarbons start to form when sediments enriched with the corpses of organisms—mostly plankton—get slowly buried. As the sedimentary layer sinks to 7,500 feet or so, the pressure and heat are right for sediments to turn, over millions of years, into oil-rich rock. (If sediments slip deeper than 18,000 feet, heat and pressure destroy the oily molecules.) Tectonic movements force the oil in sedimentary rock into circuitous movements in the crust. If the migrating oil meets up with a porous rock with a solid cap on it, it will get trapped. The lucky driller who pierces that rock gets a Cadillac.

A wide array of evidence supports this three-act story of burial, migration and entrapment. Pieces of chlorophyll and shell are found in oil and gas. Trails of high electrical resistivity can be used to track oil and gas migrations underground. One can even heat a lump of organic-rich sedimentary rock in the lab and turn it into oil. Finally, nearly every oil and gas field has been found not in lifeless igneous rocks thrust up from the mantle, where Gold's abiotic gas supposedly resides, but in sedimentary rocks formed from material sloughed off from the life-teeming land and seas.

Gold had an alternate explanation for nearly every piece of evidence petroleum geologists put forward to defend their biotic theories. The microfossils in oil? Microbial contamination after the fact, he said. Evidence of migration? Irrelevant, he said, because abiotic hydrocarbons drifting up from the mantle would move in the crust the same way biotic ones did. Ditto for the transformation of organic sedimentary rock into petroleum. The rock had already soaked up abiotic hydrocarbons. Sedimentary rocks as the primary locale for oil and gas fields? Self-fulfilling prophecy, he said. Nobody bothered to look in igneous rocks.

And yet, save for a few stray supporters such as David G. Howell and independent oil explorers Michel Halbouty and Robert Hefner, Gold's claims fell on deaf ears. "I think 95 percent of professional geologists would disagree with Gold," says one University of Southern California petroleum engineer. Gold needed evidence. He needed to discover hydrocarbons in a place where they couldn't possibly have formed biologically.

•

Gold found a receptive audience in Sweden. In the mid-1980s, energy officials there could be described as desperate. Sweden's environmentally concerned populace had condemned the nuclear reactors that had powered the country since the early 1970s. With no known domestic source of oil, gas or coal, however, it remained unclear how the Swedes might replace nuclear power. But Sweden did have the Siljan Ring, a perfect test site for Gold's inorganic-gas theory. Nearly 400 million years ago a three-kilometer-wide meteor crashed into the crust there, fracturing it to a depth of 50 kilometers and leaving behind Europe's second-largest crater. No organic sediments were present to have produced oil, gas or coal in the traditional way, but the cracks could have allowed Gold's inorganic gas to bubble up. Gold had suggested the notion to Swedish officials in the early 1980s, and after some research they decided to drill a $25 million, six-kilometer-deep hole in the crater to search for the gas. Then the state power board's advisory committee issued a report calling the chances of success remote. Although the notion of mining the sites of meteor strikes wasn't unheard of—others had proposed drilling to tap into geothermally heated water—some officials worried the country might appear foolish. The government pulled the plug on the funding.

Gold remained determined. A private holding company was set up to fund the project in partnership with government agencies. With talk of a $100 billion reserve, people anted up, and drilling began in June 1986. Gold's detractors weren't impressed. In their eyes Gold had crossed the line from science into boosterism. *Forbes* ran an article reporting that Gold had received $640,000 for the drilling. According to the magazine, an American drilling supervisor mistakenly

Try Connection™ FREE TODAY!
*see details below

The SECRET to Amazing SEX!
–a letter from T.J.

I had the most amazing experience with my boyfriend recently. We were dating for a wonderful 6 months when suddenly, he began having confidence issues in AND out of bed. I was concerned the relationship was about to end.

Then one day he completely surprised me. Confident, aggressive, he made all the right moves. I felt sensations I never felt before, in places I forgot existed. Honestly, it was the BEST SEX I'VE EVER HAD!

His secret weapon … a magical product called Connection™, a topical lotion that's applied to your "intimate" areas. The all-natural mix of herbs brings blood flow straight to the source. He achieves harder, stronger erections while MY orgasms go through the roof!

Anyone who wants mind-blowing intimacy ALL THE TIME needs to get Connection! **Call 1-800-388-8613 Today** or visit **www.maxoct.com**, to get a **FREE MONTH SUPPLY** with your Risk Free Trial.

T.J.

MEN: BE TALLER!!

1-800-343-3810

TIRED OF BEING CONSIDERED SHORT? Try our quality leather footwear with the **HIDDEN** height increaser inside the shoe. **ONLY YOU WILL KNOW THE SECRET!** Look like ordinary shoes. Will make you up to **3" TALLER** depending on the style. Over 100 styles to choose from including dress shoes, boots, sport shoes and casuals. Extremely comfortable. Discreet packaging. Sizes 5 to 12. Widths B to EEE. In business since 1939. **MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!** Call or write for your **FREE** color catalog.

ELEVATORS®
RICHLEE SHOE COMPANY, DEPT. PB5N
P.O. BOX 3566, FREDERICK, MD 21705

announced on Swedish TV that the hole had produced a massive reservoir. Within months share prices had risen from 10,000 kronor to 107,000.

The rock proved unyielding. By September 1986, after plowing through 6.3 kilometers, the drillers had found only a small bit of oily sludge. Gold claimed victory—"my theory is now on much firmer ground," he said—but skeptics chalked it up to contamination from drilling fluids. The drilling contractor abandoned the hole and pleaded bankruptcy.

•

While geologists cheered Gold's failure, across the Atlantic in Ontario methane was streaming out of the same kinds of Precambrian granite Gold had drilled in Sweden. Since the turn of the century Canadian miners had told tales of flammable gases wafting out of their mines, miles away from any ancient biological debris. "But nobody had tackled it scientifically," remembers Barbara Sherwood Lollar, then a Ph.D. candidate in geology at the University of Waterloo. "All this press and money were going into the Siljan," she says. "Then a couple of people here in Canada said, 'We know the gas is here. Let's go to the mines and take some samples.'" Punching a hole into the wall of the mine, she says, was like opening a can of soda. There was gas in the rock everywhere.

Sherwood Lollar set to work analyzing the gas, but she ultimately turned to other research. Definitive data on the gases wouldn't emerge from her work for years. As a young academic interested in securing tenure, "you want to be sure you're not working in an area that some people would feel is crackpot," she says. Gold had "given the field a black eye. People heard 'abiotic gas' and put you into the category of crank."

Other evidence emerged at Cornell. Thomas Zemanian, then a grad student, spent five years building an apparatus to test if hydrocarbons could be stabilized by pressures of the mantle, as Gold had speculated. By 1989 he had, contrary to expectation, proved they could. But when he sent out his paper for publication, the anonymous peer reviewers were livid. Zemanian moved on to other things. Trying to support Gold's theory with experimental data—the lack of which continued to condemn it in scientific circles—"just isn't the kind of thing that pays the bills," he says. Zemanian now works for the Department of Energy's Pacific Northwest National Lab. His Cornell research remains unpublished.

•

Gold plugged away in Sweden. "He was a believer in this idea," says Howell, "and because of the resistance and because he had retired, he kind of became evangelical." More money was drummed up for another project. In 1991 Gold extolled the Siljan region as a "world-class prospecting area for gas and oil" with a total volume "bigger than the volume of the Kuwaiti oil fields." But that hole also rendered inconclusive results. Out came a small quantity of oily sludge, which caused the same old squabbles: Gold claimed vindication; critics dismissed his find as the result of contamination from distant sediments or drilling fluids.

But then Gold found something in the hole. More than 50 kilograms of a stiff black putty had oozed up from the bottom of the fissure. Drillers, judging it an "uninteresting, malodorous nuisance of no commercial value," as Gold put it, had thrown most of it away. But Gold got his hands on a small plastic bag's worth, which he set about analyzing. What he found was of "extraordinary scientific value," he later wrote. It was magnetite.

A magnetic form of iron, magnetite is found in igneous and sedimentary rocks, mostly in large crystals. Geochemists scoffed that the stuff Gold found was only a by-product of lubricants used in the drilling, but Gold thought otherwise. Something had processed this magnetite—it was particularly fine-grained—and dumped it down there. It was time for another radical proposition.

In the early 1980s Gold developed a theory of what he called the deep hot biosphere. Accepted wisdom held that all life requires sunlight, but Gold didn't see any plausible reason for that. If inorganic gases had been welling up from the mantle for millennia, as he believed, some microbe must have emerged to feed on them. To figure it out, "you or I would probably start reading the literature," says John Zollweg, a researcher who worked with Gold at Cornell. "But that wasn't Tommy's approach. His was 'I'm a cosmologist. Let me think about things.'"

There had been hints that microbial life might exist in the depths. Since the 1930s oil drillers had claimed to have found microbes in their oil wells. In the late 1970s all manner of bizarre lifeforms were found around "black smokers"—fissures in the seafloor that stream superheated liquids from below—in waters far too deep for sunlight to penetrate. Clearly the world of microbes had barely been charted. In 1977 microbiologist Carl Woese discovered not just a few new species of microbes but an entirely new kingdom: the archaea.

What if these creatures were not thrilling extensions of surface life, Gold asked, but represented some unknown biosphere in the rocks? What if life evolved not on the surface but from down below? In fact, Gold speculated, the subsurface of the planet provided an ideal nursery for early life. It was vast, warm and—if one accepted Gold's theory about inorganic gases—energy rich, too. Gold figured that if microbes were present in just the first six kilometers, even if they were as rare as Siberian tigers, their empire would be at least as big—if not bigger—than our familiar one in the light. "Just imagine the volume" of a deep biosphere, says microbial geochemist Jan Amend. "The subsurface could harbor more living carbon than all the green plants, soil bugs and ocean critters combined."

Gold considered geology parochial because it painted Earth as unique. He viewed Earth as one planet among many, unique in some ways, ordinary in others.

HELLO!
POLICE! HELP!...I WANT TO REPORT A ROBBER TRAPPED IN AN OLD MAID'S BEDROOM!!
WHO AM I TALKING TO, PLEASE?
1ST PRECINCT
THIS IS THE ROBBER!
myths

Conditions inside our planet are not unique, Gold knew. "Two or three miles down," says Cornell soil ecologist David Wolfe, "at least a few planetary bodies in our solar system are almost identical to Earth." If there were a deep hot biosphere on Earth, there could be more on other planets rotating around our sun. If Gold is right, scientists shouldn't look for extraterrestrial life on planetary bodies; they should look inside them.

The basis for Gold's bold conjectures was questionable at best. The supposed deep oil microbes had been dismissed as contaminants from the drill bit or elsewhere. In the early 1980s Carl Woese's methodology wasn't held in high regard in the scientific community. Rather than coaxing his microbes to survive in his lab, where they could be studied, Woese presumed their existence by analyzing bits of nucleic acid—RNA—in his samples. Black-smoker ecosystems were dark, true, but ultimately they too depended on life-giving sunlight. Their oxygenated seawater came thanks to the exertions of sun-loving plant life.

In the 19th century Charles Darwin suggested that life may have originated in a "warm little pond, with all sorts of ammonia and phosphoric salts, lights, heat, electricity, etc., present." Lab simulations of the warm little pond seemed to support Darwin's scenario. According to Gold's friend Fred Hoyle, the notion that something as complex and thermodynamically improbable as life could form out of a bit of ooze was about as believable as a jet airliner being assembled during a hurricane in a junkyard. But that was the story, and the scientific establishment was sticking to it. In 1983 Gold submitted his paper on the deep hot biosphere to *Nature*. It was rejected.

•

By the 1980s the certainties around the origin of life, the planet's energy budget and the scale of microbial life had started to crumble. A series of discoveries suggested the early earth was more forbidding than had been thought. Meteor craters were found on the moon, much larger and older than those on earth. If the early solar system was as violent as the moon scars suggest, geologists said, the earth could not have escaped unscathed. Yet fossil evidence established that photosynthesizing life-forms emerged not long after an active meteor period. This didn't add up. Such meteors would have sterilized the surface for thousands of years. Life's first ancestors could have survived only if they had been entrenched in some deep, hidden corner. Nobody knew where that corner might be—hydrothermal vents were one suggestion—but many agreed that Darwin's little pond was no longer so welcoming.

The accepted view on the planet's endowment of methane and microbes had also been called into doubt. In the late 1980s government geologists discovered that the planet's seafloors and permafrost were littered with icelike compounds called methane hydrates. Previously thought to exist only in the solar system's outer reaches, methane hydrates form when methane leaks out into cold, high-pressure conditions. If there was as much methane hydrate on earth as there appeared to be, the planet must hold 100 times more methane than previously believed. The same goes for microbes. As the molecular techniques Woese had been scorned for came to be accepted, microbiologists discovered they had underestimated the extent of the microbial world by a factor of 100. To top it off, microbiologist Derek Lovley had isolated a new microbe from the bottom of the Potomac River in 1987. It breathed rust and excreted magnetite.

In 1992 Gold exercised his privilege as a member of the National Academy of Sciences to get his paper on the deep hot biosphere published in the academy's journal without peer review. The paper dropped like a bomb onto fields ranging from microbiology to astronomy and oceanography. *USA Today* ran a front-page article. If there were a deep hot biosphere, it "could prove to be one of the monumental discoveries of our age," *Physics World* wrote. Not everybody was so charged up. "A lot of people just said, 'Rubbish,'" says University of Washington astrobiologist Roger Buick. "We do not yet have enough solid observations to say this is so," a microbiologist told *The New York Times*. The idea of a living kingdom deep in the crust may have sparked imaginations, but few scientists had the wherewithal to actually look for it.

Three years later, thanks to energy officials worried about microbes eating through buried nuclear waste containers, the kind of ecosystem Gold had envisioned—living things requiring no sun, no oxygen and nothing that resulted from the two—was found. In 1995 scientists from the Pacific Northwest Laboratory analyzed samples from wells dug into a layer of hardened lava called the Columbia River basalts. The amazing thing wasn't that they found evidence of microbes there but the kind of microbes they appeared to be. These organisms could live in the oxygen-starved darkness by feeding on hydrogen. This "subsurface lithoautotrophic microbial ecosystem" (or SLiME) lived off abiotic gases in the lifeless rock alone.

The hunt was on for the deep hot biosphere. In 1997 the National Science Foundation earmarked $6 million a year for inquiries into life in extreme environments—in scalding hydrothermal vents, under miles of ice and deep underground. In 1998 NASA created the Astrobiology Institute, doling out $15 million a year to search for the origins of life. One arm of it was devoted to drilling deep into the earth's crust. Searching for life under the seafloor likewise rose to

the top of the Ocean Drilling Program's research agenda.

Experimental evidence of a deep hot biosphere started to accumulate quickly. In 1998 Princeton geomicrobiologist Tullis Onstott found microbes living 2.7 kilometers underground in eastern Virginia. Later he discovered signs of microbial life more than 3.5 kilometers down in a South African gold mine. In June 1998 one of Woese's protégés, a University of Georgia microbiologist, calculated that the underground biomass could equal all the planet's marine and land plants. In 2002 another deeply buried SLiME was discovered. In the pore spaces of igneous rock under Lidy Hot Springs in Idaho, microbes were feeding on hydrogen produced by reactions between hot water and rock, exhaling methane.

While most of these deep microbial worlds exploit the interior's production of hydrogen rather than methane, evidence suggests that methane too is abundant in the crust, formed inorganically as Gold had suggested. In 1999 chemists at Oak Ridge exposed iron-rich rocks to seawater under conditions similar to those beneath the ocean and produced methane. Sherwood Lollar's mysterious gases in the Canadian Shield were similarly formed in the water-filled fractures of ancient rocks. As scientists looked for the microbial world they guessed might be feeding on methane, oceanographers inadvertently discovered just that in the spring of 2005, nearly a kilometer under the Atlantic. At the Lost City hydrothermal field of 60-meter-tall creamy white spires and cliffs, seawater trickling into iron-rich mantle rocks exudes life-giving methane and other gases. Scientists still don't know how life originated, but as for where, they are closer to an answer: Look down.

•

Even as evidence grew for the deep hot biosphere, Gold's theory of abiotic hydrocarbons remained an object of derision in geological circles. In 1993, for example, when the U.S. Geological Survey published a collection on natural gas that included a contribution from Gold, dozens of irate academic and industry geologists petitioned the agency. "They wanted me fired, and they wanted the book withdrawn," says Howell, who spearheaded the project. Gold responded by filing a $1 billion lawsuit against 36 industry and academic geologists for libel, assault and slander. The suit was dismissed shortly afterward.

Gold's critics didn't bother to read his books, either. "It was more than I had time for," says Lewan. Kenneth Deffeyes also admits he never read Gold's books. A 2004 textbook penned by geologists from the USGS, Stanford and ExxonMobil recalls Gold as a misguided scientist and notes that his abiotic-gas theory was criticized by "nearly all geochemists and petroleum geologists." The deep-hot-biosphere theory was in "conflict with conventional concepts of the earth's biosphere." Gold's theory kept making the rounds only because its supporters "use many of the same tactics the supporters of scientific creationism use to ridicule evolutionary theory." To detractors such as industry geologist Katz, the study of abiotic hydrocarbons isn't even real science. "It's almost like a religion with some of these people," he says. "This is something a lot of people want to believe," adds Deffeyes, "because, wow, oil fields will refill themselves; we will just drill deeper, and there won't be any problem."

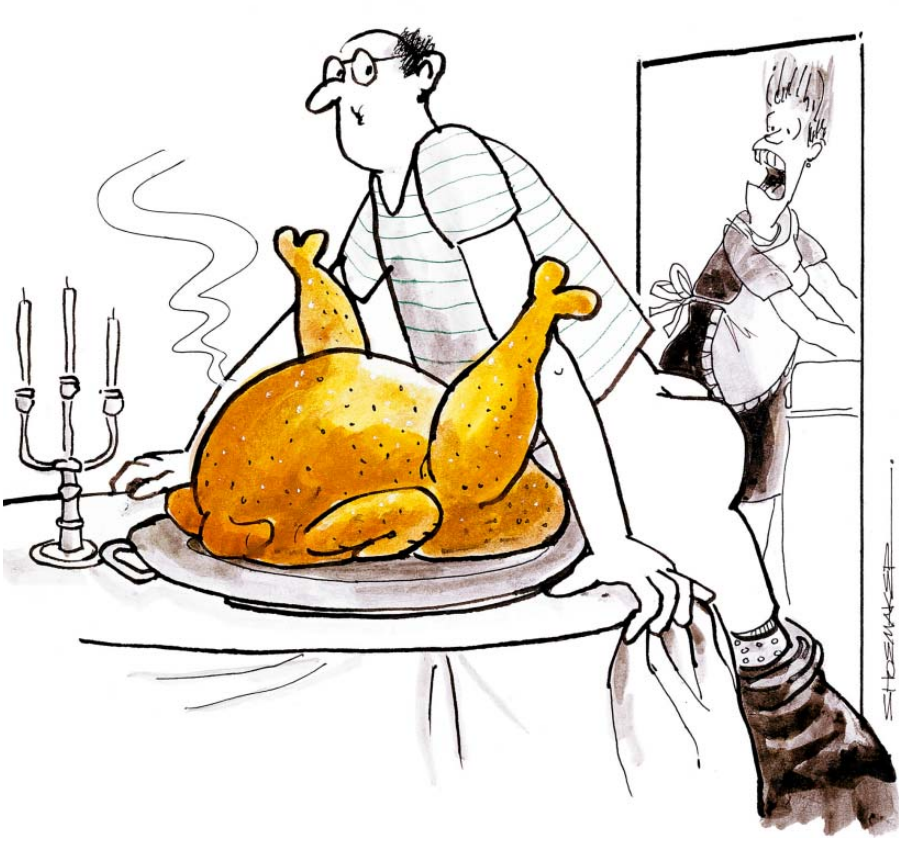
•

Nobody knows whether a huge store of methane lies deep in the mantle. All scientists can say with certainty today is that the methane we do have is primarily biologically derived, with a smaller amount created inorganically in the crust. The deep methane could be there and we just haven't been able to access it yet. Perhaps we never will. The need to prepare for a postpetroleum age has probably become urgent enough to render moot hunts for elusive reserves of gas. But new endeavors to study the depths continue apace. In Sweden, microbiologist Karsten Pedersen hopes to circumvent the problems of contamination and pressure differentials that plague deep research by plugging directly into the deep biosphere. Blessed with ample funding through Sweden's nuclear-research program, Pedersen is studying deep microbes from a lab situated in a man-made cave system carved 500 meters under the granite.

And the scientific community awaits the results from the *Chikyu*. It may take a year for the drilling to reach the mantle, but many of the scientists involved expect to find life there. What we will learn remains to be seen. What's clear is that over the course of a few decades, Gold's heretical ideas have effected a revolution in our understanding of our place in the universe.

By the late 1990s the indomitable professor had stopped skiing. "He had bad arthritis in his hands," says Howell. "He wasn't as astute in conversation." But his scientific conviction never faltered. "He was championing his theories right up until he went to the hospital," says Robert Hefner. Gold died in June 2004.

Today few scientists doubt the existence of the deep hot biosphere. And deep microbial life feeding on abiotic gases may be the rule, not the exception, inside planets similar to ours. It's another ego-bruising blow: First Copernicus told us the sun didn't revolve around us, then Darwin said we descended from animals. Now it appears we're not the lead characters on the main stage of life; we're just a sideshow. Thomas Gold wasn't right on all the details—not by a long shot—but then again, few revolutionaries are.



PLAYMATE NEWS

Victoria, herself a work of art, exhibits her paintings. Her relationship with her husband on *The Amazing Race 6* drew the attention of Dr. Phil.

FILL UP ON FULLER

Victoria Fuller and her husband, Jonathan, became household names after participating in *The Amazing Race 6*. Their intense arguments and sweet reconciliations made them the Mr. and Mrs. Smith of reality TV and led to their appearance on a Dr. Phil special called *Romance Rescue*. This fall, Victoria appears on two reality programs. On VH1's *Reality Rehab,* producers pair up Victoria and Jonathan with a life coach. They, in turn, become life coaches to other reality-TV veterans. You'll also see Victoria on E!'s *Kill Reality,* a *Project Greenlight*–type show about the making of a horror flick in which she has a small role. But Victoria's true passion is her art. She has already completed paintings that will hang in the soon-to-be-built Hefner Sky Villa at the Palms Hotel and Casino in Las Vegas. Was painting Hef difficult? "Hef has a really specific face," says Victoria. "If you don't get it right, it looks like a caricature." That's good advice for an artist. Does she have any advice for Dr. Phil? "Do more research on the people you're talking to, because I don't think you did in our case. You just used us for ratings."

30 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

When **Janet Lupo** posed in our November 1975 issue, she said her goals included becoming a flight attendant and a mother. She ended up doing both. Her favorite Playboy memory? "I brought my cat to the Chicago Mansion once. They served him shrimp on a silver platter, then he went to take a nap in the bowling alley."

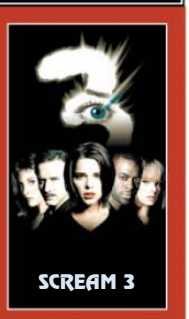
LOOSE LIPS

"She's beautiful and such a great friend, my best buddy in the world. I love to brag on her."

Joe Don Rooney on fiancée Tiffany Fallon

MOVIE MATCHUP: CENTERFOLDS ON THE SILVER SCREEN

You need look no further than your video store for definitive proof that Playmates are multitalented women. Marilyn Monroe and Bettie Page were among the first to become both Playboy stars and Hollywood stars. The tradition continues. Most recently, critics praised Jenny McCarthy's acting skills in *Dirty Love,* a dark comedy that debuted at Sundance. Think you deserve an Oscar for best knowledge of Playmates in movies? Try matching each Playmate to the movie in which she appeared.



JENNY MCCARTHY

MARTHA SMITH

BRANDE RODERICK

CLAUDIA JENNINGS

KYMBERLY HERRIN

CYNDI WOOD

ANSWERS: Jenny McCarthy, *Scream 3*; Martha Smith, *Animal House*; Brande Roderick, *Starsky & Hutch*; Claudia Jennings, *Fast Company*; Kymberly Herrin, *Romancing the Stone*; Cyndi Wood, *Apocalypse Now*.

HOT SHOT

NICOLE WOOD

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Criss Angel

"The Playmate who sticks out in my mind is ***Marilyn Monroe,*** because she was the first PLAYBOY Centerfold. This proves something about her I've always suspected—that she was a leader and a trendsetter, not a follower."

POP QUESTIONS: COURTNEY RACHEL CULKIN

Q: You're from Long Island, New York. Are you a beach bum?

A: I boat, Jet Ski, swim, fish or just sit on the beach. I love anything that involves water.

Q: So what's your opinion of guys in Speedos—do or don't?

A: Definitely a don't. It's a big turnoff. Shorts are okay as long as they are not bikini shorts. What little you show counts for more, you know what I mean? Surfer shorts are always a safe bet.

Q: Aside from your PLAYBOY shoot, have you done any other crazy things in a New York City cab?

A: Uh, no. They're very dirty. I wouldn't do anything crazy like have sex in a cab. I even try to avoid touching the door handle.

Q: You're good looks are literally traffic-stopping—or causing. What's the story there?

A: I was walking down the sidewalk toward my grandma's. I caused a three-car pileup in front of her house because one of the drivers was looking at me.

Q: You are a senior in college. How have professors reacted to your PLAYBOY pictorial?

A: Not many professors know about it, but one does. He told me that the next time I talk to PLAYBOY, I should tell them who my favorite teacher is. So it's Professor Bernstein, who teaches sociology.

WHAT TO GET A MAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING? PAM!

Pam Anderson admires a certain kind of man: the successful type who surrounds himself with beautiful women. There's Hef, and there's Donald Trump, whom she feted on his 59th birthday at his Taj Mahal Casino. Oddly, he gave *her* a gift—a Pamela Anderson slot machine. Good thing Melania Knauss Trump isn't the jealous kind.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Looking for incriminating photos of the Governator? You won't find them here. But we have a picture of Arnold Schwarzenegger hanging out with the lovely **Morena Corwin** (in green below) at the grand opening of Club Aston, an Aston Martin dealership in Los Angeles.... **Jenny McCarthy** has scrapped the no-nudity clause in her movie contracts. She said, "You know what? I love being hot. I'll do anything as long as it doesn't make people vomit."... **Pennelope Jimenez** will be the new spokesmodel for Jose Cuervo.... **Tina Jordan**'s Los Angeles radio show, *2 Chicks and a Bunny* (below), will soon be syndicated in six other major U.S. cities.... **Stacy Fuson, Deanna Brooks, Stephanie Heinrich, Jennifer Walcott, Sandra Hubby** and **Shallan Meiers** were the lucky Playmates who traveled to Milan for the city's Fashion Week.... **Barbara Moore** contacted us so we could let you know that she and Lorenzo Lamas have decided not to get married. But they remain friends and thank their fans for their support.... *The New York Post* reported that after **Pam Anderson** and Tommy Lee used the Palms Hotel and Casino's private jet to fly from Las Vegas to Los Angeles, they crossed off the *L* on the side of the plane so that it read PAMS.

LEROY NEIMAN

Arnold will be back for Morena.

Tina Jordan heats up radio waves.

cyber club
See your favorite Playmate's pictorial in the Cyber Club at cyber.playboy.com.

GIRLS NEXT DOOR

(continued from page 122)

number one girlfriend, the one who shares his bedroom. "It's a relationship made in heaven," says Hef. "Despite the disparity in years, we have very real common interests. She loves classic jazz, she loves old movies, she loves Disneyland. The best times of my life are the times we're simply together."

When Holly first moved in, she was one of seven girlfriends; a year later, with the number still at more than half a dozen, Bridget arrived. Bridget is from Lodi, a small town in northern California, and as she made clear on the second episode of *The Girls Next Door,* she has wanted to be in PLAYBOY since she was about four years old. Bridget auditioned in San Francisco during the Millennium Playmate Search and later stayed at the Mansion and shot a Playmate test. After an excruciating wait, she got a letter saying she hadn't been chosen.

Still, she wasn't ready to give up. After earning a bachelor's degree in public relations and a master's in communication, she moved to L.A. She won modeling jobs, got on the list for Mansion parties and befriended the other girls before attracting Hef's eye. When she accepted his offer to move into the Playboy Mansion, she found herself among about a dozen girls vying to become official girlfriends.

"I wanted to be in the magazine, and I felt that if Hef just saw me and got to know me, he'd want me in the magazine," she says. "But once I met him and started hanging out here, my whole philosophy changed. It was enjoying his company, caring about Hef and building that relationship."

The newest girlfriend is Kendra, from San Diego. She arrived at a time when Hef was making changes in his group of girlfriends, downsizing from seven to six to three. "Holly and I didn't get along with all the other girls, but when we found Kendra we thought, Oh, a nice person, and we took her in," says Bridget.

For Kendra, it all happened quickly. A sports fanatic and lifelong tomboy who grew up watching ESPN and who barely knew about PLAYBOY, she only reluctantly modeled for photos when an acquaintance pressed her. But her pictures made it to a website and caught the attention of the Mansion, which hired her to be one of the body-painted girls at Hef's 78th birthday party, in April 2004.

"I was living day by day, working as a dental assistant, living on Easy Mac and SpaghettiOs," says Kendra. "I didn't know where my life was going. I'd never been in a mansion before, never seen any celebrities."

Before the party, Hef saw Kendra's picture. "I was fascinated with her," he says. "I met her at the party, and in the days immediately afterward I called her and said, 'This may be presumptuous, but I know you're in college and you're going to be off during the summer. If you have any interest I'd love to have you come up and stay here at the Mansion.'"

Kendra hesitated for about a month before moving in. "Hef saved me, basically," she says. "He kind of took my life and made it into something." She is currently studying to be a massage therapist.

All three girls had some reservations about letting a TV camera into their lives, but all have come to enjoy the results. Kendra thinks the experience brought the trio closer together. Holly was worried that the producers would try to create conflict for the cameras but found that wasn't the case. And Bridget thinks that viewers are getting an accurate picture of what life is like at the Mansion and a partial view of the three Alices who inhabit this Wonderland. "I don't think people will get a complete view of who we are," she says with a laugh, "but at least they'll be able to tell us apart."

As for the man behind the curtain, Hugh M. Hefner looks at this slice of his reality and likes what he sees. "I think that in a very conscious way I created a world that came from the dreams and fantasies of my adolescence," he says. "And those dreams are shared, obviously, with many millions of other people of all ages—not just guys but girls as well. It's been a wonderful ride."

"Gwendelyn! And my fiddlers three…!"

THREE SHADES OF SEXY

From the incomparable PLAYBOY archives comes this trilogy of volumes, each devoted to a certain pulse-quickening hair color. Beauties of every tress are captured in these classic collections of color photographs that feature heartfelt introductions by PLAYBOY Contributing Editor James R. Petersen and witty quotes sprinkled throughout. At once evocative and whimsical, this handsome collection will make any gentleman smile—whether he prefers a blonde, marries a brunette or has always had a thing for a redhead. Hardcover. 6"x 8". 128 pages each.
10493 PLAYBOY: Blondes $16.95 10494 PLAYBOY: Brunettes $16.95 10495 PLAYBOY: Redheads $16.95

FREE SHIPPING!

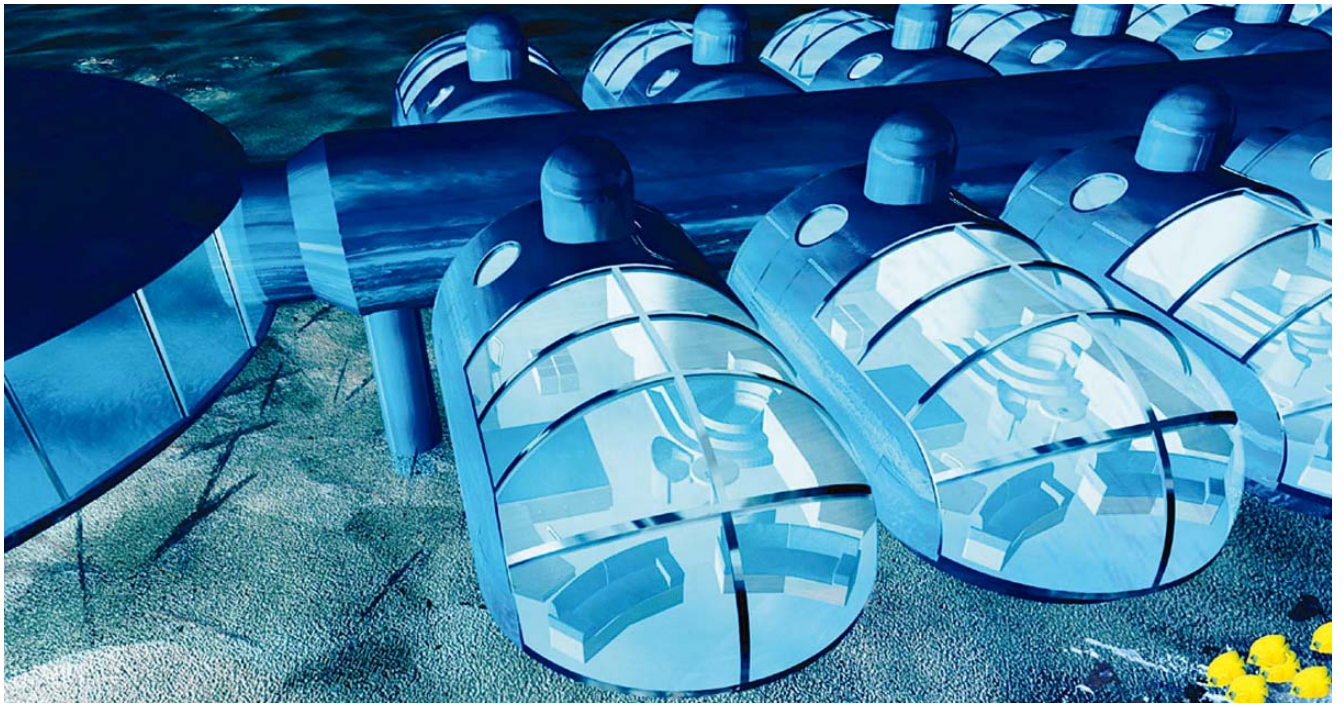
To receive FREE standard shipping and handling in the U.S. only;
enter, mention or include source code **MG566** during payment!

visit **playboystore.com** call **800-423-9494** order by **mail**

We accept most major credit cards.

Please send check or money order to: **PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 809, Itasca, IL 60143-0809**
Sales tax: On orders shipped to NY add 8.375%, IL add 6.75%, CA add 8.25%. (Canadian orders accepted.)
Call the toll-free number above to request a Playboy catalog.

©2005 Playboy



Sleeping With the Fishes

Entrepreneur Bruce Jones wants to build the first-ever luxury underwater hotel

Talk about a room with a view. What you see here is the mock-up of what will be—if all goes as planned—the first luxury underwater hotel. The brainchild of subaquatic entrepreneur Bruce Jones, it's set to open by Christmas 2006. The $55 million Poseidon Undersea Resort (poseidonresorts.com) will be nestled among reefs under 60 feet of gin-clear water off the Bahamian island of Eleuthera and will be accessible by escalator. It will feature 20 550-square-foot rooms, two suites and a revolving bar and restaurant. (No word on the menu yet; we're guessing beef.) Unlike most undersea dreamers, Jones has the know-how to make it work. The 49-year-old West Coaster founded the company U.S. Submarines and has been building luxury subs for private clients for 12 years. As for the Poseidon, "it's not like building a moving sub," he says. "There's nothing even all that high-tech about it." Jones plans to charge $1,500 a night, although merfolk with $20,000 to spare can spend a night in the two-bedroom Deep Suite, which will sit 1,000 feet down a nearby sea shelf and be accessible only by sub.

Lady Killer

Thanks to Sarah Silverman, comedy is pretty again. Even if her material is not

I know I'm not for everybody," says Sarah Silverman when asked if she's worried about how people will react to *Jesus Is Magic,* her new film due in theaters this month. The film showcases this 35-year-old New Hampshire native's stand-up work, in which she riffs on everything from the subtleties of racism to the politics of ass waxing. If you're wondering, the title comes from her musings about how she'll talk to her future kids about religion, since she's Jewish and her boyfriend is Catholic. Solution? "Mommy's one of the chosen people, and Daddy thinks Jesus is *magic.*" Silverman's material cuts with a sharp edge, and she's no stranger to audiences missing the joke. "Some people react to buzzwords without listening to the content, but I never argue with someone who doesn't like my stuff. Comedy is subjective. I like to make people happy with the very things that make them sad. Like diarrhea." Like it or not, Silverman is creating some of today's bravest (and most gut-busting) comedy. She's a contemporary Lenny Bruce in beautiful packaging. What's not to love?

Grapevine

DAVID DYSON/CAMERA PRESS/RETNA

Peek-A-Boob

When PAM ANDERSON partied at a Virgin Atlantic bash, the sound barrier wasn't broken by a jet but by the cheers of the crowd when her nipple popped out and said hello.

WENN/LANDOV

Anything but Holmely

Be honest. If KATIE HOLMES were your woman, wouldn't you jump up and down on a couch? And would anyone blame Tom if he were lurking behind those balloons just to make sure no publicity-pumping actor ran off with his girl?

SCOTT SAINT JOHN/STARTRAKS

You Talking to Me?

Victoria's Secret model FREDERIQUE VAN DER WAL reveals the secret Victoria doesn't want you to know: Looking hot in the bedroom is less about the lingerie you wear than the lingerie you don't.

Z. TOMASZEWSKI/WENN (3)

Sweet as Candy

As actress ANOUSKA DE GEORGIOU demonstrated at the London premiere of *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory,* the perfect nipple slip flows like a candy assembly line. First you note the change in temperature. Next you apply the topping. Then you smile and savor the moment's flavor.

PAUL PARKS

Costa With the Mosta

NIKKA COSTA sings "Everybody Got Their Something" at the Galaxy Concert Theatre in Santa Ana. Her admirable somethings hit a high note with the audience.

CRAIG K. SOTRES

Stripper Gone Wild

It wasn't an easy job to choose the most stunning performer from *Wild Stripper Pole Party.* But after 10 grueling viewings, we finally settled on TYLAR JACOBS. Now for the sequel....

SPLASH NEWS

What a Beach Bum

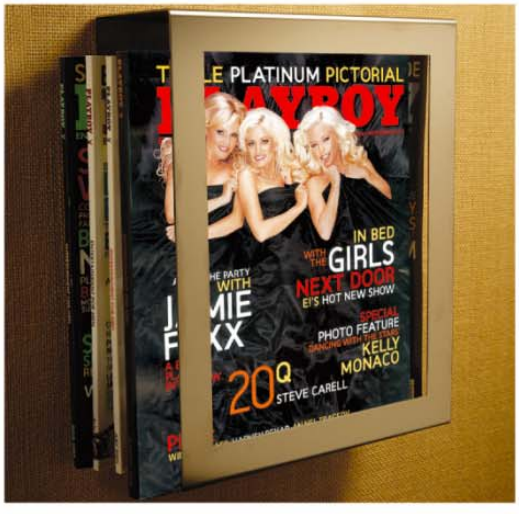
Sunbathing by the shore, Italian actress and model MANUELA ARCURI shows off her dangerously high SPF (sexy physique factor).

SMALL WONDER

This is as tiny as MP3 players get before they're eaten by other gadgets (headphones, sunglasses, cell phones). Go smaller than this and you lose important things—like, say, buttons. The MobiBLU DAH-1500i comes in 512-megabyte and one-gigabyte varieties ($100 and $130, mobibluamerica.com), is available in six colors and packs all the features you expect from a flash player: FM radio, voice recording and USB 2.0 for both charging and data transfer. Definitive proof that small really is beautiful.

EXPOSE YOUR RACK

A great magazine is a work of art. Treat it properly with the Pictura magazine rack from Simplicitas ($75, simplicitas.se). The brainchild of Swedish designer Karl Karlsson, this durable stainless-steel wall-mounted rack holds 12 copies of your favorite men's magazine, with the one in front displayed like a framed portrait. We suggest the 1953 debut issue of PLAYBOY with the Marilyn cover, if not the timeless masterpiece you're holding in your hands right now.



THE RIGHT TOUCH

When it comes to foreplay, nothing beats a sensual massage. Rub her the right way and she'll be thanking you till dawn. For added pleasure lubricate your fingers with one of these massage oils: Kama Sutra's cinnamon-spiked Original ($12, kamasutra.com) and Tangerines & Cream ($12) slide smoothly over her curves and tempt your taste buds. Zarvis's Egyptian massage oil ($36, brownesbeauty.com), with a touch of marigold, and its Roman one ($36), with a blend of comfrey and mint, are all about pagan debauchery. Time for dessert? Shunga's Libido Exotic Fruit ($23, lovehoney.co.uk) and Passion Apples ($23) will sweeten the deal.

CRUISE CONTROL

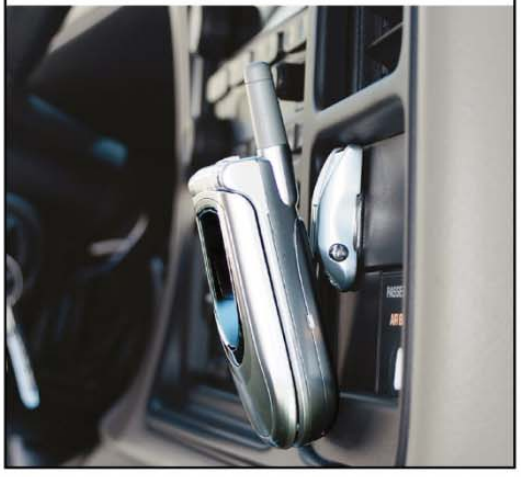
It won't attack an autobahn with the seething fury of a new M5, but BMW's 24-speed Cruise Bike ($800, bmw-online.com) will get you to the beach or home from your local watering hole in style. As in all things BMW, quality components are standard: Avid Digit 3.0 V brakes, SRAM derailleurs, Shimano hubs with Rodi Typhoon rims and Continental CityRIDE tires. The 32-pound frame is sparkling graphite with a small logo under the seat. As far as horsepower goes, that's up to you—or your chauffeur.

CUTTING IT CLOSE

The hair growing out of your face each day tells you two things: You're still alive, and you're looking like Don Johnson again. Attack the contagion at its source with Norelco's new Smart Touch-XL ($220, norelco.com), which features three blade rings in each head and an LCD that gauges battery life and tells you when to clean.

STUCK ON YOU

Using your car's ashtray to hold your cell phone or MP3 player? Rivet's clips (rivetnow.com) attach to the back of almost any gadget and let you fasten it to just about anything—your belt, your forehead, etc. Our favorites are the Shift (pictured, $25), for your car, which makes voice dialing at the wheel a breeze, and the Kingpin ($20), a wallet chain.



FLIP THE BIRD

In a hurry with your Thanksgiving turkey? Plug Masterbuilt's Turk'N'Surf Electric Turkey Fryer & Seafood Kettle ($150, masterbuilt.com) into an outlet, fill it with peanut oil, and turn the knob to 400 degrees. To season the bird, we recommend using an injector to shoot some Louisiana creole sauce into the meat, then rubbing the whole thing down with salt, pepper and garlic. Drop it into the pot, turn the Cowboys game on for a while (you should cook it for three minutes per pound), and you have a succulent turkey with crisp skin ready for carving.

CUT THE CORD

The time has come, brothers and sisters, to break free of the chains that bind us to our headphones. Part of the first wave of what promises to be an onslaught of similar products, Logitech's wireless headphones for MP3 ($130, logitech.com) use Bluetooth to let you drop your dangly bits and listen to music wirelessly. You still need your player nearby (within 30 feet, to be exact), but come on, people, baby steps.

IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

A night out in Dublin starts with a chilled Guinness in a pub in the Temple Bar neighborhood. Follow that with some chitchat with a lovely lass whose accent could melt a stick of that amazing dairy-fresh butter they have there. After a bowl of lamb stew, order yourself a Jameson Irish whiskey. And to cap off the night before heading back to said lass's flat, where she'll perform on the bagpipes for you, try one of Jameson's splendid top-shelf bottlings: the 12-year-old ($33 in this country), a balanced, slightly sweet blended whiskey with sherry notes, or the 18 ($65), a rich, chewy whiskey redolent of apricot and toasted oak.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 148.

Next Month

MARILYN HAS MORE TO REVEAL.

BING CROSBY HE IS NOT.

NABOKOV'S NYMPHET.

SEX IN CINEMA: JESSICA HAD SHORT SHORTS TO FILL.

MARILYN MONROE—"I'M LYING ON MY BED, WEARING ONLY A BRASSIERE." SO BEGINS A FREE-ASSOCIATION MONOLOGUE BY MONROE, SPEAKING INTO A TAPE RECORDER AND OFFERING THOUGHTS MEANT ONLY FOR HER PSYCHIATRIST. PUBLISHED UNCENSORED FOR THE FIRST TIME, THESE COMMENTS RAISE NEW QUESTIONS—PURSUED IN AN ACCOMPANYING ARTICLE BY **LISA DEPAULO**—ABOUT THE STATE OF MARILYN'S MIND AND THE UNSETTLING DETAILS OF A DEATH AUTHORITIES DESCRIBE AS A PROBABLE SUICIDE.

LOLITA AT 50—IN 1955 VLADIMIR NABOKOV WAS FORCED BY TIMOROUS PUBLISHERS TO LOOK TO FRANCE TO PRINT THE NOVEL THAT HAS BECOME ONE OF THE GREAT WORKS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. ON ITS GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY, A SYMPOSIUM OF FORMIDABLE WRITERS—INCLUDING **A.S. BYATT, DMITRI NABOKOV** AND **PAUL THEROUX**—REFLECTS ON THE SCANDAL AND THE ACHIEVEMENT THAT IS *LOLITA.*

HOLIDAY COCKTAIL PARTY—IN THE YEAR'S MOST MEMORABLE EVENT THAT NEVER HAPPENED, 2005'S TOP NEWS MAKERS GATHER UNDER ONE ROOF, THEN PROCEED TO RAISE IT. ORIGINAL ARTISTIC HUMOR BY **BILL NELSON**

A CHRISTMAS STORY—A BURNED-OUT MUSICIAN BATTLES THE TEMPTATION TO SELL OUT AND MAKE A CHEESY HOLIDAY RECORD, THEN DISCOVERS HIS INNER CHOIRBOY WHEN THE SPIRIT OF THE SEASON PAYS HIM A VISIT. FICTION BY **T.C. BOYLE**

PIERCE BROSNAN—IN *THE MATADOR,* THE EX-BOND CONTINUES HIS TRANSITION FROM BLACK TIE TO DARK COMEDY. IN A *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW* BY **STEPHEN REBELLO,** BROSNAN SPEAKS FRANKLY ABOUT BEING SEVERED FROM 007 AND NOMINATES A NEW BOND AND A NEW BOND GIRL.

CAR WARS—FOR THE BETTER PART OF A CENTURY GENERAL MOTORS HAS BEEN SYNONYMOUS WITH AMERICA. NOW TOYOTA IS POISED TO REPLACE GM AS THE WORLD'S LARGEST AUTOMAKER. OUR AUTOMOTIVE EDITOR **ARTHUR KRETCHMER** SPENT WEEKS IN DETROIT FINDING OUT WHAT WENT WRONG AND WHAT GM AND THE OTHER AMERICAN CAR COMPANIES INTEND TO DO ABOUT IT.

SEX IN CINEMA—VULNERABLE BRIDESMAIDS, 17TH CENTURY HEDONISM AND DAISY'S DUKES—WE FREEZE THE SCENES THAT STEAMED THE SILVER SCREEN.

MUSIC BALLOT—WE TELL YOU WHAT TO LISTEN FOR; YOU TELL US WHAT YOU PUT ON YOUR IPOD.

PLUS: *20Q* WITH **AL PACINO,** AN ESSAY BY **SCOTT TUROW,** OUR HOLIDAY GIFT GUIDE AND MISS DECEMBER, **CHRISTINE SMITH.**

Playboy (ISSN 0032-1478), November 2005, volume 52, number 11. Published monthly by Playboy in national and regional editions, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Periodicals postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Canadian Publications Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 40035534. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $29.97 for 12 issues. Postmaster: Send address change to Playboy, P.O. Box 2007, Harlan, Iowa 51537-4007. For subscription-related questions, call 800-999-4438, or e-mail circ@ny.playboy.com.

NEW! **PEACH BLEND** SMOKELESS TOBACCO

Bold juicy flavor that lasts a long time. Go ahead, take a dip.

WARNING:
THIS PRODUCT MAY CAUSE MOUTH CANCER

US Smokeless TOBACCO CO.

Always A PINCH BETTER®

®Trademark of U.S. Smokeless Tobacco Co. or an affiliate. ©2005 U.S. Smokeless Tobacco Co.